

# MCCALL'S MAGAZINE



JUNE

5 CENTS

1914



## A Royal Beauty Secret from Ancient Egypt

Today one of ancient Egypt's lost arts is becoming universal knowledge. Apparently Nitocris, Hatasu, Cleopatra, and other queens of Egypt, all used Palm and Olive Oils at their daily toilets.

To these two *natural* sources they owed much of their celebrated beauty.

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### READ THIS TRANSLATION

- (1) As for her who desires beauty,
- (2) She is wont to anoint her limbs with / oil of palm and / oil of olives,
- (3) There / cause to flourish these / ointments / the skin,
- (4) As for the oil of palm / and oil of olives, / there is not their like for revivifying, / making / sound / and purifying the skin.

### EXPLANATORY NOTE

This is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3,000 years ago.

The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present-day knowledge of the subject.

Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

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after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price 50 cents.

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# McCALL'S MAGAZINE

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A Woman's Drink~  
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# OUR FORECAST FOR JULY

JULY is just the right month to read a story like *Liberty Street*, by Annie Hamilton Donnell. Mary Tuck was an amiable, self-sacrificing wife and mother, with a husband whose big personality had absorbed her own; and who had fallen into the habit of doing the bringing-up and deciding, himself—until they moved on to Liberty Street. Then—well, there's much in a name, after all. A delightfully amusing story! Just as entertaining, in a different way, is *On the Boardwalk*, by Lilian Ducey, a pretty love story for which the moon, and the summer, and the sea, were responsible—or so Annette said.

## A New Office for Women

IT IS hard to decide which occupation is the most strenuous—managing an earthquake or mothering thousands of "incorrigible" girls and women. Yet Katherine Bement Davis, the recently appointed Commissioner of Corrections for the City of New York, has done both successfully. Which may be one reason why she has earned the distinction of being the first woman to be placed at the head of the penal institutions of a great city—its jails, its workhouses, its reformatories. In *Making Bad Girls Good*, Helen Christine Bennett introduces us to this unusual woman, and shows the methods by which she has won to her present unique position.

## What Mother Wants

THE prize contest announced in April for "grown-up mothers" is bringing in returns from all quarters of the country. And such returns! We shall give two pages in July to the publication, without names, of some of the letters received. The names of the writers will be held absolutely confidential, since the experiences they detail, the little secret longings to which they give expression, the disappointments, the emptinesses, the repressions, are actualities to the writer, and involve others, as well.

The reading of these letters will open our eyes to the small tyrannies we unconsciously practise on the mothers we love. If you are a mother yourself, like David Copper-

field's landlady, you will be inspired to deeds of independence; if you are a daughter—ah, that's the test of the value of the contest! If you are a daughter—well, I wonder what you will do!

## When a Man Marries

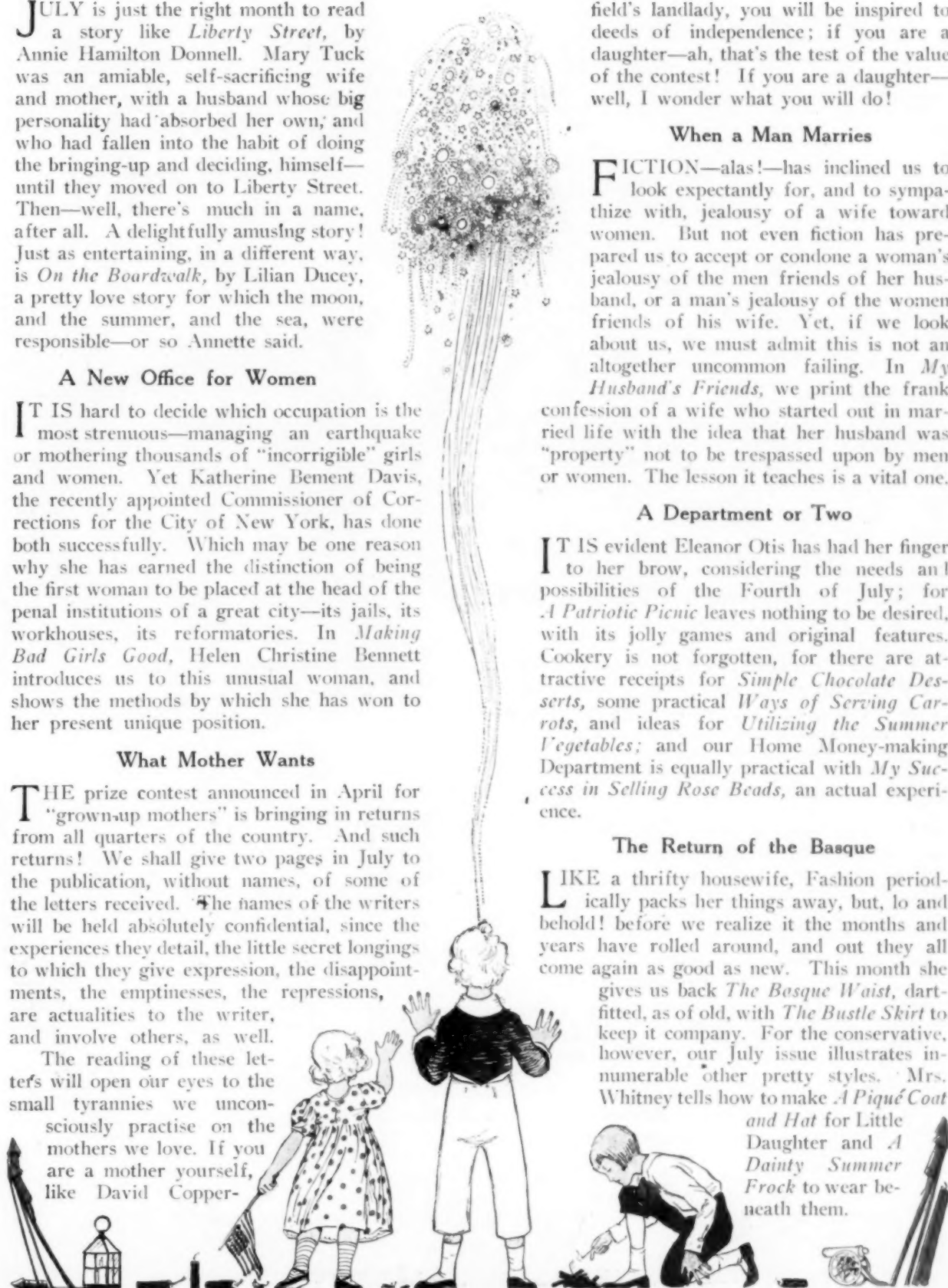
FICTION—alas!—has inclined us to look expectantly for, and to sympathize with, jealousy of a wife toward women. But not even fiction has prepared us to accept or condone a woman's jealousy of the men friends of her husband, or a man's jealousy of the women friends of his wife. Yet, if we look about us, we must admit this is not an altogether uncommon failing. In *My Husband's Friends*, we print the frank confession of a wife who started out in married life with the idea that her husband was "property" not to be trespassed upon by men or women. The lesson it teaches is a vital one.

## A Department or Two

IT IS evident Eleanor Otis has had her finger to her brow, considering the needs and possibilities of the Fourth of July; for *A Patriotic Picnic* leaves nothing to be desired, with its jolly games and original features. Cookery is not forgotten, for there are attractive receipts for *Simple Chocolate Desserts*, some practical *Ways of Serving Carrots*, and ideas for *Utilizing the Summer Vegetables*; and our Home Money-making Department is equally practical with *My Success in Selling Rose Beads*, an actual experience.

## The Return of the Basque

LIKE a thrifty housewife, Fashion periodically packs her things away, but, lo and behold! before we realize it the months and years have rolled around, and out they all come again as good as new. This month she gives us back *The Basque Waist*, dart-fitted, as of old, with *The Bustle Skirt* to keep it company. For the conservative, however, our July issue illustrates innumerable other pretty styles. Mrs. Whitney tells how to make *A Piqué Coat and Hat for Little Daughter* and *A Dainty Summer Frock* to wear beneath them.







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## KING BABY

❁ *His Book* ❁



**W**HETHER his reign be one of smiles and sunshine or tears and trouble depends largely upon the power behind the throne—upon his mother.

The greater your knowledge of what to do and when and how to do it, the more anxieties and doctor bills you will save.

One of the most important things is the choice of soap for the bathing, for washing his clothes and for general nursery use. It is very easy for the tender skin to become chafed and sore, so you should not risk using anything but the mildest, purest soap to be had.

That, as you know, is *Ivory Soap*. It is impossible to make soap of higher quality no matter what the price may be. Therefore, when you use it, you know that, as far as bathing and cleansing are concerned, you are doing your best to keep baby healthy and good-natured.

And the fact that the floating cake is of continuous interest to his juvenile mind is not the least of Ivory's advantages in making the bathing hour one of pleasure to child and mother alike.

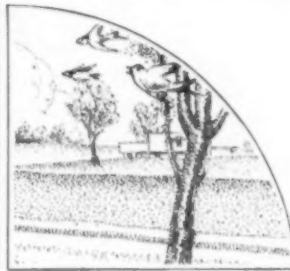
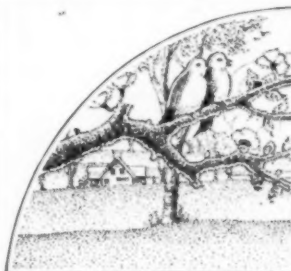
### *This Booklet* *Free to Mothers*

Mothers find the booklet, "*How to Bring Up a Baby*," very helpful. Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, an authority on the care of children, wrote it for us. It is not an advertisement of Ivory Soap but a general treatise on everything pertaining to baby's health and comfort. We will mail you a copy if you will send your name and address with a request for the "Baby Book." The Procter & Gamble Co., 43 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

IVORY SOAP . . . . .



. . . . . IT FLOATS



June

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1914



HE last letter is read, the last "If You Were Editor" sheet laid aside—almost with regret that

there are not thousands more to read, since it has been like paying pleasant and welcome visits in many households.

In awarding the prizes, there were piles on piles of "best letters" which we regretfully fingered over and over, trying to squeeze first one and then another into the little heap of winners. To these we can only say that their prizes will come in the inclusion in the magazine of subjects for which they have begged a place. Perhaps this, after all, is the most substantial way of recognizing their cooperation. The prize-winners are:

## First Prize, \$10.00

Mrs. Sylvania Mae Dailey.....Bellefontaine, Ohio

## Second Prize, \$5.00

Mrs. J. F. La Roe.....Leonard, Texas

## Third Prize, \$3.00

Anna Perry.....Marion, Indiana

## Fourth Prize, \$2.00

Mrs. Lola Martin Burgoyne.....Oakville, Ontario, Can.

## One Dollar Prizes

Mrs. Albert D. Griffith.....Holbrook, Idaho  
 Miss Sue Branigan.....Charlotte, North Carolina  
 Mrs. I. H. Phillips.....Kansas City, Missouri  
 Mrs. E. A. Stacey.....Portland, Oregon  
 Mrs. Emma B. Parshall.....Norwich, Pennsylvania  
 Mrs. C. B. Foote.....Colburn, Idaho  
 Mrs. B. A. Clark.....Arnett, Oklahoma  
 Mrs. S. B. Hall.....Cleveland, Ohio  
 Miss Ida Hamilton.....Cove, Arkansas  
 Miss Annie S. Marshall.....Bedford City, Virginia

Since each contest sheet covered one hundred questions, and most were supplemented by letters, it is impossible to print any in full, but here are some extracts to entertain you. Next month I shall try to print more, for I am sure all of us are curious to know what the rest of the family think of Our magazine. With some we will agree, with some take issue, but this will lend spice to our own opinions. The first extract is from a big city:

"As to what features to add, do not make your magazine like every other magazine. I take twenty-three, read each for some special phase, and sift the essential from the unessential. Six are almost alike. Do not try to touch on every phase of life every month, as some of these do.

## JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES BY THE EDITOR

It is tiresome. Why not make one of these especially strong one month and the next month leave it out entirely and have a different line of thought? One

month specialize on woman's work, and have a magazine worth putting aside and saving; another month, tackle eugenics and hygiene; and so on.

"My chief criticism on most household magazines is that they keep the same line of thought rolling until it is wearisome. Some departments, I realize, must be permanent, but I should be glad to see one magazine specialize occasionally."

Do You like many subjects in each magazine; or many angles of just one subject, with everything fitting in—fiction, departments, personalities? I am interested to know.



HAVE chosen our next letter from the real country, so that we may get the two contrasting viewpoints:

"I am nearing my sixtieth milestone, and have outlived some of my earlier tastes, so all departments of the magazine do not appeal to me with equal attraction. Each feature is good, or, as President Lincoln used to say, 'If you like that sort of thing, that's the sort of thing that you will like.'

"I live on a farm, nearly a hundred miles from the city which was my home for many years; so have little active interest in current fashions, women's clubs, entertainments, etc., yet I like to get the echoes of all those former activities, and McCall's—like a bright, gossipy, stylish visitor from the city—brings me the new ideas monthly.

"We get much current reading, general and along special lines; and I do not feel any lack in McCall's. But I am inclined to indulge in simple hair-dressing, easy shoes, dressing-sacks, and other senile sins of omission; so I find that the magazine gets me out of ruts, modernizes my frocks and neckwear, dresses my hair in new styles, gives a new flavor to salads and soups.

"Though I love to sit down by my big living-room fire, with my flowers, pets, knitting, and reading, I find that each new copy of McCall's gives me just the stimulus I need to keep me from lapsing into a state of satisfied stagnation. It suits me to a nicety—just the way it is."

# DISCIPLINING TEACHER

By MARY BRECHT PULVER

Illustrated by HOWARD HEATH

YOUNG Mr. Harland, the superintendent, paused in the doorway of his office. A sound reached him that for a moment erased the little frown on his face. Something had sent a ripple of mirth across the big auditorium down the hall where the girls of the upper classes were assembled.

He was, after all, very young, this new and very serious superintendent, who had succeeded good-natured old Mr. Higby. Out of a lonely and struggling boyhood, which had culminated, somewhat late, in a hard-won college course, he had gotten a faculty for wearing life a shade heavily. It was this that had made him in three months' time push the school standards to concert pitch—that made him take so gravely the import of the two letters in his hand. Perhaps, if he had had more to eat during those early years, he might have been less serious, he might have smiled oftener, which last was vastly becoming, lighting up the wistful, earnest gray eyes, the fine mouth and forehead beneath his thick dark hair. But no laughing matter claimed him now. These letters related to a shocking state of affairs.

The first, from one of his new sub-supervisors, concerned matters in an outlying rural school. The district, a straggling outpost of Dutch settlers, formed one frontier of his territory. Matters, Miss Emrey reported, were in sad shape. There seemed to be no standard, no uniformity; discipline was good, but pupils knew nothing on standard subjects; there was no study of current events, and the prescribed course in art subjects was neglected. They did not know Madonnas—a Raphael from a Botticelli—she was letting them copy pictures from seed catalogs. The incumbent had taught there for four years, but Mr. Higby was known to have been rather casual—perhaps the certificate ought to be looked into.

And right on top of this, in the same mail, came a second letter:

My dear Mr. Harland [not Mr. Superintendent, nor Dear Sir, but My dear Mr. Harland!]:

Miss Emrey has just left after spending a very painful half-hour with us. Painful for all of us!

She has not said so, but (I can read it in her eyes) she is going to complain. She considers me an incompetent. Perhaps she is right—but I do not think one hour is sufficient for a proper understanding of things.

Won't you come out and see us?

I realize that we are not exactly conventional, but there are circumstances—I've taught here long enough to know these people, and I love my little Deutschers—and they love me. I cannot bear to think of being separated from them, and sincerely hope you will help straighten things out for us all.

Cordially,  
Helena Stevens.

IT was not enough that she had taken the bull by the horns and spoken up without waiting to be addressed; it was not enough that the whole tone and import of the letter betrayed an unbecoming obstinacy and, to his mind, lack of dignity, in its informal manner, and especially that reference to the body scholastic of the Bendelstown school as "little Deutschers", but, to cap the climax—most damaging evidence—there was a misspelled word. "Seperated", indeed! Outrageous! It was high time things were looked into.

"You can look over the correspondence, Giddings," said Mr. Harland to his stenographer; "I shall be absent an hour or two. I'm going to Bendelstown to inspect School No. 3."

Half an hour later, Mr. Harland followed a dusty little lane to its end at the door of a small red schoolhouse. A sound of singing, a queer sort of nasal chanting,

reached him, followed by a clatter of feet and sudden staccato words that came through the window.

As he came up the steps, some one opened the door and faced him. "I saw you coming and I knew it was you, and I'm so glad you came."

Before he could utter a word, he found his hand enclosing another—a warm, vital little hand—and his eyes looking into other eyes that exactly matched the wild asters skirting the lane so thickly. She was in blue, with little white frills at throat and wrists—and had hair like the September sunshine that sparkled through the maples—and a soft quick-smiling little mouth.

Mr. Harland disapproved of anything but proper teaching regimentals—a tailor-made combination of cloth skirt and linen shirt waist—but, for the briefest space, as she faced him against her dark panel of doorway, he had that little relaxed thrill as when, earlier, he had listened to the girls laughing.

I FELT, when I wrote you, that you wouldn't fail me."

He stiffened instantly. If she entertained any notion of enlisting him as an ally, she should be undeceived. Duty was duty.

He bowed and followed her in. "You anticipated us slightly. Miss Emrey's report was made. It was her own idea that I should see the school personally."

Her face clouded slightly. "I—I'm afraid we haven't much to offer you to-day," she faltered. "It's Friday afternoon—with special exercises, songs, and—recitations—and, just now—a spelling contest."

"A spelling contest!" he repeated.

"We have them every Friday. The children are so eager for the prizes. I buy them myself," she interpolated hastily. "Everybody won a prize last season, except Eusebius. He's the tall boy at the end, my oldest. Poor dears! they don't stay very long. They leave school to go to work, you know, in this district—and we don't get beyond two syllables."

"It is just as well," he thought grimly.

In a minute, the staccato sounds had begun again. On the platform of the poor, shabbily-furnished room, the eldest "Deutschers" stood drawn up in a line. There was an air of alertness, of interest, but, presently, he realized that a certain anxiety flavored the air and that it was because of Eusebius, a great, gentle-faced boy of fourteen, whose large head and mild eyes behind thick lenses betrayed his "foolish" mind.

In a minute, Harland knew that the class was being mulcted, and, worse, was permitting it in favor of Eusebius—that words, outrageously double of syllable, directed at the others dwindled away before the poor creature to harmless monosyllables from the primer. It was amiable, of course—but was it honorable? Not even the raptures of the class and Eusebius' heart-breaking joy when the last antagonist had been slain, leaving him in secure and sheepish loneliness, appeased Harland.

It was all very well, he thought, watching the boy fondle his prize, a cerise lead pencil capped by a glass ruby, but what an ideal it gave them! And this prize! Its artistic quality was akin to the outrageous colored drawings on the wall.

He sat in silence while the exercises closed.

"Perhaps you will question the children?" the girl asked, turning to him.

He assented gravely. It was even as Miss Emrey had reported. There was no coherence—no certainty on any particular subject.



And when he reached arithmetic it was deplorable. "Which," he asked of the class in fractions, "would you prefer to have—two and three-fourths apples or eleven-fourths apples?"

There was a slight hesitation over "prefer", but most of the class decided for eleven-fourths as sounding larger.

Mr. Harland explained. He demonstrated beyond all doubt, and to the grasp of the dullest intelligence, that the said portions of apple were one and identical.

"The same," said he—"exactly alike. There is no difference."

The class took it calmly. Only one, a bright-eyed little girl grew excited.

"But it iss a difference," she objected; "it iss not so they are alike."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—while two ant s'ree-fours apples iss nearly all whole apples, ant elefen-fours apples iss chust pieces, cut-up and for no use at all—except a body would want to make snitz."

Mr. Harland looked baffled. Not being acquainted with snitz, delicate comestible of dried fruit, and seeing a faint glow of mirth in the blue-clad girl's eyes, he gave up his self-chosen task with one or two pointed and slightly sardonic remarks.

A few minutes later, the school was dismissed, and a double file of quaintly-clad youngsters passed out of the door into the sunshine.

When the last child had gone, its adoring eyes turned for a farewell glance at "Teacher", when the last echoing "good-night" had trailed away on the warm afternoon air, Miss Stevens came over to Harland and faced him.

"I suppose the verdict is 'guilty'," she said.

"I'm sorry," said Harland; "there's no question of your discipline, nor of the relation between you"—anyone could see the love between her and the little Deutchers—"but"—he paused, finding it suddenly difficult to go on with his eyes on the girl's appealing face—"it's simply that you're not sticking to the prescribed courses. The matter of drawing, now—" He looked at the wall decorations.

"You mean about the Madonnas?" she said. "I've tried them—but, frankly, Art doesn't interest them."

She looked around quickly. "These are daubs of color to you—these plums and peaches they've copied so faithfully. But—I shouldn't be surprised if they stirred their dreams to something higher to work for. They're going to be farmers, or farmers' wives, you know."

"And the arithmetic?" Mathematics had been his specialty in college.

"I'm afraid you're right, there. We don't get on—in anything complex. And I'm not clever at teaching arithmetic. I don't know much about it, perhaps not much of anything else—but they do get the essentials. If they could only stay longer—" She paused. "Am I to lose my Deutchers?" She made a brave effort to put it lightly.

"There is absolutely no reason why you should not keep on at the school indefinitely," he said, "if you will follow the standard. But I shall have to ask you to take the examination for renewal of certificate. There is plenty of time. I will hold it in January; there will be a number taking it."

"I know," she said; "you've done so much already; waked everybody up—and all that. I—I'd like to teach under you, Mr. Harland."

For just a moment, their eyes met and held—and Harland was conscious of a strange tug at his pulses. He looked at her involuntarily with the eyes of a man instead of an educator, and, for a second, a warm pink burned in her cheeks. Then she picked up a text-book with a gay little laugh.

"I expect you'll make it a dreadfully stiff exam. I'll work with might and main to get ready—but the mathematics! If you ask me that dreadful thing about the hare and the hound, and when will the hound catch the hare if its leaps are half as long and the hare leaps so many yards, I shall certainly die. I've always hoped the hare really got safely away."

She put on her hat in a moment and prepared to close the schoolhouse. "We go back on the same car," she said, and they went out under the maples together.

Harland went with a sense of defeat. It was not academic, such a method of procedure. She ought to have shown a more chastened manner, a humbler spirit, in the face of her shortcomings. So argued the supervisor. But all that was masculine in him

rendered a genuine even if somewhat reluctant homage to the light-hearted winsomeness of her.

"They have so little in their lives," she said suddenly, as they went along together; "so little love. And love comes first, doesn't it?"

It sounded like a challenge to the man, with his practical, loveless life. It caught him unawares for a moment, off guard. Then he stiffened.

"It is a great force—in its proper place. But the real issues of life—"

He stopped, for the car had swung into sight, and the reproof was never finished.

They rode back to the city almost in silence. At Mercer Street she got out, giving him a friendly little nod and smile in farewell.



"WHICH," HE ASKED OF THE CLASS IN FRACTIONS, "WOULD YOU PREFER—TWO AND THREE-FOURTHS APPLES OR ELEVEN-FOURTHS APPLES?"

After she had gone, he saw that she had forgotten her bag, a black envelope of leather that, as he lifted it, gave forth a faint odor of flowers.

Even in touching it, he was conscious of that intangible quality that had stood between them in their interview, differentiating it from any other. The thing, whatever it was, revived at the touch of this possession of hers. He had meant to put Miss Stevens out of his mind permanently. Now, suddenly, he resolved to look up her address and return the bag that evening. It would inconvenience her to wait until morning.

She was sitting on the porch of her little cottage when he came up the steps, and any speech he had awkwardly tried to formulate was forestalled as she saw what he carried.

"I knew you'd keep it for me." She smiled. "I thought you might send it out by messenger—but to bring it!"

"I hadn't thought of that," he said truthfully, unmindful of his lack of gallantry.

**I** HAD a moment's flash of hope that you'd had a change of heart about that exam. You haven't relented?"

"The responsibility doesn't rest with me," he said, looking at her soberly.

She gave him a sweet laughing glance that stirred him uncomfortably. He was sorry he had come, now. His impulse had really been quixotic. She seemed suddenly formidable to him—this girl who was addicted to speaking of "love" and one's "heart" so freely, matters that had not figured with him.

But he sat down and stayed for an hour. It was an hour he recalled very often, afterward—an illuminating span of time.

He had no experience of women, and a fierce shyness that made him wondrously dignified enveloped him; but, beneath, he watched the graceful throat and head, and listened to the soft young voice that was sympathetic or joyous by turns.

A pleasant summer twilight lingered under the maples as he walked home. And the doorways and verandas of the houses were filled with people—people who seemed to flock in couples mostly, husbands and wives who buzzed and chatted together or called across to neighbors. Here a young householder, with pipe and slippers, watered his patch of salvia and geraniums. A heavy infant toddled on the walk, and there was a gleam of white skirts among the vines. Watching them, Harland was conscious of a passionate nostalgia for the home his homeless years had never known, for a place where he belonged. He wanted to be watering his plants before his house. And there would be no objection to the heavy infant—and a blue gown looked as well as a white.

**A** FEW minutes later, he entered his boarding-house and the big bare room he made his study. A great stack of papers waited for him, but he sat down in idleness. And though the student lamp was shaded and turned very low, he covered his eyes with his hand.

"He has never played; he doesn't know what it is to relax," the girl thought, watching the tall figure stride away, and, remembering his recent stiffness and constraint, she felt both pity and a faint half-tender amusement.

She was a popular girl in her little home city; but of all the young men she knew there was none like Harland; none who so lacked a practical social ease; yet when he chose to be he was so attractive.

His remembered smile came between her and the printed page very often in the next few days. She resolved to work very hard to distinguish herself.

She wished she were more clever—she knew so little, really, of the wise things of the world. She would try hard to learn them. But she knew how to be happy, how to make friends with the world at large, how to fill her days with little sweetnesses, with small kindly, thoughtful touches that made life seem to be a very sunshiny existence. She would share this with him, if he would let her.

She had not been unaware of the peculiar atmosphere that had arisen about them.

"He will come again," she thought, and it gave her a pleasant thrill.

But two days, a week, two weeks passed, and he did not come. When the third week had ended, she met him for a moment in the city post-office, and when, in response to her smile, he passed her with the most formal recognition, she knew he would not come again. She stood a moment in sudden confusion, blankness, bewilderment. Her throat constricted with an odd tightness, and her lips felt icy cold.

Then a quick scorn of herself rose to aid her. "Do I care like that?" she asked herself in amazement. "It's perfectly foolish! It's absurd!"

All the rest of that day she seemed so gay, so animated, and lovely, that none could have guessed at a certain numb heaviness that oppressed her heart. She fought against its acknowledgment even to herself, but, at night, the hot tears lay on her cheeks. She told herself it was wounded pride—then chided herself for being untruthful; more than her pride was hurt.

"But people get over such things," she told herself, "and so will I. We had only met, anyhow."

Her cheeks burned at her own apparent misconstruction of things, and her lips set in a firm determination. What she had wished to do well before, from a desire to please, she wished now to do from motives of pride.

And, in the meantime, to help her forget, there was Ravenel, the young lawyer who had shown so unmistakably that he liked her—and others—

A few nights later she met Harland again in the lobby of a theater. The current of the crowd brought them together almost to contact, and she looked up to see his eyes on her. Ravenel was with her, and she was looking wonderfully pretty in her white gown and rose cloak.

**H**ER bow, this time, was the acme of friendly indifference, fading to quick animation at some remark of Ravenel's. Harland's greeting was intended to be formal, but his eyes did not conform. And Helena wondered quickly what his expression had meant. Was it disapproval? Was it contrition? Was it something else? Time, she hoped quickly, would show. And she discovered with a shock that time was not alleviating her own interest in him at all.

But the weeks sped on swiftly, and she saw nothing of him; and, then, necessity took her to Harland's office. Only necessity could have done so, and she went up the corridors to his door with almost grim dignity.

But with her hand on the knob, her heart beat foolishly and a strange trembling seized her.

When she entered he rose from his desk and came forward to meet her. He had never seemed so grave, so coolly poised, and she felt the utter folly of that moment at the door. He had forgotten all about her!

Mechanically, she watched him; noted the shadows under his eyes, the pallor of his hands; and suddenly she realized he was complimenting her.

"You have come up excellently," he was saying. "Miss Emrey's second visit was an agreeable surprise to her. I feel sure the Bendelstown school will rank near the top at the term's end."

His manner was absolutely abstract, impersonal to a degree, and the girl rose to it.

"I am very glad the supervisors are pleased; we wish to maintain the standard, if possible."

She looked up at him, and it seemed to her he was going to speak. Then, as he did not, her errand finished, she thanked him and moved toward the door.

He opened it for her and let her pass. Their exchange of farewells was "like a pair of elderly owls," she thought hotly, a storm of wrath rising in her young heart as she went down the halls. He might at least have been civil to her. But, outside the door, her anger faded. Watching the

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# A NEW ERA FOR THE BLIND

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE BROOKLYN HEADQUARTERS FOR THE BLIND

WHEN I was a little girl, there lived just across the street from us a widow with her only daughter, Carrie. Carrie was blind. The family was fairly affluent; the mother had chosen this modest home in a side street so that every effort could be exerted to make the life of the blind girl brighter. Carrie was sent to a special school, where she learned to read and to do a little fancy work. When she returned home, she was provided with a middle-aged woman companion, so that some one would always be on hand to care for her. And life for Carrie consisted of just that—a little reading, a little fancy work, a walk, mother, and the paid companion. Her mother never dreamed of asking young people in to meet Carrie, never gave a party for her, never sought companionship for her in any way. She devoted her life and her means to Carrie—but Carrie was blind. Carrie never knew a young man, never rejoiced in a girl chum, never really associated with any one except a few older people.

We, who were neighbors, accepted the situation. When Carrie appeared for her daily walk with her companion, we made way for her instantly and whispered to each other with a little shudder: "You know, she is blind." Talking to Carrie as we would to another girl never occurred to us; the idea that Carrie might like to dance, or to swim, or to have a sweetheart would have seemed to us ridiculous. Our world was a whole, well world. Carrie was forever out of it—she was blind.

Seventeen years have passed since Carrie moved from our street. Last week, I sat in the office of the Headquarters for the Blind in Brooklyn, waiting for the secretary and manager to appear. The door opened suddenly, and a middle-aged man with an alert, intelligent face entered, walked with a sure and decisive step across the room to a closet, hung up a hat, a stick, and a coat, and, without hesitating, came to me, his hand cordially outstretched.

"I may be dusty," he said smiling; "the bane of my life is the baby-carriages and the ash-barrels. They seem to crop up at the most unexpected places." I had heard something of this blind man, Evans P. Morford. Instead of needing a caretaker, he was running an institution, taking care of himself and directing the work of dozens of others, arranging and planning for the betterment of those who are sightless; taking his place in the world as a man, not as a dependent; supporting himself and his family. As I took his hand, my thought was:

"Why, you are not blind; you are a person!"

That was because I, like most of us, still had that notion of seventeen years ago. At that time, we carefully put every one who was different from the majority of people into a little class by themselves, as far away as possible.

We had a great idea of our own superiority. The deaf and the blind and the crippled were put into institutions away from the daily lives of other human beings. Now, in a humbler frame of mind, we are recognizing that folks are folks most of all, and that if ever we are to go forward we cannot go very far in parcels, assorted to our liking; we must all go together.

A VISITOR to one of the public schools in New York City paused at the playground. It was a lively place. Games of tag and I-spy brought forth shrieks of laughter. In one corner, a group played jackstones on the flagged steps. The visitor stood smiling, and then her brow clouded, and she sighed.

"You know, I especially wanted to see the blind children," she reminded the teacher who accompanied her.

"Well," was the reply, "that is why I brought you here. You are looking at the blind children now."

"But," protested the visitor, "these children are not blind. I can see that for myself."

"Of course, not all of them are blind," assented the teacher, "but all the blind children in the school are in the playground at this moment."

"But," persisted the visitor, "don't they ever get hurt?"

"Not more than normal children," replied the teacher quickly. "Why should they?"

Just then a boy, crashing around a corner, ran full into another boy coming in the opposite direction. They went down together. The visitor braced herself to witness a fight, but the boy on top rose, quickly pulled up the under one, and asked anxiously:

"Hurt?"

"N a w," answered the second; "say, brush me off, will you?" The first boy dropped to his knees and began a vigorous assault on his companion's trousers. When they were finished to his satisfaction, he operated on his own, and together they walked away.

"You see," said the teacher, "the second boy is blind."

There lies the dawn of a new era for the blind folks. Side by side with the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder, no longer isolated or confined to the society of others blinded, no longer a little world by themselves, but a part of the great world, they will be educated, will work, will live. To-day blind children are being taught in the classes with



THE SWITCH-BOARD AND TYPEWRITER OFFER POSSIBILITIES OF LIVELIHOOD TO THE BLIND





sighted children in New York City. It is not possible for them to enter the classes at once, but after a little work in a special class, where they learn the blind alphabet and begin to read, they are ready for the ordinary classroom. They enter, and do just what a sighted child does. No allowance is made for their blindness, except to prevent physical injury, and no special methods are used. The only way in which their instruction differs from that given ordinary children is that their books, exactly like the books of the rest of the class in contents, are printed in point, and any exercises which the class reads from the blackboard are separately provided for. And the blind children learn, very much as the others. On the average, they are said to accomplish more, because of their fewer distractions. But they are bright, and dull, and precocious, and backward, just as ordinary children are, and often they are among the leaders. Seventeen years ago, we would have deemed this thing impossible; now, it is.

There are few cities which have progressed so far as New York in this matter of education, although the methods employed are so simple and so inexpensive, necessitating no additional equipment save the point books and papers, that they are likely to spread quickly. But, all over the country, the dawn of the new era is visible in an active movement toward bettering the condition of those who are sightless. Almost everywhere it is the State that has aroused itself to meet the need, bearing the expense of education, of furnishing occupation and amusement as a duty which it owes to its blind citizens. The United States Government contributes ten thousand dollars annually toward the printing of blind literature, and the mails of the country are free to every paper or book printed in the blind language. Individuals and associations have joined in the work with the State and Government with new impetus. The new era is surely dawning, and the mother of a blind child anywhere may look toward the future without fear, knowing that, notwithstanding his limitations, her child may be helped to become a self-reliant, self-sustaining human being.

A blind girl who was asked by a sympathetic acquaintance: "From what do you suffer most?" answered mournfully, "My family. They are so good to me," she added earnestly; "but they will not let me do anything that other people do, except just the simplest things. They keep me almost idle, or sitting at sewing or reading. They are so afraid that some one will unwittingly hurt my feelings that they permit me to meet only certain picked people, who are unlikely to wound me. Oh," she added desperately, "if I could really do something, if I could really live, how gladly I would welcome a hurt!"

The same loving, tender, anxious, mistaken care has often prevented a blind child from leaving home to learn and has dwarfed his whole life. And the supposedly helpless blind individual is in reality very far from helpless. Naturally, if a blind girl is kept idle, or is restricted to very limited occupations, she is unable to do much for herself, but, with a reasonable opportunity, there seems very little that the sighted can do that the blind cannot. They are expert musicians, writers, sculptors, teachers. There is a successful blind engineer; there are several famous blind physicians. A blind man sits to-day in the Senate of the United States. Among those less gifted are stenographers, typists, telegraph and telephone operators, dress-makers, weavers, furniture-makers, masseurs, piano-tuners, shopkeepers, and farmers. Nor is the teaching difficult.

ABOUT a year ago an endowment, to be administered by the local Bureau of Charities, made possible a new work for the blind in the city of Brooklyn. Under the direction of a committee, of which Edward A. Simmons was chairman, and which secured the services, as secretary, of the Superintendent of the Industrial Home for the Blind, Mr. E. P. Morford, visitors went

through the city calling on the blind in their homes, trying to find out what was needed. As a result, it was decided to establish a "workshop"; that is, a place where some form of manual industry, that would bring a financial return could be taught. The "workshop" was to be for young girls. The visitor made a second trip to secure pupils. She had found in many homes girls of sixteen to twenty sitting idle in a corner, timid, ashamed, knowing nothing to do, living on day after day without ambition,

without hope. Some of the families consulted objected to the journey to the workshop because they "didn't like her to be seen on the street". After a good deal of work, and the promise of paid carfare with a guide to take them to and from the workshop, three or four pupils were secured. Six months later, when I visited the shop, there were nineteen girls cooking lunch in the basement. When lunch was over and they had washed the dishes, they sang a little—not for my benefit but for their own amusement, and then fell to work. One girl was weaving a hand-bag of cloth of



COOKING LUNCH AT THE BROOKLYN HEADQUARTERS FOR THE BLIND



MAKING RAG RUGS IS AN INDUSTRY IN WHICH THE BLIND EXCEL

gold; several were working on beautifully dyed rag rugs; one was making a bureau-scarf of mercerized thread; another stitched gingham aprons; two or three were weaving reed or raffia baskets, and, what was more striking than anything else, every one was radiantly happy.

"I can hardly wait to come, mornings," sighed one girl contentedly. "The days used to be so long, and now it hardly seems we're here before we're home again."

The majority of the girls had known literally nothing when they came. In about three months—very few registered during the first weeks of the shop's existence—they had been given an occupation which brought them a little money—for the products were sold, and the profit in labor was their own—and what was far more, happiness in comradeship with their fellows.

"Are you coming to the club meeting to-night?" asked one girl of her neighbor as she put on her coat and hat preparatory to going home.

"Gracious," was the reply; "it is club night! Well, I don't know. I've been out three nights this week," she added, turning happily to the teacher in charge; "I have so many invitations." Yet, three months before, she had no club, no invitations, no social life. But the sighted members of the family accompanying her on one of her first invited evenings had so thoroughly enjoyed the affair that their blind sister suddenly loomed up as a large and important social factor in the household, and they were only too glad to have the opportunity given them to encourage her newly-found popularity.

Even the very old blind folks can be helped to occupation. A caller at the Brooklyn headquarters stated that she wanted some raffia for an aunt who was over eighty years of age.

"My aunt had always been active," she explained, "until she lost her sight four years ago.

We didn't know just how to keep her busy, and she has been so lonely and depressed until you sent the visiting teacher to see her. Now, she is learning to do the raffia work, and although she is not very expert, I cannot tell you with what joy she tries, and how she looks forward to every lesson."

So, the new era that is dawning embraces every one, from the little children to the aged, bringing to each something of enrichment, drawing them back into the world they have left—the world of folks. It is true that schools of industrial training are no new thing—my neighbor Carrie attended one seventeen years ago. But, according to a special census taken over ten years ago, only one blind girl in thirty had any training or occupation. The other twenty-nine lived their lives, idle, helpless, hopeless. In the new era we are going to make that sort of thing impossible.

TO-DAY the little State of Delaware says to the parents of its blind children: "You must come to us for help. You may think yourselves capable of caring for your blind baby, but we must know that you are." Every parent who has a blind child is required by law to report to the Blind Commission. The State of Delaware demands that a blind child be educated. The compulsory-education law affects all children, blind and sighted. If blind, they may be enrolled in some special institution; but if home training seems more desirable, a special officer visits the home and teaches the mother how to take care of the education of her blind daughter. There is a free library in Wilmington from which books are sent by messenger through the city and delivered free by mail through the State. The State con-

ducts a shop where the grown-up blind may learn to work and may sell their work, and a special officer visits all the blind adults in their homes to advise concerning occupations, to teach where teaching is necessary, and assist in actually starting a business. There is another special officer who visits the aged blind, to teach, or just for the sake of friendliness; for this wonderful State has realized the need of companionship for its blind citizens, and has made it a duty to supply it. And this is not charity, any

more than the public school is a charity; it is the State's recognition of a claim upon it by its blind citizens; it is another manifestation of the new era.

To-day the mother of a blind child living in the most remote corner of the country needs but to stretch forth her hand and there will come to her help. If she will not permit her child to leave her, she herself may learn to

TWO BLIND  
NEEDLEWOMEN

read and then may teach the child. Books from the Library for the Blind at New York may be sent on request to any part of the country. And with the exception of the books, the teaching of a blind child should progress as that of the child who is sighted.

"The difficulty is," said the man who, himself blind, is a leader of the blind, "that a mother wishes to spare her afflicted child. Now, there isn't any reason why a blind child should not learn to dust, and to sweep, and to wash dishes, and to cook. Hundreds of blind women do all these things. Of course, the child will be slow to

learn and will make many mistakes. But so would a child who was sighted. The tragedy of our blindness is not that we are helpless, but that we are made to feel of no use."

And the most wonderful thing of all in this new kind of treatment is that if the mother will persist and believe that her child can do, she will find that the horror and shame of her blindness are vanishing. She will see other folks regard her daughter with admiration and respect, not with pity. No one will step aside and murmur her infirmity in hushed tones as she passes, because she will have risen above that infirmity and made herself a real person. The very struggle to succeed against the odds which handicap her will give her a courage and endurance far beyond that of the ordinary normal person. The shame of her blindness was the shame of sitting idle in the corner, and its horror the lack of fellowship with her kind; and the shame and the horror were both of our making, not of hers. To make the new era complete, we

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A SOCIABLE  
AFTERNOON



THIS BLIND GIRL CAN THREAD HER OWN LOOM

# AT THE END OF THE PATH

By MABEL McKEE AND M. G. CRONIN

Illustrated by LUCILLE PATTERSON

THE society editor had prayed just before she left her room in the Willow Springs Hotel. It had been an extremely short prayer, but whatever it lacked in length had been more than overbalanced by the earnestness with which it was uttered.

"Oh, please," she had prayed, with her eyes wide open—there really was an alluring little path at the beginning of the woods which was responsible for this—"if I do have to meet anyone, let them be deaf and dumb; but if they can't be deaf and dumb, do let them be ignorant and human."

A tiny something slipped out of the hat she had started to put on her head; it fluttered in the breeze and fell to the floor—a newspaper clipping. Its cold black and white stood out boldly against the bright red rug. For one minute the society editor stared at it fascinated; the next minute she stepped forward and literally ground it under her heel. Almost reluctantly, the headlines disappeared, but not before she had had time for another glimpse of "Gilbert Henderson Makes Forceful Speech in the Maurey Murder Case".

"Oh, I almost read it again," she stormed, "and I had promised myself a week's freedom from the thought of him. Here I am right in the garden spot of everything, and I can't even enjoy myself and forget my typewriter, or Gilbert, or anything."

The adjustment of the white leghorn hat, with its shell-pink roses dripping from the brim, so occupied her for the moment that Gilbert Henderson, with his cool smile of possession, was forgotten. But only for an instant. Her glance, traveling from the mirror in search of an additional pin, encountered Aunt Emily's open letter, from which stared at her this admonition: "You know you are twenty-seven, Gail. At nineteen, a bud, backed by your father's wealth, you might have dared hesitate on account of sentiment; but, now, thrown on your own resources, the desirable and eminently sensible thing for you is a marriage of reason. Gilbert, as you know, is independent of his law practise; his social position is quite equal to your family's, and his feeling for you—"

With an impatient gesture, Gail flung the letter back of the dresser, quietly secured the pin, and finished the adjusting of the hat. It was her season's one extravagance, and she loved it; more than that—she loved herself in it. It was worth every cent of the two weeks' salary she had invested in it, and she hummed merrily as she followed that alluring little path into the woods.

The path widened into a clearing, and in the center of the clearing was a tiny, tumbling-down shack; but even if it was old, it was alive, for the curtains at the window were new and white, and the panes were bright and shining. Moreover, smoke was coming out of the chimney. Gail Denny clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"Why, you're just what I've always dreamed of seeing," she cried. "You have ripe little yellow gourds right over your door, and there's—yes, there actually is a red trumpet-vine over your cracked window, and you never have been painted, and you're old-fashioned and comfortable, but still you're alive. I don't see why you have to be alive," she ended in a woeful tone.

A large collie dog came from around the house, walked up to the visitor, and sniffed at her. She touched his head with the tips of her fingers. "You'd positively drive me into spasms if I were in town, dog," she laughed merrily; "but, here, I'm not afraid of anything, and I know you belong to some perfectly lovely, little old lady, because there are flower-beds and the curtains are white. She has rheumatism, too, and she has a fire, because spring colds

are exceedingly dangerous, and she'll have old-fashioned chairs and tables and dishes, and everyone of them will be full of stories. Oh!"—and she clapped her hand over her mouth quickly—"oh, I never want to hear of stories, and society, and newspapers, and such things again."

The collie followed her to the door and wagged his tail while she knocked softly. A shifting noise—a very, very faint one, and then silence. Another knock—louder and more insistent this time—but still silence.

A disappointed look spread over her face, and she turned from the door just as another faint noise came from within. The keen disappointment changed to gentle determination.

"Please, dear little old lady," she called, in a soft, winning voice, "won't you let me come in for only a minute? I want a drink—so much; and I want to sit on your lounge and rest a while. I am just a traveler; but I will be very, very good if you will let me come in for just one little minute."

The faint, fluttering noise ceased abruptly. A loud, squeaking one followed. Evidently, some heavy piece of furniture was being pushed into place. Then, very quick decisive steps sounded, and the door was thrown open.

The pink roses on the white leghorn hat bobbed frantically as its wearer tried to recover herself, while the man who opened the door stifled his impulse to laugh. The voice had been so very plaintive that he had decided it belonged to a child. "Why, Miss Denny! Whatever did you come from, and what on earth is the matter with your voice?"

"It is my vacation, too, Mr. Managing Editor," she returned loftily, "and I thought a little, old woman lived in this house because the curtains were white, and there was a fire on this hot day."

"They're mine," he answered shortly, "and I usually eat in the summer as well as in winter—and I also prefer my food cooked."

Gail Denny shifted one of her feet until it rested on the other; she sniffed—a deliciously tempting and yet indefinable aroma came out of the little house. The host still stood in the doorway.

"I'M not asking for an interview, nor am I wanting to be sent out on 'a story,'" she faltered, "so, I guess I'd better go now."

The collie raised its head and touched her hand gently with its long, pink tongue. When she turned, it turned with her.

"You'd better get your drink before you leave," reminded the managing editor.

"But how can I, if you stand with one of your feet against the door?"

The door was opened so wide that its hinges creaked a welcome. "Come in," commanded the man, while a tiny, crinkly smile began to curve his lips. "But, for goodness' sake, when you leave, don't whistle Goliath with you."

"Goliath?" she asked, as she entered the room.

"Yes," the man assented, "and I see he has met his David. You're the first visitor he hasn't tried to chew for a long time."

Not a single word of this speech had Gail Denny heard. Round and round the room her eyes roved—past the little sewing-table to an old-fashioned cupboard filled with blue willow dishes—over the wall to a framed copy of "The Lord's Supper", and then down to a little old-fashioned wood-stove, which was gleaming red with its great desire to prove its superiority to all other stoves.



Then, she saw the mahogany table covered with books and littered with papers—yes, there was fresh ink on some of them.

"You are writing a book," she said, both accusingly and disappointedly.

"I am not," he denied stoutly, as he pulled forward a little willow rocking-chair.

Slowly she sat down in the little chair, which was one of the kind in which mothers delight to sit when they are rocking their babies. Gail's mother had rocked her in such a one long ago, and whenever she dreamed of a home of her own, she had planned to have a chair exactly like this. "But, instead, I sit in a hard, old office-chair," she reflected, "and whack-whack out society news which no one ever reads, unless they themselves have a party or are married."

Somehow, the idea of the little chair and Gilbert's town house, with its massive old fittings, was incongruous.

IT was no time for reflection; she was a guest and was expected to talk. She looked at her host a minute and then asked abruptly, "Do you believe in prayer?"

"Why, yes," he returned in a puzzled tone. He, too, was reflecting on his inability to escape from the people with whom he worked fifty weeks in every year.

"I don't," she answered stoutly.

"No?"

"No, I don't. I prayed just before I left the hotel that if I had to meet anyone, it would be some one who was human and ignorant; and you're neither. You won't hardly even talk."

He laughed. "I believe you will do it," he said slowly. "At any rate, I'm going to tell you all about it. This morning I bought some maple sirup at the store, and I had just decided to make flapjacks when I found that every receipt I had called for more flour than I could find in this shack, and I have been trying to reduce that receipt. Hence that paper and all that writing. In neither mathematics nor domestic science am I strong. Now, you—"

"Will finish them," she completed smilingly.

The rose-covered hat was quickly laid upon the table, both of the pink sleeves were deftly rolled up, and the receipt book was taken from the table. She stifled her impulse to laugh—the receipt was for wheat-cakes for six people, and the flour in the wooden bowl was clean but decidedly lumpy. But there was a sieve hanging near the flour-bin, and it and every other utensil was as clean as clean could be.

"I thought you could cook," he laughed, while he hunted among the accumulation on the window-sill for his pipe. "You edit the housewife's page, you know."

"Yes, I know," she answered scornfully, "but you don't learn to cook from editing the housewife's page. You have to have a kitchen—a big, roomy one, and plenty of utensils and material; you see, you almost missed your flapjacks on account of a shortage of flour—and you have to have some one to eat what you cook."

A hearty laugh greeted her words. "Well, I always read your stuff just because it does ring so true—some way or other."

He had found his pipe and gone to the doorway, where he sat down on the stone steps exactly like a little boy.

She beat the batter until it was so light that it almost ran out of the bowl, and then kept on beating it. To think that he really read her page! It was almost unbelievable; and, again, it was the most splendid thing that could have happened to her.

Why shouldn't it ring true? Didn't she wish every day of her life that she had a kitchen exactly like the modern ones she described so aptly, and didn't she long for a whole family for which to cook? Cooking for one's self alone is one of the most unsatisfactory things in the whole



world. A popping sound from the little stove warned her that the cakes must be cooked. Turning to ask her host for the lard, she saw only the white glistening doorstep. From the window she saw him farther out in the clearing, tinkering with some old fishing-tackle. His broad shoulders were lowered and his dark head was bent low over his work. All the time he was puffing vigorously at his friendly pipe.

"Why, he is the most human person I ever saw," she said aloud. "I ought to be glad that that part of my prayer was answered instead of the ignorant part."

Still smiling, she went back to the cupboard and hunted for table-cloth and plates; her smile widened when she saw the contents of the cupboard. A tobacco-jar held sugar; a compote, the butter; and an old-fashioned glass

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# THE LIFE THAT HAS BEEN DECIDED FOR ME

By AN ORPHAN

**M**Y one chance of happiness is to be offered me soon, and I shall refuse it. Perhaps it would be truer to say that I have refused it already. Many girls and women deny love because of the caprice of the moment. Then the moment passes, and, in a wiser hour, they take what life and love offer them. I am not of their fortunate number. This inability of mine to do what I want to do and what I should do is not a thing of the moment. It is a thing that has been growing all my life.

At least, it has been growing for sixteen years. I am twenty-eight years old. When I was twelve, my father and mother were killed in a railway accident. I was their only child. I shall never forget how utterly forsaken I felt when I realized for the first time that my big, laughing father and my little, gentle mother would never come back home. Memory has, I know, a kindly way of making us forget the drab and remember the rosy things about the past; but I'm sure there never was a happier home than ours had been. There are times—to-night is one of them—when I wonder what kind of a woman I would have been if those two beings, at once kind and wise, had been with me during those important years when I was neither child nor woman. Of one thing, I feel sure—I would not be what I am to-day.

I had many aunts and uncles and cousins, and every one of them wanted me. Whenever I have had a moment's bitterness, I have tried to remember that. When I was a dependent child, they opened their homes and their hearts to me.

"Ellen has inherited the best things from her father and her mother," I remember hearing Aunt Jane say about me. "She is as light-hearted as Bob and as gentle as Anne."

"Yes," agreed Cousin Martha; "she is a good child, and she will be easy to manage."

**Y**OUNG as I was, I understood Cousin Martha's sigh which accompanied her words. Her children were a by-word in the family because of their tempers and impudence. Cousin Martha always insisted they "took after" her husband's family.

The day after the funeral there was a family conference to decide what should be done with me. I don't know why they let me be present, for, as it turned out, they did not care in the least what I thought about it. Each one of them expressed a desire to have me. It seemed to me after an hour's discussion that they were no nearer deciding matters than they were at the start. So I said: "Please, I'd rather stay with Aunt Dolly."

I can remember yet how dumfounded they all were that I had a preference—all except Aunt Dolly and Uncle Paul, her husband. They seemed pleased. Nobody asked me why I had chosen them. Uncle Paul said that of course I wanted to be with them because Nan and Phoebe, their twin girls, were just my age. But I whispered in Aunt Dolly's ear that the reason was because she was like Mother. I wondered why she began to cry.

It would seem that with Uncle Paul and Aunt Dolly longing to take me home with them, and with me wanting to go with them, the matter was settled. But that is not the way things are done in our family. Aunt Dolly cried

more, and Uncle Paul said something under his breath which sounded to me like a swear-word, when the other aunts and uncles and cousins all protested against my going with them. It would be all right, they said, if it were not for the fact that Uncle Paul and Aunt Dolly lived in a distant city. I must stay on in the town which for generations had been the home of my father's and my mother's families. I must grow up in the same atmosphere.



Of course, we might have known from the beginning that Aunt Ellen would have her way. No one ever seriously opposed her in anything. So, after a time, she said in her low, dignified way: "She will come with her Aunt Ellen, of course."

In reality, she was my great-aunt, and she had reared my father. Perhaps when my father was a little boy, she had not been quite so awe-inspiring. I know I always wondered how it was that he did not seem afraid of her. I was always afraid of her, and I feel sure my gentle little mother was, too.

I cannot remember that Aunt Ellen ever spoke a harsh word to me. She was too much a lady to do that. But even at twelve years, I knew it would be useless to appeal from one of her decisions. At least, it was impossible for me. All the relatives and all our friends were wont

to comment on what an obedient, sweet-natured child I was. I think I must have been really sweet-natured, for otherwise how would I have had my childhood friends? Seldom is a child popular who is always being held up before other children as a model.

Aunt Ellen was the most efficient human being I have ever known. She had managed her large fortune since the death of her husband years before; she had ruled the town as social dictator; only the rector knew more of church affairs than she did; and she headed every movement of any importance for miles around. Yet she never seemed hurried or anxious. She always had, seemingly, an abundance of time to direct my every effort.

When I was seventeen, Aunt Ellen died. In the five years I had been with her, I do not believe that I ever expressed a wish. In fact, the last time I ever spoke with assurance to my family was when I chose to live with Aunt Dolly and Uncle Paul, on that day after the funeral. Aunt Ellen left me a legacy, which, considering her

"PLEASE, I'D RATHER  
STAY WITH AUNT DOLLY."



fortune, seemed small. I had never given the matter much thought, but I remember the family was surprised that she had not made me her heiress. I have never cared about the money, because I have always had what I wanted, but I have never recalled her reason for not leaving me her fortune without a little stab in the heart.

"Ellen is not a person of enough force of character to handle large sums of money," she said. "She is not capable of making decisions."

That reading of my character proves the wisdom of Aunt Ellen. I have no force of character; I cannot make decisions. But it seems ironical that it should have been Aunt Ellen, who never allowed me to decide anything for myself, who despised me for that weakness. I think perhaps the strong are always that way with the weak whom they have ruled.

At seventeen, I was again without a home. I wanted to go to college. With the money Father had left for me, and with the income from Aunt Ellen's legacy, I could afford it. But the family objected. I was too timid, they said. Of course, I had always loved books, and had always liked to study; but, for all that, I was not of the stuff of which scholars are made, so they said.

I THOUGHT longingly of Aunt Dolly and Uncle Paul, whom I had not seen since that other conference about my future. They had gone to Europe a short time after that, where Uncle Paul had been in the consular service. I like to think that I wasn't afraid to speak—I, who had always done as I had been told. Of course, I know I was afraid of them all, but, quite aside from that, I didn't know whether Aunt Dolly and Uncle Paul would want me, and my timidity made it impossible for me to write and ask them. When, having heard of Aunt Ellen's death, they cabled to ask me if I would not come to them, I had already settled down with Uncle Ed and Aunt Mary. No women could be less alike than Aunt Ellen and Aunt Mary. Aunt Ellen took things as her right. Aunt Mary usually cried for them. Aunt Ellen made her life just what she wanted it. Aunt Mary, in her soft, little voice, was always bemoaning the fact that her life had never been what she wanted it to be. It might seem that I could have asserted myself with Aunt Mary. As it happened, I was more under her will than I ever had been under Aunt Ellen's.

This may have been because I never could bear the idea of hurting anyone. Once or twice, when I first went to Aunt Mary's, I did state an opinion or make a mild objection to something she suggested. But when I saw her lips tremble and the tears come to her eyes, as they always did when anyone opposed her, I would do whatever it was she wished. I just could not forget how Aunt Mary's own children had treated her. Her son was the "black sheep" of the whole family connection. For years at a time his mother would have no word from him. Then he would walk in unexpectedly, stay a few weeks until he had regained strength and borrowed money to keep him for a time, when he would disappear again. We asked him few questions as to his life. We were afraid of his answers. But, even now, I never read a newspaper story of a criminal without wondering if it can be my cousin. Aunt Mary's other child was a daughter. She had been the prettiest young girl imaginable. When she was sixteen, she had eloped with a ne'er-do-well, had gone West to live, and had never been home since.

WHENEVER I wanted to rebel against Aunt Mary's gentle tyranny, I always thought, just as she was thinking, of those two children who had disappointed her so grievously. Others of the family were always thinking of it, too.

"Poor Mary has had so much trouble with her own children," they would say, "that we hope, Ellen dear, you will never give her a moment's anxiety."

Sometimes they would vary it by saying: "It is so sweet of you, Ellen dear, to be so considerate of your Aunt Mary. You seem to realize so well that she must not have anything more to make her unhappy."

For a time I thought I could persuade Aunt Mary to let me go to college. But she cried every time I mentioned it, and said she would be too lonely without me. Uncle Ed looked at me appealingly, too. My being in the house gave him much more liberty than he could have had, otherwise, for the reading which was the passion of his life. He and I used to spend many happy hours together in the big library. And both he and Aunt Mary were more than kind to me. I want to make that very

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# GOING TO COLLEGE ON A SCHOLARSHIP

By MYRA G. REED

WITH the arrival of June and the closing of the schools, thousands of high-school graduates are asking themselves the eternal question: What am I going to do next? A large number of these thousands long ardently to go to college, but the condition of the family purse forbids. Yet, if a student has health, energy, ambition, brains above the average, is leaving a good record behind her in high school, and is capable of achieving the same standing in college, the lack of money need be no bar to a college education. The State, which wants the very best citizens it can possibly get, is quite willing to give college training to a limited number of its most promising juniors. The universities and colleges want to number presidents, senators, governors, noted artists, writers, able lawyers, great men in every profession among their alumni, and if there are brilliant high-school graduates at their gates who cannot enter because of lack of money, they are glad to take them without the usual money payment.

Both the State and the universities adopt practically the same means for achieving their purpose. They endow what are called scholarships, which, in some cases, cover all or part of the yearly tuition at a certain university, and, in other cases, even a proportion or all of the student's living expenses. The different States and different universities vary in their way of bestowing these scholarships, granting them sometimes to the student with the highest grade in competitive examinations; sometimes to the student whose high-school principal recommends her as his ablest student; again, to the college student who in his first year carries off the highest honors; but back of all of them is the same fundamental idea, that the most talented youth of the country should have the opportunity to develop under expert training, no matter what the financial status of the parents. A university regards itself as a training school for citizens, and, for its own satisfaction, if for nothing else, wants to give out the very best citizens it possibly can. To this end, it considers a scholarship student as one of its best investments. It feels that any young woman or man who wants an education badly enough to do the large amount of extra work needed to gain a scholarship must have bigger and finer qualities in him than the average, and it is anxious to be the one to develop and train those qualities.

SALLIE HARPER, who lives—let us say—in Sunny Breeze, New York, was one lucky girl who, two years ago, discovered for herself her value in the eyes of the university and the State. All through her high-school course she had longed to be able to go to college, but she knew, without inquiring very definitely, that her father, who was one of Sunny Breeze's two overworked physicians, would not be able to shoulder this added expense. Yet in her senior year, when some of her classmates were writing for catalogs to the colleges they had chosen, Sally wrote, too, just because she could not resist. She sent her request for information to Cornell, as it had been the goal of her ambition since she began on her teens.

When the catalog came, she opened it with a tiny little hope that perhaps she would find some way to go after all. So far as she could determine, she had taken the proper high-school courses for admission to the university—but the expenses! Perhaps her father could manage, in weekly payments, the cost of her living away from home, but one hundred and twenty-five dollars for tuition—and

that to be paid in only two instalments, the first one or seventy dollars at the very beginning of the school year! Never in the world could the family purse spare seventy dollars all at one time. Perhaps there were cheaper colleges, Sallie thought despairingly.

Then she turned a page of the booklet and saw a paragraph. She read it through half a dozen times before she could really believe what it said:

"Under the law of the State of New York, the Commissioner of Education is empowered to award annually a number of free scholarships in Cornell University equal to the number of Assembly districts in the State of New York. Each scholarship entitles the holder to free tuition for four years, beginning in the September immediately following the award of the scholarship.

"For particulars in regard to the awarding of Cornell University State Scholarships, application should be made to the Commissioner of Education, Albany, New York."

A scholarship! That meant free tuition—that meant she would not have to pay that terrible one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Sallie had never heard of a scholarship before, but it did not take her long to decide to write to the Commissioner of Education, at Albany, New York.

THREE days later she received her reply, and learned that each Assembly district in the State had a scholarship to give to the student of that district who passed the best examination, and that these competitive examinations were held every June. That very minute Sallie knew there was no longer any doubt about her going to college; for she was primarily a strong student, and could easily pass a good examination. The best part of the story is that Sallie's dream came true. She passed the examination, and went to college the next year with her tuition paid, not only for her freshman year but for the whole four years.

But Sallie is only one of thousands through the country who are holding scholarships, and for whom a college education would not otherwise have been possible. At the University of Chicago a large number of its six thousand students are scholarship holders. This university, in accord with the theory of training for expert citizenship, insists not only on achievement in the scholarly fields, but on many other things as well. To qualify for a scholarship, a student must have good, sound health, as a promise that he will have the stamina to carry out his life's work; he must have initiative, originality, and, what counts for a great deal in awarding a scholarship, ability as a leader.

This university rarely awards a scholarship until the student has attended at least a term, and his promise of future usefulness in the world can be somewhat determined.

A year or so ago one young woman, who had come up to the University of Chicago from a small town in southern Illinois, with just money enough to last her through the first year, and who expected at the end of that time to have to go back to her home town and teach, was offered, before the spring term was up, an honor scholarship that covered all of her tuition for the following year. Aside from standing A and B in practically all her studies, she had been prominent in student athletics and dramatics, had been a member of several student committees, and was unusually popular with her fellow students. The university, unwilling, as it declared, to lose such a promising student, surprised her by sending her a notice a few weeks before the term ended that it was bestowing upon her one of its Junior college scholarships, as they are called.

In addition to the scholarships which it awards itself, the University of Chicago follows the custom prevalent in many states of giving a scholarship covering four years' tuition to the student in each high school in the State who has averaged the highest grades through his whole four years of work. One young boy in a Cheyenne, Wyoming, high school, a year or so ago, discovered, indeed, just how completely this custom worked. He had been a most brilliant student during his high-school course, and when he graduated, he found himself the recipient of four scholarships from four different colleges.

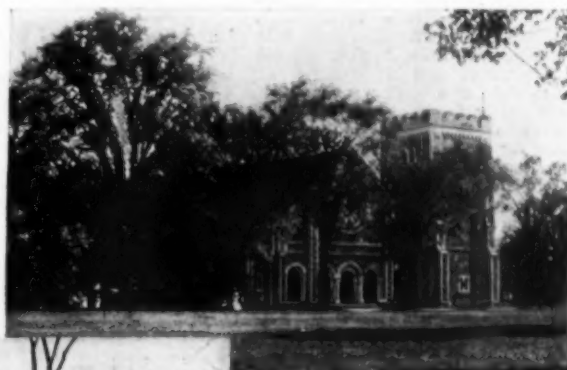
IN states where there are state universities, the problem of tuition is practically non-existent, as the fee is never more than twenty or thirty dollars a year. And scholarships in them often cover, in consequence, all the living expenses. Alice Loring, who lived in Southern California, and who found herself in almost the same predicament as Sallie Harper in Sunny Breeze, New York, discovered this to her joy. Alice and her mother had scrimped and saved in every possible way during the last two years of Alice's high-school course—the family had gone without its usual summer escape into the mountains from hot San Bernardino; Alice's father had worn his old hat so long that he had brushed all the nap from it; and even Jack, Alice's younger brother, had to earn the money before he could have the new shoes he needed. And yet, there was only



A CORNER OF BRYN MAWR'S CAMPUS

enough money to cover Alice's actual weekly living expenses for one year. Nevertheless, Alice decided to go for the one year, rather than to wait an indefinite time until the family could manage to save more. She went to Berkeley, to the California State University, and, after a few weeks, when she had gotten better acquainted with some of the other girls, she confided to one of them one day the dreadful fact that she could only stay one year. The other girl, who happened to be a Junior, looked at her a moment. Then she asked bluntly: "Are you a good student?" and Alice answered just as bluntly: "Yes, in most of my studies." Without further parley the enthusiastic young Junior escorted her to the Dean of Women, telling her on the way about the scholarships, covering all expenses, that the University offered to a few dozen students. The Dean informed Alice that these scholarships were not awarded until after the student had

been a year in residence, but she encouraged her to try for one. Of course, Alice tried—she had never tried so hard in her life before—and when she went home the following June she had the satisfaction of knowing that her University had deemed her not only a good student, but "a girl of noble character and with high aims"; that she could come back to the University as a scholarship student for another year, and perhaps all three; and that her family would have to suffer no additional burdens in consequence.



IN THE GROUNDS OF VASSAR COLLEGE



THE STATE UNIVERSITY AT ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

students, but their living expenses are reduced to a minimum. At some of the Ohio universities, a student who is hampered by any physical defect will be given a scholarship; and being a minister's son or daughter is all that is required for the same opportunities in some other States.

In Vermont, and in many of the Northwestern States, the same system holds as in New York State, where the State itself allows each Assembly district or other school division to send a student to a university, but, unlike New York, no competitive examinations are held. The appointments are in the hands of the state senators and representatives, each one having the power to appoint one or two students, as the case may be. The prospective student makes application to the senator from his district, and the senator picks the one from among the applicants who, he considers, judging by

health, character, scholarship, and qualities for leadership, will grow into the most useful citizen. Where there are no vacancies in the student's own county, the student can write to the president of the college he wishes to attend and the president will notify him whether there are vacancies in any other counties, some one of whose senators might be willing to appoint him.

Even where there is no possibility for a state scholarship, however, the student who wants to go to college need

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THE END OF AN HOUR ON THE RIVER, WELLESLEY COLLEGE

# THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

## A SERIAL STORY

By EUNICE TIETJENS

Illustrated by DAVID ROBINSON

### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.—

The resemblance of Patricia Endicott, a beautiful American girl, to Sophie Dogiel, once maid of honor at the Russian court and loved by the young Grand Duke Boris Georgovitch, involves her in a series of startling incidents. At a socialistic meeting in New York, Alexis Brunoff is introduced to her, a Russian revolutionist, who is tremendously startled by her appearance, since Sophie had died in his presence that afternoon. He joins her party and later goes with them to a restaurant. They are followed, partly for curiosity, and partly for another motive, by David Harwich, an American, to whom Sophie the same day had gone to offer a jeweled cigarette-case for sale. He at first supposes Patricia to be Sophie, at whose apartment he has just been refused admittance by a man he now recognizes as Brunoff. At the restaurant, Patricia is left in Brunoff's care by her friends, but he excuses himself just as a Russian gentleman enters the place, and fails to return. David comes to Patricia's assistance, and takes her home in a taxi. She tells him she is soon to leave for Geneva, Switzerland; but, remembering that he had heard Sophie's voice cry out "Geneva! Geneva!" as he stood outside her door that day, and feeling, because of many peculiar incidents of the evening, that Patricia's resemblance to Sophie is involving her in some mysterious affair, he urges her not to go. He is to call upon her at her hotel the following day; but when he does, she is no longer there. In a spirit of knight-errantry, he decides to go to Geneva, but it is several weeks before he meets her. He sees her frequently in the company of a Russian countess, but she is always spirited away before he has speech with her. He is successful on the eve of a Genevese carnival called *Escalade*, and is warmly welcomed by Patricia, who is beginning to feel conscious of mystery about her. The Countess has lent her a Russian court dress and jeweled cigarette-case for *Escalade*. Discovering that Grand Duke Boris is in town, David suspects Patricia is being used to impersonate Sophie. He arranges to be of her party the night of *Escalade*, but is separated from her in the crowd, immediately after he sees the Grand Duke stretching out his arms and crying "Sophie! Sophie!" as Patricia is swept past him. While David is trying to find Patricia, she is taken by the Countess and her party inside a little side-show. She is sitting there, bored and somewhat disgusted, when she is suddenly grasped from behind, and a hand pressed roughly over her mouth.

### CHAPTER XIII—Continued

A SENSE of purely physical outrage rose so strong within Patricia that, for a moment, she was almost blinded by it. She struggled silently and fiercely to free herself, but it was useless. She was held in an iron grip which, though it did not really hurt her, showed by the steadiness of the pressure how futile her efforts to release herself must be.

Presently, the hot wave of blind rage receded, and she collected her scattered wits a little. She must think! The first ruse that occurred to her was a rudimentary one, but she acted on it instantly. She ceased struggling as suddenly as she had begun, and let herself hang, a dead weight, in the arms of her captors. Then she closed her eyes and feigned unconsciousness.

She heard the Countess' voice speaking in French quite close to her, and it had in it a ring of solicitude.

"Poor child!" it said. "Be as gentle with her as you can. See, she has fainted!"

At the sound of the voice which answered her, the voice of the man whose large hand was still half smothering her, Patricia felt the hot rage surge over her again. For it was Brunoff's voice. But she beat back the wave of anger resolutely. She must keep her head clear, must hear what they were saying. If she forgot herself now, she was utterly lost. There was no chance of David Harwich appearing this time, like a miraculous genie, to drive off her persecutors. What could be done, she must do herself.

So, though it took every ounce of self-possession in her, she hung limp over Brunoff's arm and waited. She did not have long to wait. After his grumbled reply to the Countess, Brunoff and whoever else was helping him, for she felt sure that more than one man was holding her, began to drag her backward away from the entrance to the

tent. She could not imagine just at first what they were going to do with her, for she had noticed as they came in that the booth stood up flat against an unbroken blank wall. But, presently, by opening

her eyes a little, cautiously, she saw they had raised a canvas flap at the back of the tent and that behind it was a wall indeed, but not a blank wall.

It was higher than their heads, made of large slabs of irregular stone, and a great jagged hole had been made in it, large enough to permit a person to pass through easily. Through this hole they were dragging her. It was rather awkward work, and she thought of trying to use the moment when they were obliged to relax their hold a little to make an attempt to escape. But a second thought convinced her of the uselessness of doing anything of the sort; so she bided her time.

Beyond the wall was an open space where a garden must have bloomed in the summer season. Now it was cold and dead in the white moonlight, and the feet of the men carrying her fell silently on the winter turf. The crisp night air and the sudden calm of the dead garden quieted the girl like a cool hand laid on a fevered brow, and a kind of white scorn came over her, like the scorn of the clear cold moon, for this hectic, artificial mystery, with its plots and counterplots, its petty ruses, its deceptions and treacheries.

The house before them loomed dark and vacant, showing no chink of light. Yet, when they came to a little side door which gave on to the garden, it was silently opened, and, as silently, the conspirators filed in with the girl in their midst.

The large, empty hallway was lit only by one pale candle, which flickered frantically in the night breeze that entered with them. Patricia could make out nothing but an impression of empty spaces and hovering shadows. Presently, however, they entered a large, high-ceilinged room, which was better lighted, though, even here, furtive shadows lurked in the corners.

Some one brought forward a chair for Patricia; she was deposited in it hurriedly, and, at last, to her unspeakable relief, the great hand which had been covering her mouth was removed, almost reluctantly it seemed to her, and she was free. She drew a long, deep breath.

AT the same instant, she felt the Countess leaning over her. Patricia opened her eyes and met the searching black eyes of the little Russian woman calmly and defiantly. At first, she read there a very real pity and solicitude. The Countess, she thought, was fond of her in her own inscrutable way, partly for herself and partly, too, because the eyes that looked at the Russian woman were like the eyes of one now dead. Perhaps the Countess had really loved Sophie.

But the look of solicitude faded slowly from the piquant face before her as the Countess read that Patricia not only was not unconscious, but was actively defiant. She opened her black eyes a little wider and seemed about to speak. But she decided against it, shrugged her shoulders indifferently, and turned away.

Brunoff was still standing beside Patricia's chair, looking down at her with a curious expression in his cavernous eyes. The Countess touched him on the arm, spoke a few words to him in Russian, and led him part way down the room, where they stood talking together in low voices.

Patricia looked around her. The great hall was almost square, and gave an impression of barn-like immensity, which was intensified by its great height and by the shadowy corners. It was empty of curtains or any of the



things which lend an air of home to a room, but it was furnished rather completely for what it was. Patricia thought it looked like some sort of court-room.

On one end was a raised platform on which stood a heavy armchair covered with a black cloth; against it leaned a blood-red flag on a black standard. In a double semi-circle, extending to the right and left of this platform, were twenty or more solemn-looking chairs. And in front of these, facing them as Patricia thought the prisoner's box must stand in a court-room, was a little wooden bench.

It looked very small and alone there, and she thought with a shudder of the desperate loneliness of soul of anyone facing, thus, a court-room full of hostile judges. For there would be no fair trial by peers here, but only a cold doom pronounced by enemies.

**B**UT though the stage was set, Patricia was not to play the rôle of accused, it seemed. Indeed, most of the men in the room hardly glanced in her direction at all, but stood in little groups talking together in Russian. The girl could see by their restless eyes that something had gone wrong with their plans for the evening, and the thought sent a thrill of savage pleasure through her.

Brunoff and the Countess were still talking together. Her whitened hand lay almost caressingly on his arm, and she was looking up into his eyes with a sustained intensity that was unusual with her. He, on his part, seemed a trifle distracted, and kept glancing half uneasily towards Patricia, as she still sat silent where they had placed her.

Presently, they seemed to come to some sort of decision, for the Countess turned and came over to the girl with a very good imitation of her ordinary manner. Brunoff followed close behind.

"Well, *mon enfant!*" she said gaily, though the gaiety rang a little false, "I hope we haven't frightened you too much with our little *Escalade* masquerade. It is always a way we Russians have to make a celebration of our own. And this was to have been ours. But I am almost afraid we shall have to put it off till another day. It is growing very late, too late almost for us to go back to the hotel. And you, my poor child, are very tired and sleepy. I can see it in your eyes. So we shall not trouble to go out again, but you and I can spend the night here. We can very easily make ourselves comfortable. Mr. Brunoff will protect us, if anything should happen."

Patricia had sat quite still until the last sentence, making no sign. But now she spoke, and her voice held a whip-lash of scorn.

"Mr. Brunoff makes a wonderful protector, as I have learned! His motto, in time of danger, is 'Save Alexis Brunoff, and let the Russian Government take the rest!'" She had risen and was facing Brunoff squarely, her eyes blazing, her whole being lit with fires of anger.

He stood looking down at her, his shifty eyes dwelling on her with a kind of animal intensity which told her that he was thinking not of what she was saying, but of how she looked saying it. As she finished, she pressed her lips together to steady them, for they were trembling a little with rage. Brunoff's eyes dropped suddenly from her eyes to her lips, and lingered there with a look that was almost a caress. Patricia shuddered, and turned to the Countess.

The Russian woman had been watching this little scene with a curious expression in her black eyes. But, as Patricia turned, she spoke sharply. "What do you know, child, of the Russian Government and Mr. Brunoff?"

"Oh!" answered the girl hotly, "I am not so blind as all of you seem to think. I know about a great many things! I know, for instance, about poor Sophie Dogiel and



"AND I KNOW, TOO, WHO THE SOMEONE IS. IT IS THE GRAND DUKE BORIS GEORGOVITCH!"

how she died, friendless and alone, in an apartment in New York. And about the government agent at the restaurant, of whom Mr. Brunoff was so afraid!"

The Russian started to interrupt angrily, but the Countess checked him by a quick touch on the arm.

Patricia felt vaguely that she would better not tell any more. But she was quite worn out by the succession of strange events, and this last rush of anger had completely taken possession of her. So she went on breathlessly:

"Yes; and I know what you are doing here. I know that you are using me to represent Sophie because I look like her. That is why you have taken me out so much, why you have given me her cigarette-case and this dress of hers. It was to get someone to follow me here, to walk into this trap you have laid for him."

"And I know, too, who the someone is. It is the Grand Duke Boris Georgovitch!" In her excitement, Patricia's

voice rang like a silver trumpet and her whole body trembled because of the intensity of her speech.

The little knots of whispering men had broken up and gathered about her, and a growing consternation showed in their faces. But Patricia seemed not to see them, and her voice rang with defiance as she went on. "But your plot has failed; I tell you, it has failed. Boris will not come here to-night to be killed. He has been warned. Mr. Harwich has warned him, and I have warned him. I took out the message you thought you had sent him in the cigarette-case. He never got it. He will not come!" She finished with a thrill of exultation.

A sudden silence followed her tirade, a silence so deep and ominous that it began presently to pierce through the wall of anger and take possession of her consciousness like a living force. She glanced quickly at the ring of strange, bearded faces about her. In each one she saw the same hostility to herself, the same gleam of cold rage.

And, in the silence, the reaction came. She felt her lips and hands beginning to tremble again; and a strange numbness came over her mind.

But she kept tight hold of one thought. She must not show the fear that was growing in her, must not let these strange, fierce people know that her courage was failing. So she rallied her scattered wits, pressed her hands together to hold them still, and began to speak again:

"So, you see that there is no use keeping me here any longer. I cannot possibly be of any further use to you, and if one of you will please call a carriage for me, I shall go back to the hotel at once." The sound of her own voice had steadied her, and she finished with a fine assumption of assurance which she was very far from feeling.

But the only answer she received was a little shifting of the circle of glowering faces as they closed in about her. Low, guttural words began to fly from one to another, words that were all the more terrible because, except for the sure knowledge that they were hostile to herself, she could form no idea of their meaning. What would they do to her? What would they dare do?

AN almost overmastering desire to scream came over her, to give way to this mounting terror which was gripping her. But she set her teeth savagely and waited—waited, cold and defiant, till the Countess suddenly stepped forward and said a few sharp words which were greeted by a grumbling consent. Then she turned to Patricia.

"You know a great deal more, child, than is good for you," she said. "We cannot let you go now. We shall decide what to do with you. But there is no need for you to stay here. Come with me!"

Patricia followed in a kind of daze, saying nothing because she dared not unlock her teeth. The Countess mounted the stairs and opened the door of a room above, scantily furnished as a bedroom. She put the candle on the table. Then she turned to the girl with a curious little smile. "You are a foolish child, but a brave one!" she said.

When the Countess had gone, and in the corridor outside sounded the regular tramp of the sentry she had set, the girl drew a deep, tremulous breath. Then, with a little strangled sob, she threw herself on the bed.

"Oh, my genie!" she cried, "my miraculous genie! This time the charm didn't work!"

#### CHAPTER XIV

In the great hall below, the Nihilists were sitting in council. The flickering light from the branched candelabra threw huge moving shadows up the walls, and picked out in strong relief the bearded faces of the conspirators. Strange, fierce faces they were, belonging to men whom the cruelty of others, or their own sin and incompetence, had driven to revolt against the princes of this earth, desperate men who had thrown the imminent danger of death into the scale against their ideals—or their greed. Silent and sullen they sat waiting.

Brunoff was in the great armchair in their midst, one hand toying with the red flag. He wore over his suit a

dead black garment like a judge's gown, and on his head a black cap. His curious, horse-like face was full of a kind of desperate cunning, and his sunken eyes gleamed feverishly and ominously.

Behind him, and to the left, sat the Countess, listening with her inscrutable smile to the solemn words he was saying, words which must somehow make up to these silent, stern men for the failure of their plans and the added danger to themselves.

FOR their plans had failed. As the time wore on and the man for whom they were waiting did not appear, the strain of expectation had gradually given way to a dull, sullen apathy of despair. Absently they listened to the words of their leader promising the ultimate victory of the cause of liberty.

And then, without warning, sudden and unforeseen, as is the way of life, the great event came upon them.

Boris Georgovitch came into the room, and moved quietly, with perfect composure, to the little bench which stood alone. No one had heard him enter the house, and no one stirred to intercept him now. Only Brunoff's great voice died away into silence.

Quietly, almost patiently, he stood facing the semi-circle. There was in his manner even now a certain mildness—almost a gentleness—as though he were himself dispensing justice instead of standing thus alone at the bar of judgment. Behind him, on the wall, his solitary shadow flickered, gigantic, full of power.

So, for a space the silence endured.

Then suddenly Brunoff spoke, and his big voice boomed angrily. "So, Boris Georgovitch!" he said in Russian; "so you have come at last to judgment, come at last to the court of the brotherhood which you have betrayed."

The unruffled quiet of the man before him never changed, and when he spoke, his low, modulated voice held no sign of emotion.

"Of what am I accused?" he asked simply.

Brunoff seemed about to make some angry answer to this; but he controlled himself with difficulty, and said in a heavily judicial voice: "Sergius Sanin, read the accusation against this man!"

At this the military-looking man who had been with the *Escalade* party rose from his seat at the end of the semi-circle, and began to read slowly and solemnly, with a kind of emotional unction:

"You, Boris Georgovitch, are charged with the following crimes against this brotherhood:

"That you, being by birth and by belief allied with the old party which supports the cause of Imperialism in our country and is the sworn enemy of Liberty, in spite of these sympathies allied yourself with this Brotherhood and took the sacred oath of allegiance.

"That you concealed from us your true name and station, and represented yourself to be one Dmitri Pushkin, a printer.

"That, as Dmitri Pushkin, you attended our privy council and were made familiar with our innermost secrets.

"And, lastly, that on the night of the twenty-third of June of this year you did basely and treacherously betray this Brotherhood. So that, while a secret meeting was being held, the police of St. Petersburg, headed in person by Michael Dogiel, their chief, raided the meeting-place. The result of this treachery was the capture of the leaders in the cause of Liberty by the hated vassals of the tyrant, and their sentence to Siberia." Sanin sat down amid deep and ominous silence.

Then Brunoff's gruff voice boomed out again. "Boris Georgovitch, the punishment for these offenses is death. Do you know of any valid reason why it should not be meted out to you?"

The young man had stood motionless throughout this accusation, listening with a gentle interest to the fateful words. At the last indictment, his face had expressed almost pleasure, as though something on which he had counted had

[Continued on page 91]

# GRANDMOTHER'S HOOKED RUGS

## THE REVIVAL OF AN OLD-TIME ART

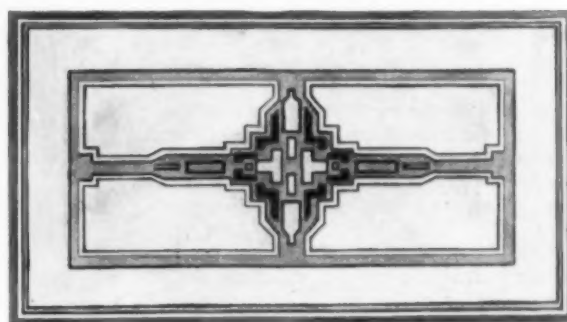
By NELLIE M. PAIRPOINT

AMERICA is showing healthy symptoms of emulating the older civilizations of this world in their respect for the achievements, the landmarks, and the bequests of the past. We have passed the period when we cheerfully tear down the birthplaces of our great men, or consign their personal belongings to the auction-room.

Our national conscience was perhaps first to awaken, and as Daughters of the Revolution, and Colonial Dames of America, and State Historical Societies, we rose to the rescue of historic buildings, marked memorable sites, and preserved to posterity those things which had meant something in our country's history.

Next, the family conscience awoke and stirred feebly, and we were struck with remorse as we remembered great-grandmother's drop-leaf mahogany table, which had been relegated to mother's kitchen, finally to the woodshed, and had passed out of existence by the hatchet route. We searched our memories vainly as to what we had done with the old black walnut secretary, white elephant of so many movings, but whose pigeon-holes must have emanated romance to any sensitive imagination. We were wrung almost to tears over the quaint old cedar handkerchief-box with the sliding lid, on which Great-aunt Abigail had painted the old homestead—fan-lighted Colonial doorway, winding path, picket fence, and all—and which had been ungratefully consigned to the omnivorous kitchen-stove in some first-of-May upheaval long ago.

This awakening of the family conscience has been marked by the dragging forth from attic and storeroom of four-poster beds, and cross-stitch foot-stools, and brass warming-pans, and old-fashioned knockers, and every other relic of grandmother's day which we have been fortunate enough to overlook in our iconoclastic past. And, with memory sharpened by a new idea of the value of the familiar things of the old home-place, we find ourselves re-



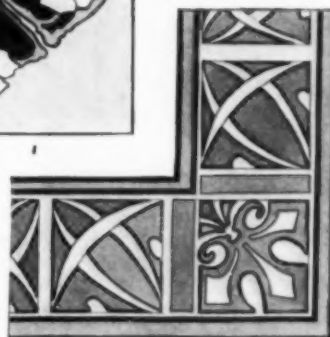
DESIGN NO. 1.—WHICH CAN BE CARRIED OUT TO MATCH ANY COLOR SCHEME



BORDER DESIGN  
NO. 2  
BEAUTIFUL IN  
DELT BLUE  
AND GRAYS



DESIGN NO. 3  
CENTER TO MATCH  
NO. 2 BORDER



DESIGN NO. 4  
A MOST EFFECTIVE BORDER TO USE  
WITH A ONE-COLOR CENTER



DESIGN NO. 5.—CENTER SOLID; BORDER IN ORIENTAL COLORING

constructing in our minds Grandmother's "spare room", or her sitting-room, or her shining kitchen, and thinking enviously of the copper kettles, the candle-molds, the quilts of original and wonderful design, the hooked rugs at bedside and bureau.

Grandmother has at last come into her own. We frame her sampler, we faithfully copy her cross-stitch, we set ourselves humbly to duplicate her hooked rugs. Indeed, grandmother's hooked rugs are worth duplicating, and constitute a form of handiwork good enough to be raised to an art craft, both for its possibilities of artistic expression and the durability of the results. The work is simply done. Grandmother used old coffee or potato sacks as the foundation for her rugs:

we may follow her example, or buy "store burlap" by the yard. Thrift was her watchword, and so her outworn pelisse and the remains of Samuel's trousers and Priscilla's plaid school-dress were ripped and washed, cut into strips, and used as the "filling" for grandmother's rugs. We of to-day find it less trouble to purchase pure-wool

twilled flannel to take the place of the odds and ends from grandmother's rag-bag; but if the rug is designed for a room with a definite color scheme, and the flannel cannot be procured in just the right shade, we buy white flannel, and, taking a leaf from grandmother's book, dye it at home.

If the love of old-time things is being born within you, and you want to add one of grandmother's bedside rugs to your belongings, the only tools you will need will be a wooden frame, about forty-eight inches long by sixteen inches wide, and a steel hook set in a wooden handle. If there is any difficulty in getting the steel hook, a large bone crochet-hook will do very well. The frame can be made by a carpenter from pine wood two inches wide and seven-eighths of an inch thick, with half-lap joints at the corners.

[Continued on page 30]



# SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY

A DEPARTMENT FOR SOCIAL BETTERMENT

Conducted by

ZONA GALE

**H**OW can any one look on summer and not want to work with it? To work with it to make the world a more beautiful place in which to live?

I wonder if there is any one accustomed to thinking about life who does not want to contribute something toward making it a finer experience for the spirit to welcome, and for the body to help carry out? What woman does not remember the days when other women were saying: "Bringing up my children, doing my housework, taking my share in the work of the Ladies' Aid seem to be women's ways of service. Bringing up the children is everything to me, and they stand first, of course. But as for the other things, sometimes I wish—"

That was about as far as she ever went: "Sometimes I wish—" And if she did go any farther, in the days when the children were in school, or when they were married, or when it had become possible to her to have a servant for the household work—if, then, she did go farther and try to find some definite work that would better the conditions about her, how few ways were open!

Pure-food laws? She had never heard of them. They were hardly in existence. She ate benzoate of soda in her canned goods, and fed it to her children, and knew only that they "came down sick", or were bilious, or irritable, or that they died.

Protecting food from street dust? That seldom occurred to her. Vegetables were set outside the groceries, sometimes on the sidewalk, and whole beeves were hung outside the butcher-shops over the sidewalk, exposed to the summer dust of vehicles and pedestrians; and she serenely ordered cuts from these things, and ate them, and gave them to her children.

Pure-milk supply? Why, she had known her milkman all his life, and that was as far as her opinion extended! Perhaps she had known that his stables were clean; but as to whether his cattle were tubercular or not, or whether the germs of typhoid or scarlet fever came into her home in the milk-pail, she had no way of knowing. Epidemics "broke out"—that was all she knew.

Garbage collection? The disposal of garbage consisted of a hole dug in the back-yard, and used for two or three weeks for dumping refuse, and then it was filled in and another hole was dug. The fact that flies swarmed about the yard and about the house bore to her no relation to that garbage-hole. It "called flies"—she knew that. But, then, one darkened the rooms and drove them out of the house. What else could one do? That garbage bred flies by the millions was not common knowledge.

Playgrounds? Why, any child could play. That there are lessons to be taught by play just as well as by books was not a thing that was told or believed. Medical inspection of school children? The children's parents would see to that—and the fact that many children's parents did not see to it meant nothing to the community.

Clean-up days and alley inspection? Nobody was willing to interfere with his neighbor's alley—that was a personal matter—regardless of the fact that flies and diseases bred in his refuse were not personal flies or personal disease at all, but could spread to a neighborhood or town.

Manual training and domestic science? Those were things for city schools, perhaps—never for country schools or the little towns. "There is a good deal of nonsense talked about those things, anyway," women said, just as



people are forever saying of things which they have not yet found out.

Children's gardens, and flower-shows for the children? Nobody had time. Rest-rooms? Why, nearly everybody had friends—or there were the stores. Public recreation? Oh, that took care of itself. Parks? Well, yes, for cities. Little towns could not afford things like that.

And as for the whole area of child labor, hours and conditions of women in industry, conservation, the drama as a social force—all these were things with which we never connected our own towns at all, if, indeed, we had ever heard of them.

And now! In the last twenty years, in the last decade, the spirit of the nation has undergone a splendid change. Who that looks and listens can be unconscious of it? Suddenly, from the period when pioneering occupied us all, we have come into a time when the individual scramble for wealth is giving way to a together-effort to better our conditions in other ways than wealth. Ways of health, ways of beauty, ways of new life! Suddenly, interest in property is not the chief interest, but we are looking at one another and saying: "Not property, but humanity is our great concern."

And, just as suddenly, all that great area of people who had another interest, too—the great interest of spiritual development—are saying to one another in a tone reverent and happy:

"Why, all these things that develop humanity and help it to 'live its splendid best' are things which will give the spirit room to grow."

And that is true. And so it is a time when everybody can unite in this great new effort to bring to bear on life a hundred influences which will make a better race.

The woman who wishes that her chance were wider to perform loving service no longer need wonder what she can do. No longer need she be obliged to satisfy herself with charity—the packing and carrying of baskets of food and of old clothes to those who are already miserable. She has a greater task. She can actually have a share in keeping folk from being miserable in body or in spirit. Besides the loving service in her own home, she has chances for loving service all about her.

The woman who inaugurates in her own town, large or small, any one of these ways of new life for that town, has done a service to her community and to her country whose horizon she cannot estimate. She has done a service just as truly as if she had sent out a message that should reach thousands; for future generations that are to live in that town will profit by her deed.

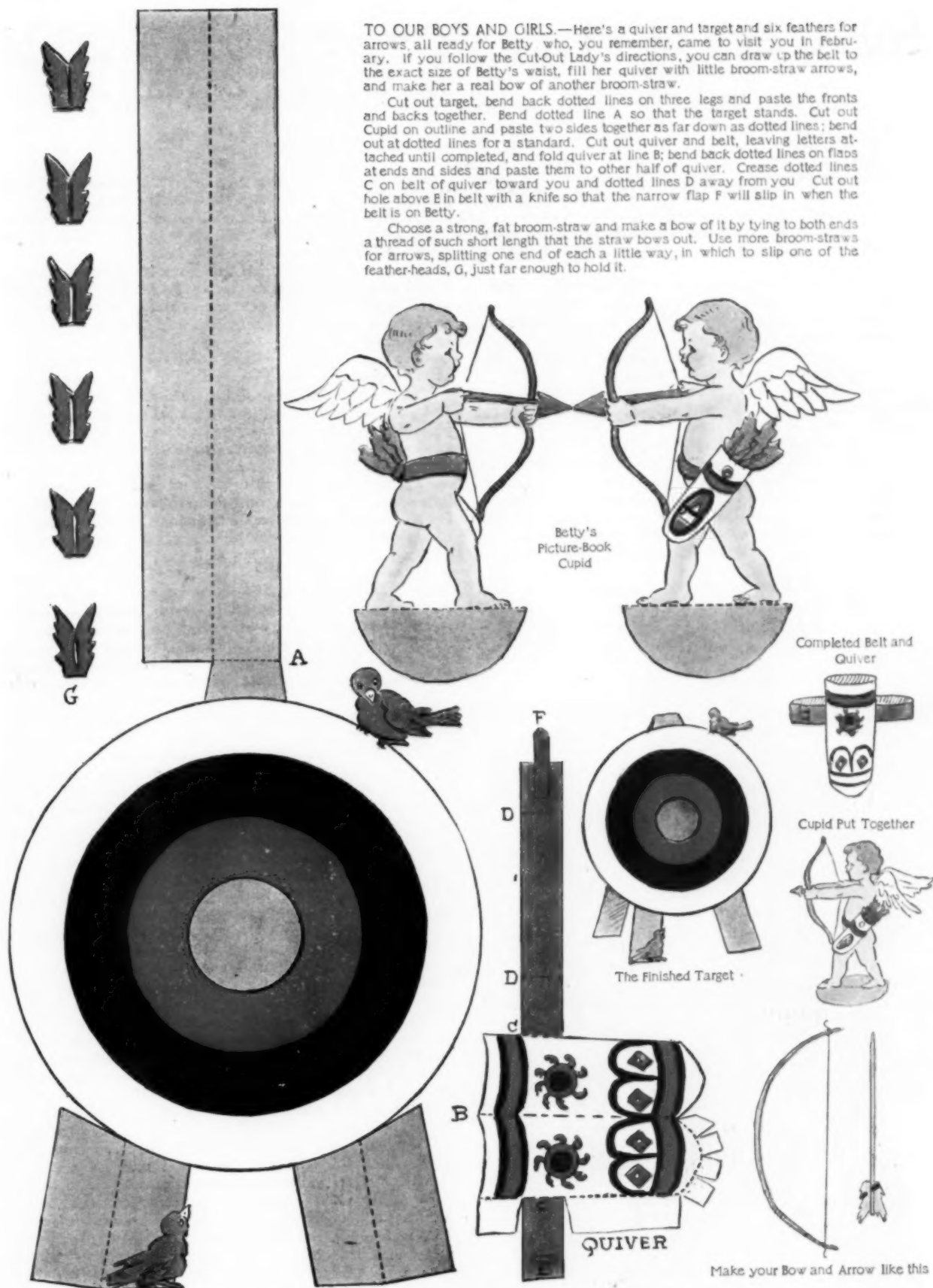
Who can estimate the amount of beauty that she will be creating in the world if she can begin in one single school the civic and moral training of young people? If she can make one source of food supply the best that can be had? If she can remove one source of filth or evil?

Hearts of women all over the country are recognizing this. Voices of women from everywhere are asking: "What, just exactly, can I do in my town to help?" It is the purpose of this department to consider the problems of Your town—and Yours—and to help work out their solution for you intelligently and carefully; not only that you may be helped and strengthened in your efforts, but that other women in other towns may be awakened to a strong sense of the opportunities for municipal betterment which are waiting, perhaps, just for their helping hand.

TO OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Here's a quiver and target and six feathers for arrows, all ready for Betty who, you remember, came to visit you in February. If you follow the Cut-Out Lady's directions, you can draw up the belt to the exact size of Betty's waist, fill her quiver with little broom-straw arrows, and make her a real bow of another broom-straw.

Cut out target, bend back dotted lines on three legs and paste the fronts and backs together. Bend dotted line A so that the target stands. Cut out Cupid on outline and paste two sides together as far down as dotted lines; bend out at dotted lines for a standard. Cut out quiver and belt, leaving letters attached until completed, and fold quiver at line B; bend back dotted lines on flaps at ends and sides and paste them to other half of quiver. Crease dotted lines C on belt of quiver toward you and dotted lines D away from you. Cut out hole above E in belt with a knife so that the narrow flap F will slip in when the belt is on Betty.

Choose a strong, fat broom-straw and make a bow of it by tying to both ends a thread of such short length that the straw bows out. Use more broom-straws for arrows, splitting one end of each a little way, in which to slip one of the feather-heads, G, just far enough to hold it.



BETTY'S ARCHERY OUTFIT  
A CUT-OUT FOR THE CHILDREN  
Designed by MARGARET PECKHAM

# PEGGY'S LAST SITUATION

By MARGUERITE and ARMIGER BARCLAY

Illustrated by H. FISK

THE summer was getting on, and my sister, Lottie, talked of putting in a few weeks at the seashore. Would I come? It would be nice for Peggy.

"But I can't!" broke in that perverse young woman. "It's very kind of you to ask me, Lottie, but I've just got something to do."

I sat up, wondering what fresh difficulty she was engineering for herself. Seemingly, Peggy had for some time past given up entirely the idea of finding fresh fields for adventure.

"You know you need a proper change," argued Lottie. "A few weeks at the seaside, especially."

"My—er—situation isn't in town," answered Peggy. "The people who have engaged me will be visiting several seaside resorts."

"People of position—wealthy?" I inquired.

"I didn't ask them. They are a substantial family, at any rate. There is a father and a mother—"

"The usual thing, in fact, with most families," I smiled.

"Don't try to be funny, Jack! Considering your face is rather like several members of the Cabinet—you know you've been taken for Mr. What's-his-name—you oughtn't to indulge in cheap humor."

"Sorry," I apologized. "It's bad enough to have a composite face, but when—"



A DUSTY TRAMP OF A PEGGY IN THE DRAGGLED FINERY OF A PIERRETTE

"A father, a mother, a son, and a daughter," proceeded Peggy. "And I am to be a sister to the daughter."

"It sounds like the laws of consanguinity—or something in the animal, vegetable, or mineral line," I observed. "Go on."

But I had offended her, and she wouldn't. All she would admit was that the family name was Smith, that she would be gone six weeks, and that she wouldn't let me see her off, because, if she did, I would be sure to follow in her track.

"I'm not a bloodhound," I objected. "You might just as well give me your itinerary."

"My what?" she asked, in a scandalized tone.

"The names of the places where you are going," I explained. "It will save time in the end, for you're sure to need me to bring you back. Where did you say you were going first?"

"I didn't say," she bridled. "And just to convince you how mistaken you are, I'll wager you anything that I sha'n't require your valuable assistance in pulling me out of a tight place, this time."

"Done!" said I. "What will you bet?"

"Whatever you like."

"I hold you to that, and the stakes shall consist of our several hearts and hands. If I come to your assistance, it is understood that you marry me within two months."

"Nothing of the kind," objected Peggy.

"What's the matter now?" I demanded.

"The matter! A bet like that would be 'heads, you win; tails, I lose!' For if you didn't come to my assistance, you'd say you had lost and expect me to be satisfied with your heart and hand. Why, only a butcher would make a bet like that!"

THERE was no getting away from it; for once, Peggy had gotten the better of me. Her recent varied experiences must have stimulated her mentally.

"Oh, all right, if you're so particular," I returned with an assumption of unconcern. "After all, I quite expect to have to help you without reward."

"Those who expect, don't have! and those who do, don't want," was her flippant comment on that.

A week later, when I went around to dine at my sister's, I found that Peggy had disappeared.

"I don't know where she's gone," lamented Lottie; "and I didn't ask her. She would probably have said Atlantic City and meant Newport. However, we're sure to hear of her whereabouts soon, for she simply can't keep anything to herself. The extraordinary thing is, she's taken nothing but a large wicker basket which she borrowed from the housemaid. You know the kind; it fits into the other half and wears a belt. Why she didn't use one of her own trunks is a mystery to me. You don't suppose she's taking a domestic position?"

"No one who had once tasted Peggy's peppermint creams would engage her as cook," I said.

"Oh, I've no patience with her," declared Lottie. "She ought to have been married to you ages ago. And so she would, if it hadn't been for that silly will of Uncle John's."

Which reminded me that Mr. Biffin had written to say that he would look me up on the morrow, as he had something important to communicate. Biffin had been Uncle John's solicitor. He was a nice old chap, and as he often dropped in at my chambers for a chat, I did not attach much importance to his promised visit.

"Well," I said, when I saw him; "what's the news? You don't look very cheerful."



Mr. Biffin was distinctly ill at ease. "I don't know how you'll take it, Mr. Lascelles," said he, coughing nervously. "Your late uncle—"

"If you only knew what he has to answer for!" I sighed. "I'm afraid you won't alter that view when you hear what I have to say," he rejoined. "Your late uncle—excuse the necessary repetition—left, as you are, of course, well aware—I hardly know how to say it, but your uncle's will—"

"Oh, that will!" I groaned. "If it had not contained the irritating condition that Miss Devenish was to marry me, Uncle John's three thousand a year would have been hers long ago. Mr. Biffin, I've been living on tenterhooks ever since that will was read. Having a fair income of my own, the money isn't essential to me, and Miss Devenish is. And yet she won't marry me because of it. She won't let me make it over to her, and I can't very well throw it away. As a result, my happiness is completely shattered!"

Mr. Biffin was clearly relieved. "If you view the matter in that light," said he, "my news may not be so unpleasant, after all. To be brief, another will of a later date has just come to light, in which the money is left unconditionally to Miss Devenish."

I don't know what I said or did. I felt like a prisoner unexpectedly set at liberty, like a man who knows for an absolute certainty that, at last, he is going to be married to the one girl in the world! Nor had not Peggy promised that if she were no longer a pauper, as she put it, she would accept me? Now we were as good as engaged!

"It's the best of news; the news of a lifetime!" I cried enthusiastically.

"And now," beamed Mr. Biffin, "we have only to inform Miss Devenish of her good fortune. Can you give me her address? I will notify her immediately."

My mouth dropped. The only people in the world who knew Peggy's address were the mysterious Smith family, and Peggy herself. I had to explain the situation to Mr. Biffin.

"We shall have to advertise for her, I'm afraid," he cogitated.

"For heaven's sake, don't do that," I implored. "Publicity like that would be sure to upset her, and then I should be made to suffer. She's just the sort of high-spirited girl to regard an advertisement as a trap, and refuse to marry me on the strength of it. She told my sister to expect her back in about six weeks' time. If, after that, she does not turn up, we should, of course, have to do something."

"A most extraordinary young lady!" ejaculated Mr. Biffin. "I only met her once when I dined at your late uncle's. She was doing fancy work, and looked most submissive."

I knew that fancy work. It was about ten years old, and was brought out on special occasions when, for ulterior motives, Peggy wanted to create an especially good impression.

The following six weeks were a dreadful trial to me. They brought not a word from the truant. Lottie and her husband went to the seashore and came back again. The first week of October was upon us, and still Peggy made no sign. I began, with dismay, to anticipate the necessity for that dangerous advertisement.

On going around to Lottie's to lunch next day, however, I was greeted with startling news.

"She's here!" whispered my sister. "Fast asleep on the drawing-room sofa. Who? Why, Peggy, of course. Come into the library, and I'll tell you all I know."

"Is she—all right?" I faltered.

Lottie gave a throaty gulp: "I—I suppose—I think—I hope so. She only arrived an hour ago—in white satin shoes with no soles left on them, and in a fancy costume and—and a mackintosh. She looked as though she had walked miles."

"Great Scott!" I cried. "Where from?"

"I don't know. She just stumbled in and flopped on the sofa, and went fast asleep. She mustn't be disturbed on any account. We must simply wait."

We waited two hours. So did the lunch. Fred came in and joined us. In the next room lay Peggy in a state of collapse, and I dared not go to her.

At the end of another half-hour, we heard sounds. The door opened, and the next moment Peggy stood before us—a dazed, wan-looking Peggy, a dusty tramp of a Peggy in the draggled finery of a Pierrette.

"I've come back," she said piteously; "and I'm so glad to see you all again, and"—she looked inquiringly at Lottie—"please may I have something to eat?"

WE conducted her to the dining-room and watched with anxiety while she made a hearty meal from the various cold dishes. Then we allayed our own gnawing appetites. When she had finished, she leaned back.

"I'm better," she said.

"Glad to hear it. So are we," grumbled Fred.

"Can you talk now?" asked Lottie.

Peggy nodded. "I've walked forty-five miles in two days and a half," she began.

"What became of the Smiths?" I inquired.

"That's what I want to know," answered Peggy. "They owe me fifty-five dollars. They left me, without any warning, at Shingleville-on-Sea without a penny. They were supposed to pay me the same morning, but didn't, and I couldn't pay my landlady, so I had to leave my clothes behind, all but the mackintosh. I hadn't the money for the fare home, and as I had bet Jack I wouldn't ask him for assistance, I had to walk. I slept in barns. I went

[Continued on page 99]



THE NEXT  
MOMENT  
PEGGY STOOD  
BEFORE US

# SAUCY TILTS TO THE SUMMER HATS

## LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY NUMBER XVII

By EVELYN TOBEY

**T**HIS summer's hats are so quaint and picturesque that they lend themselves admirably to the June wedding costume; so if you are a bridesmaid-to-be, you need have no fear of not finding an appropriate and becoming frame for your face. Moreover, the deft fingers of the home milliner will find no difficulties in their way with the new hats. They are unusually simple, hardly more than a "pancake" mat or plateau, a bandeau, a bow, a streamer of ribbon, and a careless flower or two. First of all, your hat should be planned to show the hair. Last winter, hats were made larger in the head-size, so that only the edge of the hair showed around them; now they are raised high off the head by bandeaux, so that almost half of the hair, and a bit of the ears, as well, is visible. More trimming is being used this year than last; and streamers are especially popular on all the hats, particularly on those designed for bridesmaids.

But the style of the hat this year depends more upon the tilt than on anything else. No longer do hats sit sedate upon the head, but, instead, we find them perched saucily in every conceivable tip-tilted way.

One of these straw mats for the top, with a mass of delicate roses against the bandeau on the up-tilted side, and two ribbon streamers in the back (Figs. 1 and 5), make a most becoming "pancake" hat. To construct the straw pancake, tie the loose ends of a piece of straw braid to prevent raveling, by twisting thread around them; and, taking one end to act as the center for your pancake, pin the braid in circles until you have a mat measuring six inches across. Now, draw the next row tight enough, in pinning, to make the little mat you have just completed bulge up in the center. After this one row, all the other rows should be pinned perfectly flat again. Stop building when the shape measures seven-

teen by fifteen and one-half inches. These dimensions mean, of course, that the shape must be oval rather than round, with the long dimension running from front to back. To accomplish this, the rows of braid should be lapped under each other a little more on the sides than they are in the front and back. The lapping should be done very gradually, so that it will not be noticeable.

After the rows of braid are pinned to form the correct shape, sew them together with a one-half-inch stitch on the under side and a small stitch on the right side. The stitch on the top can be taken between two strands of the braid and will not show. Use cotton thread of about sixty, and of the color of the straw.

The bandeau, which raises the hat from the head, can be made of straw or of wired cape-net or crinoline. If it is to be fashioned of straw, first make a ring of the braid to fit the head; then build this ring up gradually until it is three and one-half inches high on one side and one inch high at the opposite point. When made of cape-net, the net should be cut in a strip three and one-half inches wide and long enough to encircle the head; then one side curved so that it slopes down to one inch in width. Join the ends of this shaped net band, and wire on both edges (Fig. 6). Sew the straw top to the bandeau, placing the deepest side of the bandeau at the left side near the back of the hat. This will make the hat tilt sideways, in accordance with the latest mode.

**T**HE under side of the straw plateau top will look more finished if faced with shirred ribbon. One-half inch from the selvage of the ribbon shirr a tiny tuck, which, with the selvage edge, will trim the facing. One and three-quarter yards of ribbon will be enough. Pin this shirred end evenly about one-half inch from the edge of the hat, and sew with blind stitches taken in the gathering stitches. This will leave the selvage edge in a little ruffle around the edge of the facing. Now gather the ribbon at the head size, so that the facing will fit flat against the brim.

No other trimming than the streamers and the roses is needed. Any other flower could be substituted. Bring a

[Continued on page 34]



THE FASHIONABLE "PANCAKE" HAT: ROSES CONCEAL THE BANDEAU (FIG. 1)



THE "NINICHE", EVOLVED FROM LAST YEAR'S LEG-HORN (FIGS. 2 AND 3)



A GARDEN HAT OF ÉCREU BRUSSELS COTTON NET (FIG. 4)

FRONT VIEW OF THE "PANCAKE" HAT; NOTE THE TILT (FIG. 5)

# SHIFTING MOODS IN PARIS FASHIONS

Conservative French Women Berate the Modern Audacious Gowns

By CLÉMENTINE DUNIN



PARIS, France.—I have been simply boiling within at the Women's Patriotic League of Paris, which is flatly accusing the American woman of being responsible for the audacious costumes originated in the ateliers of the great French couturiers!

Any one and every one who knows anything about gowns is well aware how busy are American dressmakers altering French models to suit their women, who refuse to wear anything so immodestly conspicuous as Paris puts out.

Evidently, the conservative French woman is at last awake to the result of her exclusive life, which for years has left the fashion field in possession of the French stage and the French cocotte; but, had she realized, would she have sacrificed her ultra exclusive existence—that she knows so well and lives so well—for a semi-public life, in order to dictate the styles?

It is all very well to blame the American woman—who is more and more in the public eye, and who is universally recognized as the best-dressed woman in the world—but is it fair?

To prove that the American woman has a real cause for her international reputation for taste, I am sending several sketches of smart gowns worn by prominent women of the American colony at a dinner dance given by the Comtesse René Cœtleger, whose charming apartment on the Avenue du Bois de Bologne is a meeting ground of the smartest of that set.

You will see that all the dance frocks are short—and all are slashed; but, so far, the latest French creation, which is slashed at the center-back and so narrow as to show the legs well up to the knee, has not been accepted. Surely, this style will be well modified before we see it on these smart Americans.

One of the leaders in the American set wore the charming formal evening gown with the black tulle mantle falling from the shoulders, as shown in the small illustration. These mantles are the newest of the new, and are made of tulle or of some filmy embroidered fabric. They hang straight from the shoulders behind, and look as if they were part of the gown; but when detached, they reveal the daintiest of bodices beneath.

Although rich silver-brocaded taffetas are seen, the majority of evening dresses have the skirt of plain taffeta, and, just now, pale blue taffeta is the rage for both evening gown and wrap. These frocks are charming for dancing, and are trimmed with tulle of the same shade or with Chantilly net or lace. The small illustration at the left shows a very smart dance frock worn by a charming Italian Comtesse, née American, at the Palais de Dance in the rue Washington. This is one of the three places for public dancing now in vogue, and the reputation of this Italianized American for originality and chic sanctions as the latest note the upstanding ruche of taffeta obliquely placed where the lower taffeta skirt joins the silk-run Chantilly lace, used for the upper part of the skirt.

It is just in these little touches that we note the shifting mood of the smartest fashions, and this season it is the slight and often freakish line that marks the tendency of each great couturier. Everything for the nonce is abbreviated; nothing could be smarter or more cropped than the present-day dresses. The tailored suits, growing more distinctive in type, show extremely short skirts—Prémet is showing skirts six inches from the ground—and with a strong tendency to a mannish cut, following the lines of



THE FLARE AND THE FRILLS  
PARIS SANCTIONS

the men's dress of the eighteenth century. This, too, with an indefinite treatment of the line of the hip and the bottom of the coat, which rarely cling close to the figure.





5939-5947



5943-5913



5939-5947

### ADVANCE MODELS SHOW A BOUFFANT BUSTLE EFFECT

THE FAVORED NEW LINE DEMANDS AN UP-DRAPING AT THE BACK WITH THE ACCENTUATED WIDTH AT THE HIPS

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

## POINTS OF INTEREST IN SUMMER FROCKS

Given a Few Yards of the Chosen Fabrics, a Bit of Net, a Ball of Twine and Thread, the Home Needlewoman Requires Only a McCall Pattern to be Gowned in a Creation

**N**EVER has a season been more fruitful in ideas for the woman who makes her own clothes, or for the dressmaker who possesses originality and loves to invent little frills and shirrings that lift a gown out of the ordinary and yet require no moneyed outlay.

These little trifles mark this season's smart summer frock, for without an oddly-placed shirring or a single, double, or triple cording of the fabric, the lightweight frocks seem incomplete. Fine narrow pleatings, used like old-fashioned quillings, made of the material of the gown, or of a matching taffeta, are favored to add just that rippling, fantastic note demanded by the new frocks, requiring only the deft fingers of a clever needlewoman to be placed according to true feminine fancy.

Frequently the blouse and skirt are joined—slightly fulled—by a cording of the material, and often the new long odd basques are thus joined to the kimono-cut bolero coatee.

Silk and cotton—and, above all, cotton—are the summer's choice of fabrics. Never before have we seen such exquisite and complicated weavings, which transform the ordinary cotton goods we know so well into a rare fabric rivaling silk in color and texture.

Golfine in white—by preference, next, blue, green, and a new pungent yellow—is the favored of the new cotton goods, and is combined with cotton crêpe and voile, organdy and ratine, according to the maker's fancy. Paquin shows one narrow Japanese collar, on the bolero of a white voile suit, that has three stripes each of white, purple, blue, green, and yellow golfine stitched together, invisibly, to form this collar cut from the straight of the goods, thus giving a rainbow note to the otherwise simple voile, the skirt of

which hangs from a high waistline in flat side-pleats to the hem. This promises to be a popular style, and pleated skirts in white voile will be a summer feature. Some will be pleated flat in side pleats; others will be narrow skirts in shallow accordion-pleats, and will be worn with the colored coatees in taffeta, crêtonne, or golfine.

Lace, combined with net, and together used with chiffon, batiste, sheer crêpe, or organdy, give the feminine touch now essential in all smart blouses.

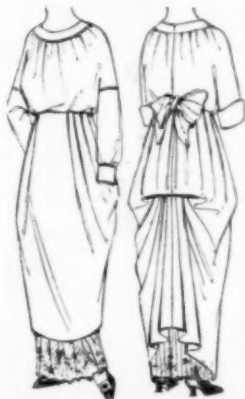
In the making of these blouses, a wide ribbon in one color, or in vivid Roman stripes, is placed, as a foundation, just above the inner waist-belt, usually reaching well up under the arm and slightly covering the bust. Over this is placed the sheer fabric of the body of the blouse, and over this again is placed, according to the maker's imagination, the deep flouncing of lace or the combined net and lace, joined edge to edge and used as a collar or cape effect, kimono cut.

When organdy or batiste is used, hand work is evident; double hemstitching, finely scalloped embroidered edges, and the most delicate designs decorate both the collar and tunic vest, and yet the simple sheer fabric, doubled, or with a picot edge, is equally chic.

One style that promises a great vogue is the inner vest of net or organdy that often appears to continue in the long undersleeves. These have a round baby-neck held taut by a narrow black velvet ribbon which runs through the hem and ties in front in a flowing bow. The same ribbon, run through the semi-full sleeves, ties them snug to the wrist, leaving the sleeve to continue in a two-inch frill over the hand. These narrow, flowing velvet bows at neck and wrist give the touch of black that the Louis XV styles demand in order to accentuate the charms of pale colors.

## ADVANCE MODELS SHOW A BOUFFANT BUSTLE EFFECT

**N**O. 5939, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Paris, the city of modes, sends us a new blouse, pictured in taffeta and shadow lace, and in Chantilly lace alone. The pattern, in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust, requires, size thirty-six, one and three-quarter yards thirty-six-inch material.



5939-5947

**No. 5947, LADIES' BUSTLE SKIRT (15 cents).**—This pattern, with one-piece foundation, cuts in 5 sizes, twenty-two to thirty. Size twenty-six requires two and three-quarter yards forty-four-inch goods, measuring at hem one and a half yards. The costume takes 4 yards forty-two-inch taffeta. If you would follow fashion's fancy, add small glass buttons to the front of the sheer inner vest, which, in net or organdy, can be finely scalloped at edges, hemstitched, or picot-edged, both at neck and sleeve.



**No. 5943, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—Behold the quaint charm of the organdy collar and raglan front of the brocaded crêpe blouse on page 30. The pattern is obtainable in five sizes, thirty-two to forty inches bust measure. Of thirty-six-inch material, two yards are needed for the thirty-six size.

**No. 5913, LADIES' PANNIER SKIRT (15 cents).**—The pattern cuts in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Costume requires, size thirty-six, two and an eighth yards of taffeta, with four and a quarter yards of brocaded crêpe. One-piece lower section of skirt measures one and five-eighths yards wide. Frocks of type of Nos. 5937 and 5947 frequently show at the foot of the skirt ruffs, puffs and quillings of taffeta; while the seams of the waist are also corded.



5943-5913



### THREE DISTINCTLY CONSERVATIVE MODELS

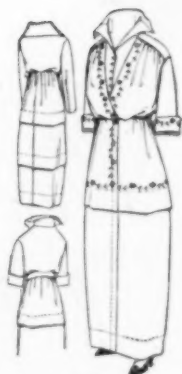
FOR SOCIAL LIFE IN SUMMER-TIME BOTH STAMPED AND NOVELTY VOILES, ALONE OR COMBINED WITH TAFFETA, ARE UNRIVALED

For other views and descriptions see opposite page



# PRACTICAL PLEASURE FROCKS

Diverse Gowns for June Days  
and the Final School Exercises



5877  
Transfer Design No. 270



5961



5903



5842



5908

**No. 5877, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).**—A pattern for this smart frock is cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. To make the dress in size thirty-six requires four yards and one-half of forty-four-inch material, if the skirt is cut in one piece, and five and one-quarter if it is made in two pieces. The width of the skirt is one yard and one-half at hem. McCall Transfer Design No. 270 used in small view. Price, 10 cents.

**No. 5961, LADIES' DRESS WITH ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).**—A light and airy summer model whose ruffled tunic would equally grace a dress of simple lawn or ornate taffeta. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires four yards and three-quarters of material forty-four inches wide, for the dress as illustrated on page 32. At the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and one-half.

**No. 5903, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).**—The combination of plaids and stripes with a plain material, are among the season's smartest styles. The illustration shows how effective a dress may be if made up in this manner. The pattern is obtainable in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four bust. For size thirty-six two yards and one-fourth of thirty-six-inch material are required for lower skirt section, and four yards of thirty-six-inch material for waist and peplum. The width at the bottom of the two-piece lower section of the skirt is one yard and one-half.

**No. 5732, MISSES' DRESS WITH SLEEVELESS GÜMPE (15 cents).**—The pattern for this frock, developed in taffeta, may be bought in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. In size sixteen this frock requires (as shown on page 34) two yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch fabric for the skirt and one yard and one-eighth of the same width for the gümppe, two yards and one-fourth of flouncing fifteen inches wide for the waist, and four and one-fourth yards of eight-inch flouncing for the ruffles. At hem the width of this two-piece skirt is one yard and three-eighths.

**No. 5944, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).**—A graceful bit of draping is done on the skirt of this attractive frock, the pattern of which may be bought in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. For size sixteen two yards and three-eighths are needed of fifty-four-inch material when developing the dress, as illustrated on page 34. Around the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and one-fourth.

**No. 5774, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).**—The pattern for this frock is especially suited for embroidered flouncing, as the illustration shows. It may be had in five sizes, from fourteen to twenty years, and requires four yards and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material for size fourteen, or seven yards of thirty-two-inch flouncing for size twenty. Around the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and one-fourth.

**No. 5934, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).**—The waist of this fascinating frock is made of shadow lace, with overwaist and tunic of tulle bound with silver. The one-piece dart-fitted skirt is of white taffeta. This pattern may be had in five sizes, fourteen to twenty. Size sixteen requires to make this dress as illustrated two yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch material for the skirt; one yard and three-fourths of forty-inch goods for the bretelles and pannier, and one yard of thirty-six-inch lace for the waist. The width of this skirt at the bottom is one yard and three-eighths.

**No. 5842, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).**—An unusually pretty evening frock for the young girl of figured taffeta and silk-run lace. The pattern may be had in five sizes, fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires for the development of the costume, as illustrated, three yards and one-eighth of thirty-six-inch material for the skirt, and two yards and one-fourth of fourteen-inch lace flouncing for the waist. One yard and three-eighths is the width of the one-piece lower section at the bottom.

**No. 5708, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).**—The pattern may be had in five sizes, from six to fourteen years, and requires for the eight-year-old two yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch fabric.

**No. 5908, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).**—The pattern for this interesting frock may be had in five sizes, fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires, as illustrated on page 35, three yards and seven-eighths of forty-four-inch material. At the bottom this one-piece skirt measures one yard and three-eighths in width.



5732



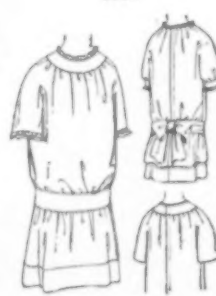
5944



5774



5934



5708



### FOR THE DAY OF GRADUATION

TAFFETA AND LACE, EMBROIDERED ORGANDY AND BATISTE FLOUNCING, ARE SUITABLE FOR THE FINAL DAYS OF SCHOOL

For other views and descriptions see page 35



**McCall Patterns**

### THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

TAFFETA AND LACE COMBINE IN CHARMING FROCKS FOR CLASS DAY, COMMENCEMENT DANCES AND COLLEGE PROMS

For other views and descriptions see page 33





**McCall Patterns**

**DAY GOWNS FOR EARLY SUMMER-TIME**

THREE EFFECTIVE FROCKS IN LAVENDER AND PURPLE FOULARD, WISTARIA BATISTE AND OYSTER-WHITE LINEN

For other views and descriptions see page 38



5919

5945-5907

5909-5911

### AFTERNOON FROCKS WITH TOUCHES OF COLOR

COMBINATIONS OF BORDERED FABRICS, FUTURIST DESIGNS AND STRIPED MATERIALS STAMPED BY COSMOPOLITAN APPROVAL

For other views and descriptions see page 38

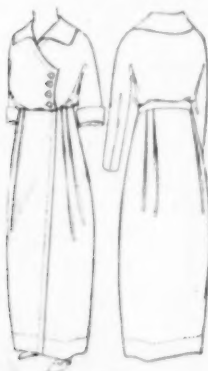
# SMART MODELS FOR THE MONTH

Variations of Pannier and Tunic Mark the Individual Gowns Made From McCall Patterns

**NO. 5833, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).**—A good cut and smart outline are the characteristics of this simple frock, whose waist and skirt are each in one piece. The pattern may be bought in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Four yards and one-fourth are required of forty-four-inch material for size thirty-six. Around the lower edge this skirt measures one yard and three-eighths.

**NO. 5931, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—A charming waist with an unusual feature in its extended fronts, which tie in the back. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust, and requires for size thirty-six, with short sleeves, two yards and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material.

**NO. 5917, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).**—This skirt, with its three straight, gathered ruffles, is the fitting accompaniment of the waist described above. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty waist measure, and requires, for size twenty-six, with three ruffles, three yards and seven-eighths of forty-four-inch fabric. The skirt measures, around the bottom, one yard and three-eighths. As illustrated, the costume needs six yards of thirty-six-inch material, and one yard and one-half of thirty-six-inch all-over embroidery for the upper part of waist for size thirty-six.



5833

**NO. 5921, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—Cool gray linen may be taken to the heights of attractiveness if combined with violet linen, as illustrated. The waist pattern is cut in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust, and requires, with the peplum, for the size thirty-six, two yards and one-fourth of forty-four-inch material.

**NO. 5905, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).**—This pattern is obtainable in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. With pleats, size twenty-six requires two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch fabric. To make the costume as illustrated, five yards of forty-inch material are needed for size thirty-six. Around the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and seven-eighths.



5931-5917

**NO. 5919, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).**—Particularly suited to fulfil summer needs is this charming frock, with waist and pannier developed in bordered material. The pattern may be had in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust, and requires for size thirty-six three and seven-eighths yards of twenty-six-inch bordered material, and three yards and five-eighths of thirty-six-inch fabric for sleeves, back of waist and one-piece lower section of skirt, which measures around the hem one yard and one-half.

**NO. 5945, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—The stylish simplicity of this model makes it equally suited to a variety of summer-weight fabrics. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards and three-eighths of forty-four-inch fabric.

**NO. 5907, LADIES' ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).**—This pattern is obtainable in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist, and requires two yards and seven-eighths of forty-four-inch material for size twenty-six. The costume as illustrated takes five yards of thirty-six-inch fabric, and five-eighths yard thirty-six-inch fabric for collar and cuffs in size thirty-six. The skirt measures one yard and three-eighths around the bottom.

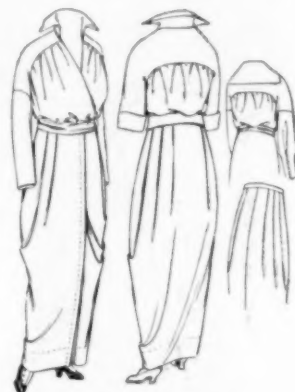
**NO. 5909, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—A striking combination of Roman striped material with a solid color makes the model which is used for this illustration an unusual and chic frock. This pattern may be had in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust, and size thirty-six requires two yards and one-fourth of forty-four-inch material for the waist, with long sleeves.

**NO. 5911, LADIES' PEPLUM SKIRT (15 cents).**—This pattern has a one-piece lower section attached to a two-piece yoke foundation, and cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. For the costume as illustrated, four yards and three-fourths of forty-two-inch material, and one yard and three-eighths of forty-inch material for the trimming. Around the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and five-eighths.

**FOULARD**, linen, voile and gingham are some of the materials used so attractively in developing the gowns described above. Foulard is an old friend still valued by fickle Dame Fashion. This season, next to taffeta and moiré silks, it holds a prominent place for afternoon gowns and street costumes. It is popular in all the charming old-fashioned designs, largely called Dolly Varden, and in Cubist designs.



5919



5945-5907



5909-5911



5921-5905





FOR THE DAY OF DAYS

THE GOWN THAT MUST BE SIMPLE—YET BEAUTIFUL WITHAL—IS THE BRIDAL DRESS

For other views and descriptions see page 40

# WHEN THE GIRL BECOMES THE MATRON

The Modern Trousseau Demands Only Sufficient  
Frocks for the Requirements of the Season

**NO. 5025, LADIES' COATEE WAIST (15 cents).**—This charming kimono-cut waist has many merits and is well suited to be the bodice of a wedding gown. The pattern may be obtained in five sizes, from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure. One yard and three-fourths are required to make this waist, of forty-four-inch material, for size thirty-six.

**No. 5029, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).**—White chiffon taffeta and liege lace are the materials used for this wedding gown. The pattern for this skirt, which has a one-piece lower section attached to a one-piece yoke, is obtainable in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. To make the gown as illustrated, in size twenty-six, requires three yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch fabric, and five yards of eleven-inch lace flouncing, and two yards of thirty-six-inch material for guimpe. At the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and three-eighths.



5025—5029



5895—5896



5923—5941

**No. 5895, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—The pattern for this simple and stylish waist may be had in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two yards and one-eighth of forty-inch material for the waist and two yards and one-fourth of thirty-inch fabric for the overwaist.

**No. 5898, LADIES' ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).**—Moiré silk has developed this most charming of wedding dresses. The pattern for the skirt may be obtained in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. To make this gown as illustrated, in size twenty-six, requires four yards and one-fourth for the skirt and waist section of material forty inches wide, and one yard and five-eighths of forty-inch fabric for the guimpe. The width of the skirt, sweep-length is one yard and seven-eighths.

**No. 5923, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—Satin and silk-run Chantilly lace are used for this bridal gown. The bodice of lace has a front and back bib section of satin which is most effective. The pattern for this waist is cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires one yard and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide.

**No. 5941, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).**—Suitable for the bride's dress is this pattern of skirt, which is cut in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist measure. To develop this costume as illustrated in size twenty-six requires three yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide for skirt and lower waist section, and one yard and three-fourths of lace thirty-six inches wide for upper waist section. The width of this skirt at hem is one yard and three-quarters.

**No. 5959, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—Figured crêpe and green taffeta develop this waist. This pattern is cut in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide.

**No. 5953, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT WITH RUFFLES OR PLAIN INSET AT SIDES (15 cents).**—The pattern is cut in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. In size thirty-six it requires, as illustrated, four yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch material, and one yard and three-quarters of twenty-seven-inch material for ruffles and collar, with three-quarters of a yard for vest. The bottom width of skirt is one yard and seven-eighths.

**No. 5935, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—A new phase of the separate waist is shown in this model. The pattern may be had in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires one yard and one-half of forty-four-inch material, if made with the short sleeves.

**No. 5937, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—This model is of white voile, embroidered in color, with Transfer Design No. 599. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards and one-fourth of thirty-six-inch material, when the waist is made with a seam in the back. Without this seam, two yards are required of this same width.

**No. 5927, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).**—This pattern is obtainable in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. For size twenty-six two yards and three-quarters of forty-inch goods are needed. The skirt's width is one yard and one-half.



5937—5927

Transfer Design No. 599



5935—5953



5959



5953



### SIMPLE GOWNS FOR A PRACTICAL TROUSSEAU

THE SEPARATE SKIRT, WITH CONTRASTING BLUSE, IS AS INDISPENSABLE AS THE FROCK IN FIGURED CRÊPE

For other views and descriptions see opposite page



# ESSENTIALS FOR THE BRIDAL TOUR

Six Excellent Models Selected for a Limited Trousseau  
and Easily Developed From Practical McCall Patterns

**NO. 5915, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—The back and sleeves of this waist are in one, with the fronts shirred into these sleeves. Wash silk is an appropriate material in which to develop this pattern, which is cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires, when made as illustrated on this page, two yards of thirty-six-inch material.

**NO. 5951, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).**—This skirt of large checked novelty suiting has the circular flounce to the tunic of plain taffeta matching the color of the darker check. The shops are displaying numerous new fabrics suited to the development. Gabardine, a ribbed woolen fabric, serge, faille de laine, voile and small figured moire head the list. This skirt, combined with Coat No. 5936, on page 43, when developed in fabric matching the tunic flounce, makes a smart suit. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six requires two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material for the skirt, and one yard and one-half of forty-four-inch material for the circular flounce. The skirt measures one and five-eighths yards around the hem.



5915-5951

5739

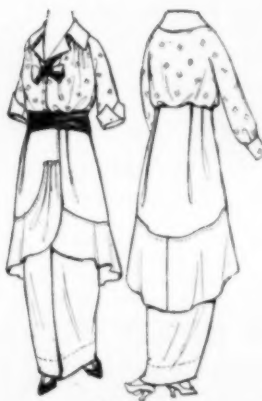
**NO. 5739, LADIES' DRESS WITH THREE- OR FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).**—This trig frock of striped gingham, trimmed with square neckband and cuffs of contrasting color, will suit the requirements of the busy but particular woman. The pattern is obtainable in nine sizes, thirty-two to forty-eight bust. Size thirty-six requires six yards and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material. Around the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and five-eighths.

**NO. 5817, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).**—A simple waist with body and sleeves in one, or with set-in sleeves, made of shadow lace. It is well suited to be worn under bretelles of organdy, stamped chiffon or silk to match skirt, as shown in the large illustration on page 43. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six, with body and sleeves in one, requires one yard and five-eighths of thirty-six-inch material.



5739

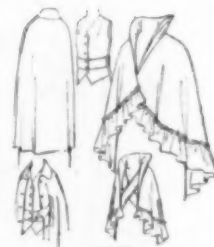
**NO. 5958, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).**—This unusually new model is developed in figured silk. Two lengths of tunic are given in this pattern, which is cut in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Size twenty-six requires five yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches in width. At the hem the one-piece lower section of the skirt is one yard and five-eighths wide.



5915-5951



5817-5958



5933

**NO. 5933, LADIES' AND MISSES CAPE (15 cents).**—The fulness in the back of coats and jackets has gone a step further, and capes are among the season's late and practical modes.

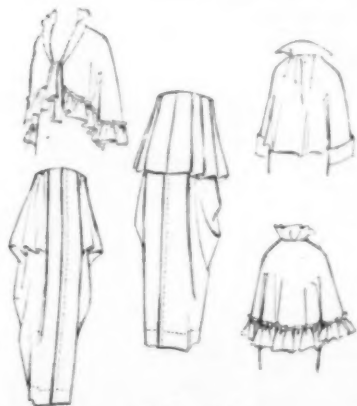
The model shown is attached to a sleeveless vest. The pattern may be obtained in two sizes, ladies and misses. The ladies' size requires four yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches in width for the cape, as illustrated on page 43.

**TO BE** correctly gowned on all occasions need not require a large expenditure of money. Here we have garments for every need. Starting with the morning dress No. 5739, charming for summer, in one of the new French crêpes, with woven purple stripes and pure purple trimmings; ending with the smart coat No. 5936 which, in dark-green taffeta, faced with blue, combines with the blue serge skirt No. 5949 and with the green and blue voile skirt No. 5951



No. 5745, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The pattern for this interesting waist is cut in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust, requiring for size thirty-six two yards and one-quarter of material forty-four inches wide when one fabric is used.

No. 5741, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern may be had in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. This frock requires, in size thirty-six, four yards and five-eighths of forty-inch taffeta for skirt and lower waist; one yard and five-eighths of thirty-six-inch chiffon for the guimpe, and five-eighths of a yard of ten-inch lace flouncing for the bretelle. Around the lower edge the width of skirt is one yard and one-half.



5936 5949

No. 5936, LADIES' AND MISSES' COATEE (15 cents).—Serge or taffeta develops this pattern, which is cut in three sizes, small, medium, and large. For the medium size coatee, as illustrated above, requires one yard and seven-eighths of forty-four-inch material.



5745-5741

No. 5949, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Dark blue, green, tête de negre, or tan are suitable in serge, gabardine, voile, or taffeta to be used for this model, which is most serviceable for traveling. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty waist measure. Size twenty-six requires four yards of forty-four-inch material for this skirt with a pleated back, or three and three-quarter yards for other view. At the bottom the skirt measures one yard and one-half.

(For other views and descriptions of Nos. 5817, 5933 and 5958 see page opposite.)

# THE YOUNG GIRL'S LIFE REQUIRES



**NO. 5819, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—**Striped gingham develops this simple, practical pattern, with its three-piece skirt and its joined waist. It is cut in nine sizes, thirty-two to forty-eight bust measure. For size thirty-six, seven yards of thirty-six-inch material are required. The skirt at hem measures one yard and three-quarters in width.

**No. 5957, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—**A charming version of a bodice with the stylish, large armhole. The pattern is cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six needs three yards and one-quarter of thirty-six-inch fabric.

**No. 5703, LADIES' SKIRT WITH TWO-PIECE UPPER AND ONE-PIECE LOWER SECTION (15 cents).—**This attractive model with flounce is suitable for the new honeycomb checks, serge, gabardine or ratine. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty waist. Size twenty-six requires three yards and three-quarters of thirty-six-inch material, and six yards of this same width to make dress all one material. At the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and three-eighths.

**No. 5926, MISSES' COAT (15 cents).—**A little coat of colored taffeta is a charming addition to one's wardrobe and very practical for wear over summer dresses. The pattern is to be bought in three sizes, fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen years. As illustrated above, only one yard and three-quarters are required for size sixteen of thirty-six-inch goods.

**No. 5918, MISSES' DRESS WITH ONE OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—**This pattern may be had in five sizes, fourteen to eighteen years. In size sixteen three yards and one-half are required of thirty-six-inch material, with skirt cut in two pieces. Around the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and three-eighths, whether it is made in one or two pieces.

(For other views and descriptions of No. 5924 see opposite page)





## SMART STYLES AT HOME AND ABROAD



No. 5924, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—This practical pattern is obtainable in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires, as illustrated, two yards of forty-inch material for the skirt, collar and cuffs, and three yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material for the waist and tunics. The one-piece lower section of the skirt measures in width one yard and three-eighths.

No. 5932, MISSES' DRESS WITH ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern is cut in five sizes, fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires to make the dress with one-piece skirt three yards and three-eighths of forty-four-inch material. The width at bottom of skirt is one yard and three-eighths.

No. 5793, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards and five-eighths of thirty-six-inch material.

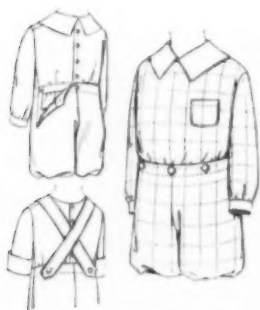
No. 5729, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—This pattern cuts in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Size twenty-six requires two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material. The skirt's width measures one yard and one-half at the lower edge.

No. 5955, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—The Dutch overskirt, or long tunic, with tight skirt showing about ten inches below, is in great vogue. The right-hand model shows a development of this style in plain and Roman striped material. These could be reversed in treatment with excellent results. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. The costume as illustrated, in size thirty-six, requires one yard and three-fourths forty-two-inch goods for one-piece lower section, trimmings and girdle, and three yards and seven-eighths of forty-inch material for the waist and tunic. The skirt's width at hem is one yard and one-half.

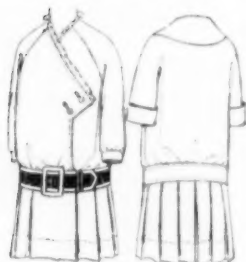


# FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Models That Give Free Play to the Summer Activities of Childhood



5950



5922



5916

Transfer Design No. 318



5950



5922



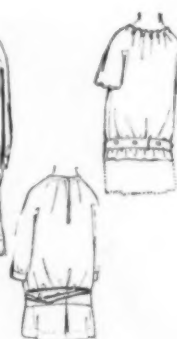
5916

Transfer Design No. 295

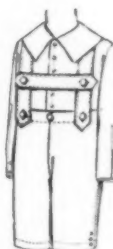


5938

Transfer Design No. 318



5938



5902



5902

**N**O. 5950, CHILD'S ROMPER (10 cents).—Summer-time is only a step ahead, when this romper can be slipped on to save many a fresh frock from ruin. The pattern, in four sizes, two to eight years, requires, size four, thirty-six-inch goods, one and a half yards plaid, and one and an eighth yards plain.

**N**O. 5922, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—White linen combined with red trimming in a natty development of this pattern, which may be had in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. For size eight, three yards and one-eighth are needed of thirty-six-inch material.

**N**O. 5916, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Pictured below is a frock of tan voile, with white linen collar and cuffs embroidered in tan, after Transfer Design No. 295. The pattern in five sizes, four to twelve years, takes, size eight, three and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material.

**N**O. 5938, CHILD'S "KATE GREENAWAY" DRESS (15 cents).—This pattern cuts in four sizes, two to eight years. Size six requires for skirt one and one-eighth, for waist one and three-quarter, yards of thirty-six-inch goods. Transfer Design No. 318 used to edge neck and sleeve.

**N**O. 5902, BOY'S OLIVER TWIST OR SUSPENDER SUIT (15 cents).—The pattern for this linen suit comes in four sizes, two to eight years. The waist requires, size six, seven-eighths yard; and the trousers and trimmings, one yard of dark blue linen, which is thirty-six inches wide.

No. 5920, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE APRON (10 cents).—A slip, simple in construction, which may be quickly made and easily laundered, is the slip you want for little sister's vacation days. Here is the model in striped percale. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, one to twelve years; size eight requiring two and a half yards thirty-six-inch goods. Transfer Design No. 294 used in small view.

No. 5942, THE "FLORENCE DOMBEY" DRESS FOR GIRLS (15 cents).—Now cometh frock made in two fabrics. The pattern in five sizes, four to twelve years, requires in size eight, one and three-quarter yards thirty-six-inch goods for waist, and two and one-quarter yards for skirt.

No. 5904, BOY'S RUSSIAN SUIT (15 cents).—Mother can easily make this natty suit at home of percale, with white trimmings, or of chambray, galatea, or linen. The pattern comes in five sizes, two to six years. Size four requires three and a quarter yards thirty-six-inch goods. Transfer Design No. 203 used small view.



5904  
Transfer Design No. 203



5920

5942

5946

5914-5840, Hat  
Transfer Design No. 203



5920  
Transfer Design No. 294



5942

No 5840, BOYS' HATS, TYROLEANS AND SAILOR (10 cents).—Four shapes are given in this pattern, two are shown above suitable for linen, duck, piqué, serge or tweed. The pattern may be had in three sizes, small, medium, and large. It requires for any size of either hat, three-quarters of a yard of thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 5946, BOY'S "LITTLE ADMIRAL" OR ETON SUIT (15 cents).—Dame Fashion has of late turned her attention to the small boy, giving him nifty new suits of linen, with manly straight trousers and a wee waistcoat. The pattern in four sizes, two to eight years, requires, size six, one and seven-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

No. 5914, BOY'S MIDDY SUIT WITH SHIELD (15 cents).—Blue bands and collar to match lend snap and vim to this white linen suit. The pattern, which cuts in four sizes, two to eight years, will need, for size six, two yards thirty-six-inch material. Transfer Design No. 203 was used for the emblems.

**H**AND embroidery is an inexpensive embellishment for children's clothes. A dainty and simple feather-stitching will lend an indelible touch of mother love to any garment, while embroidery distinguishes the little frock. The McCall Transfer Designs will aid the woman who wishes simple, practical trimming for a child's frock.



5914  
Transfer Design No. 203



5946



# TRIG TUB DRESSES

Little Frocks, Smart in Style,  
That Launder Without Trouble



5912



5954



5644



5954-5644

**NO. 5954, MISSES' TANGO BLOUSE (15 cents).—**The pattern for this practical model is obtainable in four sizes, from fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires, with the short sleeve, two yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six-inches wide.

**No. 5644, MISSES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—**This pattern may be bought in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. For size fifteen, two yards and one-quarter are required of forty-four-inch material. At hem skirt's width is one yard and one-fourth.

**No. 5912, GIRL'S DRESS WITH SHIELD (15 cents).—**This pattern may be bought in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight will require three yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material. The Transfer Design No. 499 is used for collar and cuffs.

**No. 5906, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—**This pattern cuts in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. Size eight requires three yards and one-fourth of thirty-six-inch material.



5912

Transfer Design No. 499

5906



5956

5928

**No. 5956, GIRL'S OLIVER TWIST DRESS (15 cents).—**This pattern may be had in five sizes, from four to twelve years. Size six requires one yard and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material to make the skirt and trimmings, and one and one-half yards of material thirty-six inches in width for the waist.

**No. 5928, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—**The pattern for this little dress may be had in five sizes, six to fourteen years. For the six-year-old girl one yard and one-eighth of thirty-six-inch material are required for the skirt, and one yard and five-eighths of the same width material for the waist.

**No. 5952, GIRL'S COAT (15 cents).—**This pattern is cut in seven sizes, two to fourteen years. To make coat, as illustrated, for the six-year-old size, requires two yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material.



5928



5912



5906



5952

# SUMMER REQUIREMENTS

Practical Features That Give a Touch to Many  
Garments Developed from McCall Patterns

**NO. 5940, LADIES' AND MISSES' COLLARS (10 cents).—**This pattern cuts in two sizes, ladies and misses. The collars require from one-quarter to seven-eighth yard each, twenty-two-inch and thirty-inch material. Transfer Designs Nos. 356, 318, 354, and 294 used.



5940  
Transfer Designs Nos. 356 and 318



5940  
Transfer Designs Nos. 354 and 294



5940



4710-5960

5948

**NO. 5960, GIRL'S THREE-PIECE SKIRT (10 cents).—**The pattern for this dress, which is worn over guimpe No. 4710 (10 cents), cuts in six sizes, four to fourteen years. Size eight requires two yards and three-eighths thirty-six-inch material.

**NO. 5948, CHILD'S BO-PEEP DRESS (15 cents).—**This pattern may be had in four sizes, two to eight years. Size four requires, thirty-six-inch goods, one yard and one-fourth for the skirt and trimming, and one yard and five-eighths for waist of same width material.

**NO. 5659, LADIES' THREE-OR FOUR-GORED PRINCESS SLIP (15 cents).—**The pattern in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust, requires, size thirty-six, five yards of thirty-six-inch fabric. Around hem measures one yard and seven-eighths.

**NO. 5700, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE APRON (10 cents).—**The pattern cuts in three sizes, small, medium, and large. Three yards and one-half thirty-six-inch goods are needed, medium size.

**NO. 5930, LADIES' AND MISSES' OPEN OR CLOSED DRAWERS (10 cents).—**This pattern in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist, takes two and a quarter yards thirty-inch flouncing, size twenty-six. Transfer Design No. 595 includes pattern for cutting and motifs for stamping corset-cover shown.

**NO. 5801, LADIES' EMPIRE WRAPPER (15 cents).—**The pattern, in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust, requires, size thirty-six, four and five-eighth yards thirty-six inches wide, measuring one and seven-eighth yards around hem.

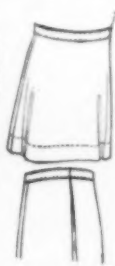
**NO. 5910, LADIES' BUST SUPPORTER OR SHIELD HOLDER (10 cents).—**The pattern comes in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust, and is suitable for heavy net, as illustrated, requiring, size thirty-six, seven-eighths yard thirty-six-inch, or five-eighths yard of material fifty-four inches wide.



5948



5960



5700



5930



5801



5659



5700



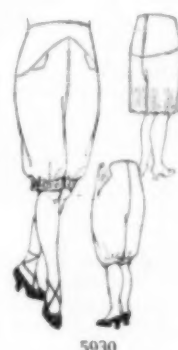
5930 Drawers  
Transfer Design No. 595  
for Corset-Cover



5801



5910



5930



5659

# EMBROIDERY FOR VERANDA AFTERNOONS

By HELEN THOMAS

IT WAS the first meeting of The Latchstring Embroidery Club, which the girls had just inaugurated after a unanimous vote. Tess, Jo, Ruth, and Bertha had had such jolly times embroidering together on special occasions that they decided to make the practise a permanent one; and since the hot summer afternoons were near at hand, when vine-shaded verandas and comfortable porch-chairs were sure to prove inviting, they planned to make weekly porch parties of their club meetings. Finding that mothers were apt to be frequently called into conference as to a new stitch or the prettiest way of embroidering some chosen article, it was unanimously decided to make all their mothers honorary members of the club and coax them to attend as many meetings as household and other duties permitted. On the first occasion, the little circle numbered six, the four girls and two mothers.

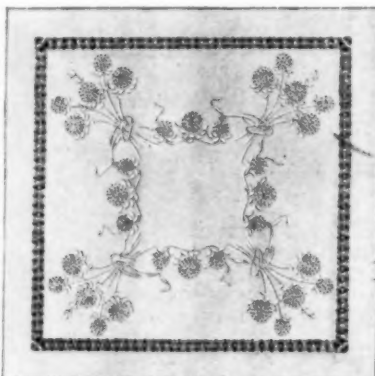
Mrs. Dolson had brought with her a lovely little sheer batiste dress for a child (McCall Pattern for Child's Dress No. 5300), which she had cut out at home; and, after basting a deep hem, had stamped, just above it, a long spray of forget-me-nots. The short sleeves were stamped with similar sprays, only smaller; as was the front of the waist, just below an inset of lace insertion (Transfer Design No. 604). While everybody chatted cosily, she began to work the little flowers as a cluster of tiny eyelets, with a French knot in the center, using No. 30 white marking cotton. The leaves were to be worked solid and the stems outlined in No. 25 marking cotton. Mrs. Palmer thought the design a charming one, but said she would like to use it on a heavy blue linen, working the flowers in French knots, instead of eyelets, using for this No. 16 white marking cotton, and for the leaves No. 20 white marking cotton. Bertha voted in favor of something daintier, suggesting handkerchief linen as the material, worked with pale pink and blue French-knot forget-me-nots with green leaves, or with the whole design carried out in one pastel color.

MRS. PALMER'S contribution to the afternoon's embroidery was a little girl's hat of white linen stamped with a graceful design, a wreath on the crown, a trailing spray of flowers on the brim, and, encircling the hat, a pretty band, with scalloped edges, a spray running through its center, and buttonholed slits through which ribbon was to be run (Transfer Design No. 600, which includes pattern for bonnet). The scalloped edges of band and of brim were first firmly padded, and then buttonholed in white marking cotton

No. 16. The tiny flowers which made up the design she planned to work as eyelets in No. 25 white marking cotton, the leaves and bow-knots in solid embroidery in No. 20 white marking cotton, the stems just outlined. Jo thought the hat would be even prettier with the flowers done in French knots in apple-pink and blue. Ruth was not interested in children's hats, but had a dozen uses for the embroidery design. She explained that, if cut up, it would serve for three or four things—the wreath to hold a large initial for a sheet or on a baby's piqué carriage cover; while the spray on the brim would make a pretty towel-end.



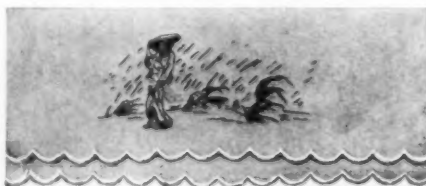
COLLAR-AND-CUFF SET IN COLORS  
Transfer Design No. 602



CLOVER CENTERPIECE IN FRENCH KNOTS  
Transfer Design No. 603



EFFECTIVELY EMBROIDERED BLOUSE  
LADIES' WAIST NO. 5853  
Transfer Design No. 599



GUEST-TOWEL WITH JAPANESE SCENE  
Transfer Design No. 601

AS usual, Jo had chosen something herself which could be very quickly worked—a towel. It was in the latest Japanese effect—a Japanese in the rain (Transfer Design No. 601). She outlined the hat and kimono in red, and the sash in orange. The tall reeds she worked in solid green, while the flowers were developed both in the lazy-daisy and solid stitches in red and yellow. The hands, feet, and face, as well as the rain-drops, were effectively outlined in black; the grass in green. Lastly, the scallop was firmly padded and buttonholed in white marking cotton No. 20. The colors were very bright; but, by using just two fine threads of the stranded cotton, Jo gave just the right amount of color to her design. Bertha said it had inspired her to add some Japanese touches to her own room, and that she could certainly use this pattern on some one of several things she had in mind—a table-runner, a settee-cover, or a bureau-scarf; while Ruth thought that, embroidered on a bit of soft Oriental blue silk she had been cherishing, it would make a stunning party-bag.

Tess, like most girls, always interested in articles for personal adornment, proudly exhibited a brand-new idea in the collar-and-cuff line—a most unique design of apples and cherries, to be embroidered on fine batiste (Transfer Design No. 602). It was just the thing, she declared, to finish her new green chiffon waist. She planned to develop the design in the buttonhole stitch in color. The cuffs were very modish—just a straight band, rounded at one end, with one bunch of fruit.

Tess had planned a very smart little butterfly-shaped bow to wear at her neck with the collar, a bunch of cherries and leaves making each wing, a straight band of black velvet being run through two long buttonholed slits. To work the design, Tess used No. 25 marking cotton, and embroidered the cherries in red in long-and-short

[Concluded on page 52]



# IDEAS FOR A JUNE LINEN SHOWER

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

As we gaily plan for our summer holidays, let us pause a moment and think of our friend who is to be married this June, and who for months has been working away quietly on the simple things which are to make up her trousseau. Now is the time to lend her a helping hand. Go around among your friends and whisper the word "shower." A happy thought always finds fruitful soil, and you are sure to rally a surprising force around you.

It is a wise way to put your heads together and plan what each shall give. Those of you who have been following the embroidery lessons will find it possible to work any of the popular designs. Hand-work always enhances the value of household linens and of lingerie, and, as this is to be a linen shower, encourage your friends to choose something to embroider. Instead of taking up a new stitch this month, let us consider how we may apply the ones we have been learning.

A pretty suggestion for a bride's linen shower is half a dozen doilies (No. 10399). They can be used in numberless ways; under finger-bowls, where the embroidery shows effectively through the glass; under bread-and-butter plates; or to place on a plate before filling with tiny wafers or sandwiches for afternoon tea. The edge of each is scalloped and buttonholed in white embroidery cotton. One charming design is a wreath of tiny blue forget-me-nots, with yellow centers and green leaves; another, a spray of white daisies; while four other motifs, a carnation, pansy, four-

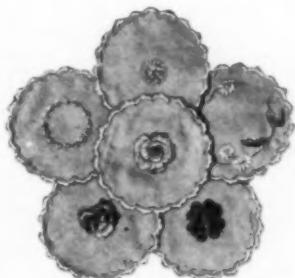
becoming addition to the bride's wardrobe. The edge should be slightly padded and worked in buttonholed scallops. Such a motif is good as a decoration for a collar-and-cuff set, a pretty apron, or as a border on curtains, table-covers, or pillow tops.

(This combing-sack design, No. 10400, stamped on huckaback 21x36 inches, 35 cents; 3 skeins white embroidery cotton, 2 skeins colored floss, 15 cents extra; all free for two 50-cent subscriptions.)

There cannot be too many handkerchiefs in the "hope chest", so you are safe in providing some for the little bride-to-be. A wreath of eyelets is easy to make, and, with a spray of woodbine worked in satin-stitch, makes a handsome corner for either a hemstitched or scalloped handkerchief (No. 10401). Other pretty designs are a wreath of forget-me-nots worked solid, all in white (this, too, could be done in eyelets), and a basket developed in basket-stitch, containing flowers worked in French knots, with dear little satin-stitch leaves. For scalloping, the edge of the handkerchief should first be neatly padded.

(This set of three handkerchiefs, No. 10401, each 12x12 inches, stamped on handkerchief linen, 45 cents; 6 skeins cotton for working, 15 cents extra; all free for two 50-cent subscriptions.)

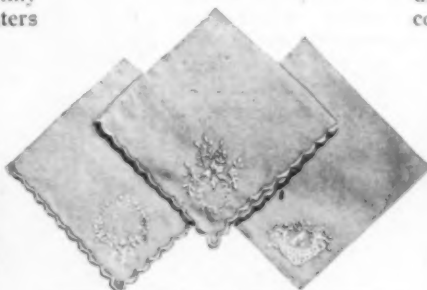
For a more elaborate gift, choose one of the new and very popular "unit" dresser- or sideboard-scarfs (No. 10398) consisting of embroidered squares, or



SET OF DOILIES IN SIX DIFFERENT DESIGNS, NO. 10399



COMBING-SACK, EMBROIDERED IN TANGO-RED FRENCH KNOTS, NO. 10400



HANDKERCHIEFS FOR THE HOPE CHEST NO. 10401



GUEST-TOWEL IN CUT-WORK AND SOLID EMBROIDERY, NO. 10397

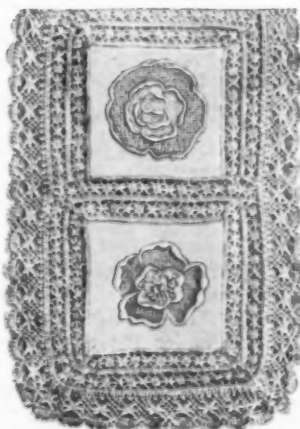


EFFECTIVE DRAGON-FLY DESIGN FOR TOWEL END, NO. 10396

leafed shamrock, and rose, complete a most unique set. The coloring may be the natural shades; purple and yellow for the pansy, and two shades of pink for the carnation and rose, the former in lazy-daisy and the latter in satin-stitch. The shamrock should be in one shade of green. Such designs are good for many purposes—on children's or grown-up's dresses, on towels, dressing-sacks, or underwear.

(This set of six doilies, design No. 10399, each 6x6 inches, on pure white linen, 25 cents; 10 skeins colored floss, 6 skeins embroidery cotton, 30 cents extra. Doilies and embroidery materials free for two 50-cent subscriptions.)

A conventional design on huck for a combing-sack (No. 10400) may be worked quickly in triangles of French knots in tango red, and will make a useful and



PUNCHED-WORK MOTIFS FOR DRESSER-SCARF, NO. 10398

"units", set together with lace insertion, the whole strip being edged with insertion and lace. Four squares are enough for such a scarf. A rose motif may be used for two of the units, with petals developed in imitation punched-work stitch, edged with a solid rim; in seed-stitch with a satin-stitch edge; in solid satin-stitch; or in long-and-short stitch. This rose is surrounded by a circle of punched work, which, in turn, is inclosed by a twisted briar done in satin-stitch. A poppy for the other two units is most effective in punched work and solid embroidery. Your work may be all white, or of the color of the room for which it is intended. If, after you have taken all these dainty stitches for your friend, you are conscious of some surplus energy

[Concluded on page 60]



### He knows what he wants

His mother wants the same thing, too. So does the whole family. No difference of opinion when it comes to

### Campbell's Tomato Soup

Its delicious zest and flavor, and its creamy richness appeal to the most capricious appetite; while its wholesomeness and invigorating quality make you realize that it actually is as good as it tastes. And you couldn't say more than that.

Do you prepare it sometimes as a Cream-of-tomato? That is particularly fine. Try it today.

21 kinds 10c a can



**Campbell's**  
**SOUPS**

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

## Embroidery for Veranda Afternoons

[Continued from page 50]

buttonhole stitch, which is nothing more than taking one buttonhole stitch long and the next stitch short.

The leaves were buttonholed in green, in the same way, while the apples were worked in brown. It was not necessary to pad the design for the long and short buttonholing. The edge of the collar, however, was very slightly padded, and then buttonholed in brown in an even stitch. Bertha thought this collar-and-cuff set would be stunning done all in white in heavily-padded satin-stitch, and with a buttonholed edge. Ruth said it would be pretty made of white chiffon and worked in silk floss of the same colors Tess was using.

Ruth was busy all afternoon with a clover centerpiece on natural-colored linen, 10½ inches square. The design had a bunch of clover blossoms in each corner of a square, connected by a running clover design (Transfer design No. 603). She worked the flowers in French knots in two shades of pink in heavy mercerized cotton—the deeper shade in the center of the clover. The stems were outlined in No. 25 marking cotton in a soft shade of green, while the leaves and ribbon streamers were satin-stitched in a deeper shade of green cotton of the same size. For the hem of this little centerpiece, Ruth pulled out threads for the space of an inch all around. Then she proceeded to tie the threads thus left free in little groups, or "fag-gots", weaving in bright-colored beads between the groups. To do this, she first fastened a long weaving thread to the under side of her material; then, picking up four threads (from the sixth to the tenth) with her fingers, she drew them back under the first five threads of her row, pulled up her needle between the two overlapped groups, slipped a bead on her thread, pulled the fifteenth to twentieth threads under the eleventh to fifteenth, put her needle under and up between the two groups, put another bead on her needle and so on, until she had gone entirely around the centerpiece, obtaining a very rich effect. At each cor-

ner, where there was a tiny open square, she made a little cross by running her thread diagonally across the square from two corners.

Jo was quite taken with the bead idea, and thought little pink beads used instead of French knots for the clovers would save a lot of work and prove equally effective.

Bertha kept her fingers busy embroidering a linen blouse in the surplice effect (McCall Pattern for Ladies' Waist No. 5853). On each side of the surplice opening, and on the edge of each sleeve, she had stamped a design of conventionalized

roses and ornamental scrolls (Transfer Design No. 599). Being very fond of all white for summer, she was working the roses and leaves and scrolls in satin-stitch in No. 20 white marking cotton. The scalloped edge was first padded and then worked, and the straight lines in the background were outlined, both in No. 16 marking cotton. Jo decided to use the same design on a white crêpe waist, and develop it in silk—pink for the roses, green for the leaves, white for the scallops—and darn in the straight lines in a shade of orange. Tess thought this design would be just the thing for her navy-blue waist—if done in rich reds, orange, and green, with the straight line of the background outlined in black and bright blue alternately.



A FETCHING BONNET FOR THE LITTLE DAUGHTER  
Transfer Design No. 600



A SIMPLE DRESS MADE DAINTY WITH EMBROIDERY  
CHILD'S DRESS NO. 5300  
Transfer Design No. 604

*Editor's Note.—A McCall Kaumagraph pattern of any of these designs for 10 cents at any McCall pattern*

*agency, or postpaid from The McCall Company, New York City. These are not supplied stamped on material. Miss Thomas will gladly answer inquiries, if stamped envelope is enclosed. McCall's Book of Embroidery and Needlework gives directions and illustrations for popular stitches. It shows the latest ideas for embroidering women's and children's clothes, with over five hundred transfer designs. Price, in United States, 15 cents; by mail, 20 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents; one transfer pattern is given free with every Book of Embroidery.*

# THE HOME DRESSMAKER

## LESSON 40.—MISSSES' DRESS

By MARGARET WHITNEY

ONE day stands out in the life of the young girl paramount to all others in importance. One day is planned for, and thought of, by the entire household as the miracle door beyond the threshold of which arise life's great opportunities. No day, save the wedding day, is fraught with more momentous action than the day of graduation. Then it is that the girl graduate stands before family and friends, her slim, white-clad figure rivaling the interest aroused by the bride. Therefore, as the important gown of the month, I have selected for this dressmaking lesson a graduation frock, the Misses' Dress made by McCall Pattern No. 5934.

Developed in white taffeta, as shown in the illustration, it can be easily made for a moderate price by the home needlewoman. As the dress requires only  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of taffeta at \$1.50 a yard;  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 12-inch flouncing, at 50 cents a yard;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 4-inch lace edging, at 20 cents a yard, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of the small rosebud garland, at 60 cents a yard, the total cost of the gown is well within \$12.

To cut this frock to the best possible advantage, the taffeta is folded lengthwise, pinning selvage to selvage, and placing the pattern thereon as shown in diagram, Fig. 4.

OWING to the width of the taffeta, it is necessary to piece both pattern-piece R and pattern-piece O. The piece R is pinned to material with the straight front, marked ++++, at the lengthwise

fold of goods, as shown at right of diagram, Fig. 4. The small piece R is placed on the material, as shown at the left of diagram. After cutting large R, join selvages of small piece R to selvages of large piece R, along the lines marked xxx and xx on each; pin pattern to material carefully and cut.

Likewise, in cutting the pannier pattern-pieces O and O, first cut the larger piece O, which is placed on the taffeta with straight center-back of pattern marked ++++ on the lengthwise fold of

goods. Then cut smaller piece O, after joining selvages of the larger piece O to the straight thread of the smaller piece O along the lines indicated in the diagram by xx and x; this completes the pannier.

Before placing the waist pattern-piece F upon the material cut off the sleeves along the single small circles. Place center-back of pattern indicated by ++++

on lengthwise fold. This necessitates the addition of a small triangular piece (shown above F), which is joined, selva to selva, to complete the lower corners of the fronts of the blouse.



FIG. 1—MISSSES' DRESS  
NO. 5934

THE small straight band I, placed at fold of goods, is split at fold to make the two bands for the sleeves.

The three-corner inset pattern represents half the piece. Lay the edge marked + on crosswise thread of fabric and cut top and left side; then turn the pattern to lay according to the dotted lines on the diagram, and cut the other side.

The cutting accomplished, the perforations marked, and the patterns removed from the material, the actual sewing may now begin.

First, prepare the belt, using  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch belting. Close this in center-front with hooks and eyes, and mark center-back.

Now, close the skirt at center-back seam, matching notches, and sewing through long perforations. Crease material at crosses (+) and bring creases to large circles to form pleats, then press to position. Slash the left side-front of skirt along dou-

ble small circles, underneath the front pleat, and bind edges of slash for opening. This places the closing under front pleat at left side. Baste the four darts, matching corresponding circles together; fit to figure, and stitch. Stitch upper inside edge of skirt to belt with center at center-back and large circles at center-front. This allows front pleat to continue and hook in place at left of front closing of belt. Place four snappers under the front pleat at closing.

[Concluded on page 54]



## No Wait

when business or pleasure calls for an early start—

And how much of man's success depends on his breakfast.

A good breakfast, not too big, goes a long way toward making a man feel good, and when he feels good he can make things go!

Now it sometimes (not always) takes considerable time to prepare a good breakfast.

The exception is the breakfast with

## Post Toasties

Just pour what you want direct from the package into a saucer, add cream or milk and there you are.

With some fruit and a cup of Instant Postum, you have a breakfast that is quick, delicious, and should make man, woman or child feel good.

Post Toasties start a good many thousands right each morning.

—Sold by Grocers

Visitors are always welcome at the big, clean factories in Battle Creek, Mich., where Postum, Grape-Nuts and Post Toasties are made.

There's much to be seen and there's a welcome!

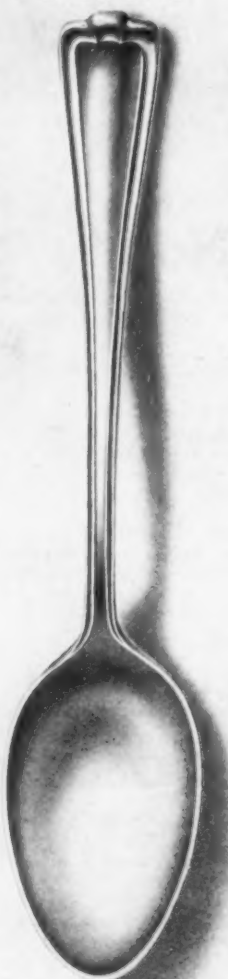


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SAN FRANCISCO  
HAMILTON, CANADAThe World's Largest Makers of  
Sterling Silver and Plate

## THE HOME DRESSMAKER

[Continued from page 53]

Turn up hem at large circles, baste, try on and change so that skirt measures the same distance from the floor on all sides, then blind-stitch hem with care.

Gather upper edge of panner between (O) and crosses (+). Sew gathered edge to upper edge of skirt, spacing gathers evenly, with center-back to center-back, letting front edges of panner just touch the crease of the pleat on either side. Gather, and sew the outer edge of panner along line of double circles on the skirt, joining center-back to center-back, and spacing gathers evenly.

right side of sleeve place band of taffeta marked I (Fig. 4), and sew with edges even; turn and hem on under side. On this band, the lace edging is placed and headed by a strip of the tiny rosebud garlands.

Cut bretelles of lace flouncing according to pattern-pieces H and K, in diagram, Fig. 2. Shirr along single small circles and tack to the shoulders of the blouse between the single large circles, having center-front of bretelles at center-front of waist. Lap right back over left back with centers together, lower edges of

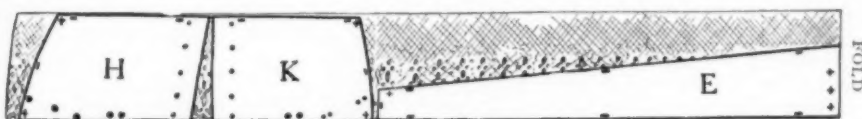


FIG. 2—DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING LACE FLOUNCING  
(H) Front of bretelle; (K) Back of bretelle; (E) Graduated flounce

The graduated flounce, pattern-piece E, is placed on the 12-inch flouncing with fold of lace at right. This is cut double, gathered and placed below panner with center-back to center-back, and gathers placed evenly between the crosses and center-back. Sew to gathered panner edge, edges even, and over the sewing place the garland of roses; this completes the skirt.

The bodice of taffeta,



FIG. 3—FRONT AND BACK VIEWS  
OF MISSES' DRESS

bretelle even with front and back edges of waist.

Having gathered the waist of the taffeta blouse and the lace bretelles together, try on blouse and skirt. Care should be taken to join center-back to center-back, and center-front to center-front, and to have the under-arm seam straight and alike on each side. Adjust fullness so as to fall easily in place between the under-arm seam



FIG. 4—DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING TAFFETA  
(R) Skirt; (O) Panner; (F) Front of waist, back and sleeve, in one piece; (I) Sleeveband; (Y) Inset

being kimono style, requires but little adjustment if the correct size of pattern has been selected. First, sew under-arm seam, matching notches, and turn in three-eighths of an inch around the neck, following the line indicated by small circles. Baste this carefully, and snip the turned-under piece often enough to let the neck lie flat, then face neatly with a thin binding ribbon.

The small inset (Y) is next in order. Turn under and double-shirr the upper edge along the line indicated by the double small circles. Lap fronts of waist over edges of inset with centers together at center-front. Stitch the right side to position, edges even, leaving left side free for opening, which should be closed with small hooks and eyes.

To finish the short sleeves, double-gather the lower edge of each. To the

and center-back and the under-arm seam and center-front. Cover the raw edges at the waistline with a straight strip of taffeta. Care should be given to the proper placing of the fulness of the blouse, the fit of blouse depending upon the spacing of the gathers to the belt of the skirt.

A belt of white taffeta seven inches wide or a satin ribbon of the same width may be worn with this pretty gown. It should end in a two-loop butterfly bow at the center back. Such ribbon can be purchased for 50 cents a yard; two yards will be sufficient.

*Editor's Note.*—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you in the making of any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, stating the matter clearly, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

## MENDING AND DARNING FOR PAY

By A CITY WOMAN

Department of Home Money-Making Methods

WHEN I saw that our household expenses were constantly mounting higher without a corresponding increase in my husband's salary, and that our small savings fund had to be drawn upon and was gradually diminishing, I began to figure out what I could do to help, for I believed I could add something to the family income. I had considerable time that I might easily devote to such a purpose, and I did not like to see my husband bearing all the expense burden alone. I determined to assume a share of it.

Being a mother, of course I could not leave home on account of the children; and, moreover, I knew that my husband would accede to no such plan. I thought over many things that I knew of other women doing at home to make money, but none of them seemed feasible for me. I was a good seamstress, as well as experienced in making over garments, and I felt that this must do duty as my stock in trade; but our landlady had a dressmaking establishment in the same building, and I realized that starting up a rival business would probably necessitate a move which we could not afford, so the situation did not seem an encouraging one. At last, however, I had a bright idea. I would do mending and repairing. I felt confident that in the hotels and rooming-houses in the city there were many men who would be glad to have mending and darning done if they knew of any one to whom they could give such work. Then, too, I knew there were many women who had not the time, nor, perhaps, the ability, to make over their clothes in some later or more becoming style, yet who could not afford to throw them away. This was my field. I had some cards printed reading:

Don't throw away your old clothes!  
MRS. CHESTER MARTIN  
will keep them in perfect condition from  
Hat to Hose at Small Expense

Expert Mending and Remodeling

'Phone, East 2189  
412 Main Street

Packages called for  
and delivered

I had my two boys, ten and fourteen years old, respectively, distribute these cards throughout the boarding- and rooming-house district of our city, as well as at some of the less fashionable private homes. The cards cost me but three

dollars for two thousand, so I felt that my loss would not be great if I should fail to secure any patrons.

Two days after the distribution, I received several calls, and sent my boys out after the work. They brought in garments from both men and women. I was at first puzzled about what to charge, but I solved this by deciding that I would charge for the time involved, and figure my time at the reasonable rate of twenty cents an hour. For instance, the first piece of work was a man's coat with a big three-cornered tear in it, and with several buttons missing. It took me two hours and a half of steady work to finish it. That meant a charge of fifty cents.

After the first few days, the work came quite steadily; and it soon increased beyond my expectations. My first customers had other work for me, and I kept adding new ones, many of them becoming regular and very profitable patrons. Though I ad-

hered strictly to my original plan of doing repair work only, it eventually took all my time to attend

to it, so that I had to get a young girl to help with the children and housework. My earnings justified the plan, however, for by the end of the first month I had earned twenty-seven dollars; at the end of the second month, thirty-nine dollars; and toward the close of the year my net income had grown to about fifty dollars a month.

I have often had more work than I could do, and have been obliged to ask two of my neighbors to help me, paying them fifteen cents an hour for their work. My boys are busy before and after school, calling for and delivering work, and I pay them regular wages, which encourages an interest on their part.

A cousin of mine who lived in a different part of the city wanted to earn her own spending money, but her eighteen-year-old son, like my husband, objected to her going out to work. One day, one of his chums came in while she was mending a buttonhole in a linen collar. "Why," he said, "I wish I had some one to do that for me. I tear out

[Concluded on page 101]



## A Time Comes

when the recurrence of headache, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, or symptoms of heart trouble leads one to look for a way out.

Coffee is a common, but often unsuspected cause of such troubles.

It contains the drug, caffeine (about 2½ grains to the cup), the action of which tends to weaken normal functions, and leads to serious complications.

Thousands of people have found that the way out is to stop coffee and use

## POSTUM

It looks like coffee and tastes much like high-grade Java, but is absolutely free from coffee; the drug, caffeine; or any other harmful substance.

Coffee is not a food, but a strong irritant. Postum is a pure food-drink containing nothing but the true nourishment from wheat and a small per cent. of molasses, of which it is made.

Postum now comes in two forms.

**Regular Postum**—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

**Instant Postum**—a soluble powder. A teaspoonful stirred in a cup of hot water makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason"  
for  
**POSTUM**

—sold by Grocers.



Everybody congratulates us on

### Bon Ami in the new powder form

It is so handy, so practical and so nice to use. And what a joy to have a cleaning powder that you can use fearlessly on plate-glass mirrors or white enamel or nickel or aluminum and that won't scratch!

Bon Ami Powder is made of just the same fine materials as Bon Ami Cake. It contains no gritty or coarse particles, nothing that can possibly scratch. It is not for scouring, but for cleaning and polishing.

We are not abandoning the cake, for millions of women will always prefer it.

If your grocer doesn't sell Bon Ami Powder yet, make him get it for you.

*"Like the chick that's newly hatched, Bon Ami has never scratched."*



## MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

A Department That Believes in Fairies

Conducted by JOSEPHINE GREGORY

HERE'S a shy little dream from a maiden who tells me that she is working all day at the daintiest trousseau, and weaving her dream among the threads. She's to be a June bride. Bob's a wonderful man, and she wants to be the best wife in the world. That, then, is her dream—to be successful in wifehood. There are unhappy marriages all about her; and although it does not seem possible that she and Bob could ever come to grief, yet she is shrewd enough to see that there will be some reefs along her matrimonial voyage, and wise enough to plan beforehand how to bring her ship safely into port.

Wise, I say, to plan beforehand how to be a successful wife, yet some of you may look skeptical. One can learn to be a successful cook, or even a successful musician, you admit; but when it comes to wifehood—you shake your head and laugh. The whole game of marriage, you say, is merely a question of chance; a variable depending on two personalities; a die cast in the dark. Doris and I do not agree with you; she, because she is young and has the wisdom of youth; I, because I am older and have the wisdom of experience. We know that no good dream-ship is ever left to the winds of chance and change; but that, if we do our part, it will some day sail under full canvas into a safe harbor.

It behooves us, then, to do our part faithfully and well, and the first duty of the bride-to-be or the young wife is to try to understand her business. Doris gasps at that, but marriage is a business, nevertheless. It may be that you have never had any experience in housekeeping, but you have been a business woman up till now; then, all the more, must you put your brains and energy into this home-making, and scorn not the gentle arts of boiling ham and making beds. You may have a maid to do the actual work, but you are the business manager and must see that it is well done.

Keep your house orderly and clean, little Doris, no matter how fine or how simple it may be. It is a queer fact that these men all love order, though so few of them are orderly themselves. Let

Bob come in gay and cheerful from a brisk walk in the cold air to find you in a sleazy wrapper in a disorderly room, and in five minutes he will be as cross as a sick bear. Like the bear, he will not know what is the trouble, he will blame it on his business, overwork, or indigestion; but it is simply an acute case of that old ailment, frowsy-wife-and-disorderly-room.

ON the other hand, let him come home from a day of nervous strain and overwork to find the home tidy and you neatly dressed and contentedly awaiting him, try as he will he cannot be irritable; it is practically impossible in a pleasant room with a pleasant woman. That's knowing your business, little Doris!

It's a fine thing to understand your business, but a finer thing to understand your husband. That is where so many of us fail, even when we have the best intentions. We imagine that we have married archangels or our favorite heroes

of fiction, who are really princes in disguise; but the fact is we have married Bob Jones or Harry Brown from across the street, plain, every-day mortals with many human failings. The finest men in the world, of course, but at the same time

fallible mortals, and we might just as well admit it.

The wise woman will study her husband's peculiarities, and instead of trying to squeeze him into the theories of marriage she has gathered from here, there, and yonder, she will expand her views to fit her

husband. For instance, we all know that husbands ought not to have prejudices, but we all also know that they do have them, and the sensible thing for us is to avoid a clash with them. To cite a case, I know a man who violently loathes scented soap, and his wife happens to like a kind which has a delicate violet aroma. She says his dislike of it is absurd, and goes on using it, waving it like a red rag before his face, for she has not taken the trouble to understand him or to learn how deeply rooted is his feeling. She is making a mistake, and if that matrimonial bark goes to pieces, it will be scented soap, not incompatibility, that sunk it. It is a good plan to study your husband; discover all his weaknesses and virtues, then

[Concluded on page 67]



DORIS' DREAM IS BEING WOVEN INTO HER TROUSSEAU



## THE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF THE BRIDE

By JOSEPHINE McCOY

WHEN June comes around with its crop of weddings, and everybody's eye is upon that perennially interesting person, the bride, I find my own attention seeking out more decidedly, year after year, another figure in the wedding group. One's heart goes out to each of them, to be sure, with a different throb of sympathy and understanding: to the tender bride, the proud and confident bridegroom, the gentle, tremulously-smiling mother, the kindly, keen-eyed father, even the bevy of laughing, chattering girls who shriek over the cutting of the cake, and scramble for the bride's bouquet. But the figure my thoughts are seeking is apt to stand a little aloof and in the background, and to respond none too cordially to those who seek her out; an elderly woman, with gray or gray-ing hair; the woman who, frequently against her will, is being made into the mother-in-law of the bride.

The point from which I view her is that of a prospective candidate for her position. Although the actual event is yet necessarily many years hence, I already see myself standing in her shoes; and so determined am I to occupy them worthily and graciously that June, not January, is coming to be my month of good resolutions.

Though the sandpile is still the principal habitat of my son, hardly a day passes that I do not remind myself that he will grow up and marry; that I shall not always be the dominant influence in his life; but that the time will naturally and inevitably come for me to surrender the first place in his heart to another woman. And—perhaps because I have accustomed myself to it so thoroughly—I do not find the reflection bitter at all. I do not mean to say that, when my own time comes, I shall not suffer a natural pang or two; but I truly believe that the memory of the

wistful days of my own early married life will enable me to put aside all save my wish to mar in no way my son's new life.

THE normal bride goes to the altar so a-thrill with love, so overflowing with tenderness, that she intends and confidently expects to take into her heart of hearts every living creature who has the slightest connection with "Him". Unless she has already had reason to expect hostility or inhospitality from those nearest to him, she has no expectation but to love and to be loved. If "He" has brothers, they are more than likely to be touched and disarmed by this attitude; if he has sisters, the chances are about even whether or not they will be; and if he has a mother—alas! it would seem from the examples about us that, here, the chances are that disappointment awaits her.

The typical mother of the bridegroom will have two grievances. In the first place, she is "losing her boy"—she is "giving him up". In a sense, of course, this is true, and no

amount of philosophy can alter the fact. It is true that somebody else will mend his clothes, plan his meals, and oil the machinery of his life; somebody else will have most of his time, share most intimately his daily interests. But, if he has ever been a son worth having, and she a mother worthy

of the name, a dozen wives could not usurp the place which, in his heart of hearts, has belonged peculiarly to his mother. In the typical case, that is all she has really possessed since he outgrew the habit of running to her to cry into her apron; and in that, if she is a wise woman, she will find her solace.

As for the rest—as to how large a place she can continue to hold in his daily life—that will depend chiefly upon her attitude toward the young usurper of her prerogatives. If she will but ungrudgingly open her heart, nine times out of ten that ecstatic young person will fly into it with arms outstretched; for the normal girl's instinctive attitude toward "His" mother is a very beautiful mingling

[Continued on page 74]



A MOTHER-IN-LAW  
AGAINST HER WILL



Keeps floors and  
stairs tidy all  
the time

### Don't have worn spots on your floors

You *won't* have them—if you use a finish made especially to stand hard knocks. That is what Kyanize is. We want to send you some to try for yourself.

Put it on your floor or stairs where the greatest wear comes. When it is dry give it the hardest kind of tests. Then wipe it off with a damp cloth, and note the smooth, hard, *uninjured* surface.

Try it on a table or chair. Kyanize is the most beautiful, durable, sanitary finish made, for furniture and interior woodwork. It requires no stirring—dries quickly and *hard*. Doesn't get sticky, won't chip, peel or scratch white.

Fill in the coupon below, mail it to us with 10c for a fine Chinese bristle brush with which to do the finishing, and we will send you, postpaid, a full quarter-pint can for a free trial. If you are not perfectly delighted with the result, we'll return the 10c you paid for the brush. Same offer applies to Canada.

## Kyanize

KY-AN-IZE



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Winthrop Wise.  
Insist on the  
varnish  
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ize

For Floors  
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Check  
the color  
you wish:

Clear, Light  
Oak, Dark Oak,  
Cherry, Walnut,  
Mahogany, Rose-  
wood, Colonial Green  
and White enamel.

BOSTON VARNISH CO.  
24 Everett St., Boston, Mass.

Please send me free in accordance  
with your offer, a full quart-pint can  
of Kyanize. I enclose 10c for brush.

Name .....

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## DOES YOUR BABY

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BETTER BABY Movement?

If Not, What is the Reason?

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Feeding.

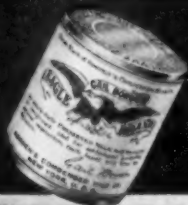
If properly fed, other conditions being  
correct, Baby should at least be Normal  
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Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk  
contains the necessary elements for build-  
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THE ORIGINAL



## The Adventure of the Desert Island

A JINKS-AND-BETTY STORY

By MYRA G. REED

**W**HY, Betty Ramsay, what are you doing?" Jinks stopped at the wood-shed door in amazement.

"I'm mad, and I'm letting Billy play with my bow and arrows."

"But where are the rest of his clothes?"

Betty pointed silently to a little pile in the corner. "I wanted to make him into an Indian, and he didn't look like one with all his clothes on."

Billy, who had learned to walk since his arrival at Betty's house, was standing up, holding on to the wood-shed door. Around his fat little body was Betty's belt, from which hung a quiver full of arrows.

"I shot arrows into the parlor sofa," Betty explained, "and Mother said I couldn't play with my bow for a week. I didn't hurt the old sofa. I'm never going home again."

Jinks' face brightened with a sudden idea. "Let's run away to a desert island. Then Billy'll be dressed just right."

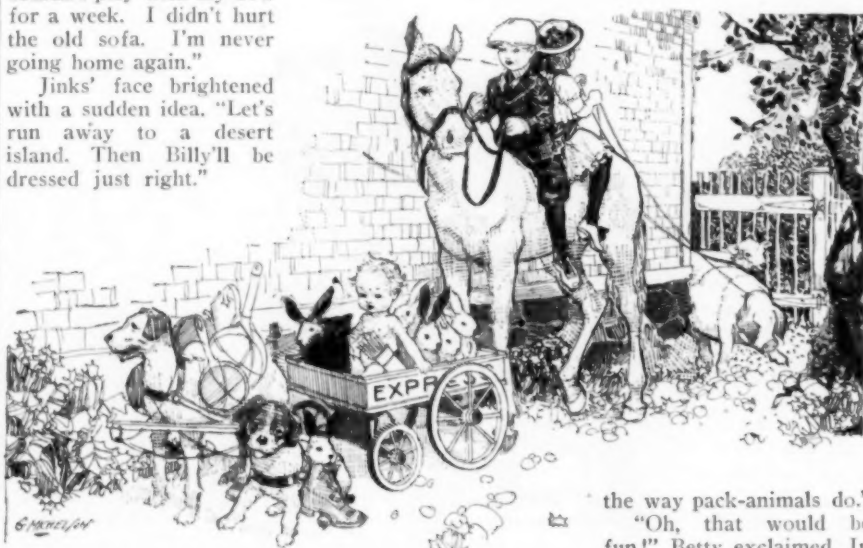
Betty sat Billy down in a pile of shavings and gave him an arrow to play with. "I know where there's a lemon pie, and I'll put on my rubber boots, and I'll bring some of my clothes." Without waiting, Betty ran off to the house.

When she returned, Jinks was already half prepared for the journey. He had a rope tied to both the sheep and Peter, the pig, and had Robin Hood and Mike harnessed up to the express-wagon.

"I think Billy and the rabbits had better ride in the express-wagon, and you and I'll ride on the horse. We can lead Peter and the sheep."

"But how are we ever going to carry things?"

Jinks looked meditatively at Peter. "We might make them all carry packs



ALL THE PANS AND KETTLES THEY COULD GATHER UP  
WERE TIED TO MIKE'S BACK

Betty looked up with interest. "We'll all wear just skins of animals when we get there," Jinks explained. "We'll get stuff to eat with our bow and arrow, and we can fish."

"And I'll gather eggs," Betty interjected hopefully.

Jinks went to the door and gazed around meditatively. "I know just how we ought to do everything, from *Robinson Crusoe*. We'll have to have some animals along."

"We can take the horse and one of the sheep," Betty suggested.

"Yes, and that tame pig of mine can come along."

Jinks drew out his express-wagon from the side of the wood-pile. "We'd better get right to work. We haven't much time. They'll be wanting Billy for his nap pretty soon."

the way pack-animals do."

"Oh, that would be fun!" Betty exclaimed. In the excitement she was forgetting all about how angry she was.

So Betty and Jinks both brought all the blankets they could smuggle out of the house, and Betty tied her clothes up in the two ends of one blanket and put it over Peter's back, and Jinks did the same with his clothes for the sheep's back. Then they tried to put Billy, and the rabbits, and the squirrel, and Fatty the cat, into the express-wagon, but, crowd as they might, there were two too many.

**I** TELL you what; I think Robin Hood might carry that rabbit and squirrel on his back," Jinks exclaimed.

Then Betty had an idea. "We could tie that old pair of shoes Father threw out yesterday over his back and put one in each shoe."

Then all the pans and kettles they could gather up were tied to Mike's back,

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## The Adventure of the Desert Island

[Continued from page 58]

and they were ready to start on the journey. It was a hazardous proceeding getting out of the barn, because of the size of their caravan, but they finally managed it without being seen. Jinks went out first and reconnoitered; and when the coast was clear, they started, sliding out of the door, and keeping close to the side of the barn until they reached the rear of it, when they struck off across the fields to the river. First came Robin Hood and Mike, drawing the wagon with Billy and the rabbits and Fatty in it; then Jinks and Petty on Harper, the horse, Jinks driving, and Betty with her back to him so that she could hold the two ropes that were attached to the sheep and Peter, the pig.

They had decided to cross the river, as they thought they were surer of finding their desert island there than on their own side. They went along without mishap until they had crossed the bridge and were on the other side, when Peter refused to go farther. He tugged and hauled at his rope until Betty had to let go of it for fear of losing her balance.

"Oh, Jinks," she cried in distress, "see what Peter is doing! He is going down into all that dreadful mud."

And, sure enough, that was what Peter was doing. Utterly oblivious to everything but the delightful possibilities of all that nice, wet, rich mud, he marched straight into it, and rolled over right on top of Betty's blanket with all her clothes tied up in it.

"Oh, Jinks!" Betty wailed, "my best white dress is in there."

Jinks slid off Harper, but he was too late to save the pack from its muddy bath. Betty started to cry.

"Now, see here, Betty Ramsay," declared Jinks, who always felt uncomfortable when Betty cried, "you just stop. You're never going home again, so it doesn't matter about your white dress, and on our desert island we'll only wear skins anyway."

Betty dried her tears with difficulty. She couldn't bear to have anything happen to her white dress; whether she was going

to wear it or not made no difference at all. They found a little path along the edge of the river, and followed this in single file. But they had not gone far when Robin Hood sat down.

"Get up, lazybones!" Jinks called. But Robin Hood was tired, and he was not going to draw that wagon another inch. There was nothing to do but unhitch him and let Mike do the pulling alone, but Robin Hood was not even satisfied with that. Jinks had hardly climbed back on the horse again when Robin Hood jumped up in the back of the little wagon, pushed out two of the rabbits, and, curling up comfortably, took their place.

"He ought to be spanked," said Jinks wrathfully.

But Betty stood up for him. "He has a right to be tired after all this long way. He's only a little dog, Jinks. Let's stop and rest, anyway."

Jinks thought a moment. "Well, I suppose we'd better. Billy ought to have a nap."

So the caravan was halted. The rabbits and Billy were taken out of the wagon so that Robin Hood could rest there undisturbed if he wanted to. All the animals were turned loose to forage for themselves, and Billy was put to bed on a soft grass plot. Even Jinks and Betty, when they had each drunk some

milk and eaten some cold meat and bread and a piece of the lemon pie, felt sleepy after their unusually heavy exertions of the morning, and lay down for a little nap.

It was late afternoon when they awakened again. They probably would have kept on sleeping even longer, if Billy, stirring around, had not tried to crawl over Jinks. He sat up.

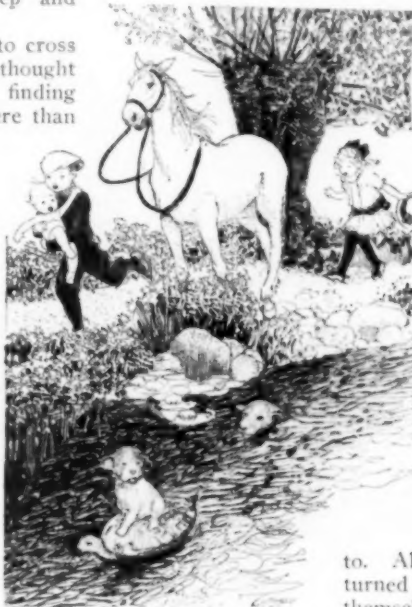
"Betty, wake up!" he cried. "Where's Robin Hood and the sheep?"

Betty sat up and rubbed her eyes. No; there was no sign of either one.

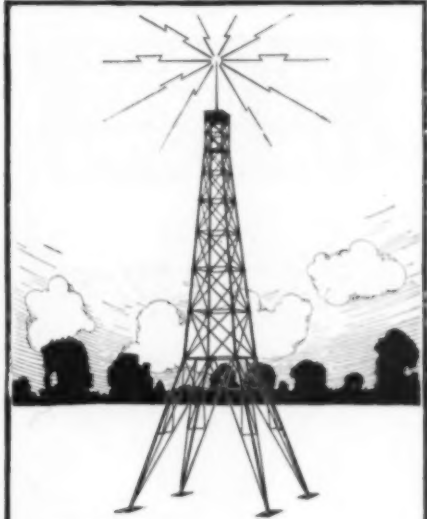
"We'd better hurry up and find them," cried Jinks, scrambling up.

Betty stood up more slowly. This finding a desert island was hard work. She wondered if Robinson Crusoe had had as bad a time.

[Concluded on page 78]



ROBIN HOOD PEACEFULLY  
SURVEYING THE LANDSCAPE  
FROM THE TURTLE'S BACK



## Like "Wireless"

the brain flashes thoughts.

As the simplest form of electric flash requires three factors (zinc, copper and an acid), so the brain, which is the human battery, requires three principal elements to project thought—water, albumen and phosphate of potash.

Let one element in the brain (as in the battery) become weakened from use, and its activity is lessened.

To have a good working brain, or to increase its power, one must have food that contains the necessary elements.

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FOOD

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## CANNING-TIME AGAIN

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

THERE is no question that a large number of families would be better off if they had more vegetables and fruit to eat in the winter; and while we can usually buy commercial canned goods, there is nothing to compare with the peaches, strawberries, and string beans put up fresh from our own gardens. The city woman may feel that it is unprofitable for her to buy fruit and vegetables to put up, but the housewife with her own little kitchen garden should certainly can some of its choicest products; and after a little practise she will want to grow fruits especially for preserving or canning.

By "canning" we generally mean putting up fruit or vegetables with a certain amount of water—if fruit, then a small percentage of sugar is generally boiled first with the water and introduced as sirup. By "preserving" we usually mean making jam, jelly, conserve (jam with nuts and spices added, and intended to be served more formally than when plain), or marmalade, which is a rich mixture of sugar and fruit in equal parts, the rind being retained in the case of citrus fruit. Crystallizing, or candying, is another form of preserving. We neither "can" nor "preserve" pickles, cat-sups, and relishes; we just "put them up."

The methods by which we work vary according to the result desired, but certain rules obtain in all kinds of canning. Perfect sterilization is the first essential. The term "sterilization" means the killing of all germ life. In canning and preserving, we have to sterilize by using the heat method, and boil or steam, or coat our product with boiling sugar until no germs can live. It is the germs which cause all the fermenting and spoiling. After jars are boiled, or sterilized, do not touch the inside with unsterilized spoon or hands, and the jelly or sirup that goes into them must be boiling. One tiny, invisible germ is enough to spoil the whole jar. People who do not succeed with their preserving often complain that the receipt is wrong, when the trouble may be that they have not been careful about sterilization.

One way of canning is, as I have said, to boil jars, rings, and tops, have the preserves ready and boiling, fill the hot jars quickly, and close with the sterilized tops. Another way is called the cold-process method; it takes longer, but is particularly successful with vegetables. It is the method favored by the Government demonstrators, who go over the country organizing canning clubs. The vegetables and fruit are prepared as for the table—beans strung and cut up, peaches skinned and stoned, or cherries pitted, and packed at once in the jars, and cold water or sirup, as the case requires, poured over contents to fill. The tops are laid on loosely, the jars placed on a rack made to fit the bottom of wash-boiler, or in the canner if you possess one, or in a shallow pan of water in the oven. The jars must not touch each other. If in the wash-boiler, pour in water to reach about the middle of the jars, cover boiler closely, and bring water to the boiling point. Cook small fruits fifteen minutes after the water has reached the boiling point; larger fruits, such as plums, require thirty minutes.

When the boiling has continued for the right length of time, lift out each jar carefully—if possible, with

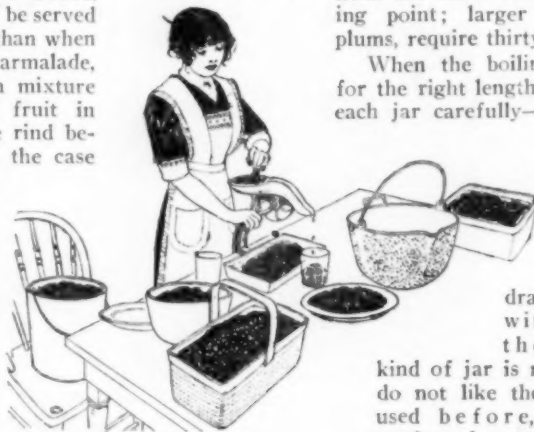
a jar-lifter, which can be bought for twenty-five cents—and place on a board out of a

draft. Tighten lids without removing them. No special

kind of jar is necessary; if you do not like the kind you have used before, investigate the merits of any you see on the market or advertised in the magazines, and test to your own satisfaction. There are four ways of canning, but in the girls' clubs, which do their work outdoors, those who can afford it dispense with the old wash-boiler and use one of the three quicker processes—the water-seal, steam pressure, or the pressure cooker; the last being the most expensive. As the same receipts do for all, these methods need not concern us here.

A little common sense will take a housekeeper a long way. In canning, particularly, she must decide for herself what treatment her particular fruits and vegetables need. Many products are better scalded before canning, in order to remove skins without loss of pulp, to eliminate objectionable acids, and to set the coloring matter. Peas, beans, corn, squash, mangoes, pumpkin, okra, cabbage,

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BERRIES AND CHERRIES FOR  
NEXT WINTER'S PIES

## SERVING THE EARLY FRUITS

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

**B**EFORE the strawberry season is over we can count on cherries, raspberries, rhubarb, currants, and, in some localities, gooseberries and blackberries. There are any number of delightful ways of utilizing all of these. Here are some new combinations you may not know, and some old ones that are always popular:



**CHERRY DUFF.**—Put two quarts of cherries and two cupfuls of sugar in the bottom of a baking-dish with one or two tablespoonfuls of water—no more; over the top lay a biscuit dough made by rubbing one generous tablespoonful of shortening into one and a half cupfuls of flour which has been sifted with three level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and mixed to biscuit consistency with half a cupful of milk. Salt can be added to the dough if the shortening needs it. Steam forty-five minutes in a pan of hot water, and serve with hard sauce in the dish in which it was cooked.



OLD-FASHIONED CHERRY-DUFF IS DELICIOUS

Blackberries, raspberries, and peaches can all be used in duffs or dumplings with excellent results.

**RHUBARB TAPIOCA.**—This dessert is prettiest when made of red rhubarb. Use enough rhubarb to make two cupfuls when cut up, covered with water, sweetened and stewed. Put in a double boiler with half a cupful of granulated tapioca, and one cupful of water. Cook until the tapioca is clear and transparent, then mix thoroughly and turn into a mold. Serve with flavored whipped cream. This is another dessert where other fruits may be used, if preferred.

**GREEN-PEACH PIE.**—It sometimes happens that peaches appear in the market before fully ripe, and the housekeeper, finding them among her purchases, feels she has made a bad bargain. They can, however, be pitted and stewed, and used, with extra sugar, of course, in a pie.

**BERRY PUFFS.**—Cream one-half cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar and blend it with two and a half cupfuls of flour, three level teaspoonfuls of baking-

[Concluded on page 63]

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Soak 1 envelope of Plymouth Rock Phosphated Gelatine in one cup of cold water.  
Add 1 cup of boiling water and  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar.  
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Add 1 cup of Sherry or other wine.  
Set on ice until hard.  
Cut in cubes and serve.  
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## CANNING-TIME AGAIN

[Continued from page 60]

sweet potatoes and asparagus are better if put in boiling water for about five minutes, then plunged in cold water. Tomatoes, plums, pears, peaches, and apricots require but a one- or two-minute immersion in boiling water, followed by a cold dip and immediate packing in the jars; greens, cabbage, chard, or spinach should be cooked about twenty minutes to reduce the bulk; and quinces and hard pears have to be stewed till tender before packing, and then steamed in the boiler as usual.

In making jam, the sugar and fruit are weighed before cooking, and put together in layers; the sugar is best if warmed in the oven. In jelly-making, the juice must be extracted from the fruit, measured, and an equal bulk of sugar added. The mixture is heated to the boiling point, then cooled, and the process repeated three times. Jelly that has cooked too long will not jell, and the same condition results if unnecessary water is added to extract the fruit-juice. For this reason most of the receipts given for grape and similar jellies say, "Do not wash."

Canning may be made the source of great economy. If you have an apple orchard and many unmarketable apples—windfalls, perhaps—and find the cider-mill unprofitable, put up the apples for winter pies and apple sauce. If you have many strawberries, can the biggest and best whole in sirup; use the extremely ripe ones for jam, and make a small amount of "sun preserves", which will have a different texture and flavor. Bottle any left-over sirup for sauces, strawberry ice-cream, and summer drinks. Not a tomato should go to waste. From the tiny green stage to the ripest, pulpiest late ones, they can be utilized for the winter. Canned young, tender carrots have a better flavor than the tough old winter carrots that the family would otherwise find filling a place on the menu.

**TO CAN TOMATOES.**—Scald to loosen skins, dip in cold water and peel. Pack the whole tomatoes in wide-mouthed jars, then fill with tomato-juice obtained by cooking down a few small tomatoes. Add a level teaspoonful of salt to each quart. Place rubbers and loose caps. Sterilize twenty-two minutes after boiling begins. Remove jars, tighten covers, and invert

to cool. This is the cold-water process used by Government demonstrators.

**TO CAN STRAWBERRIES, CHERRIES, OR RASPBERRIES.**—Hull or stone, and wash in colander. Pack without crushing. Make a sirup of three parts sugar to two parts water boiled for five minutes, and pour over fruit to fill the jars. Sterilize for fifteen minutes.

**TO CAN EGGPLANT.**—Select fresh, firm eggplants, and scald them for five

minutes in boiling water; plunge in cold water; remove skins. Slice crosswise and pack; add boiling water and one level teaspoonful of salt to each pint. Cook one hour in

hot-water bath, and seal immediately.

**TO CAN SWEET CORN.**—Immerse in boiling water from ten to fifteen minutes, and, after a cold dip, cut from the ears. Pack, and fill

jars with boiling water, adding one level teaspoonful of salt to each pint. Cook from three to four hours after boiling begins in the hot-water bath. Corn can be successfully canned on the cob if you have large gallon or half-gallon jars. It needs sterilizing the same length of time, but only half as much salt is used. In winter, after steaming for a few minutes, it can hardly be distinguished from fresh corn.

**BARBERRY JELLY.**—Free berries from stems and wash; add no more water than necessary to keep from scorching—a cupful to a gallon of barberries. Cook until juice can be pressed out easily, then strain. Measure juice, and allow an equal measure of sugar. Barberries are tart and the allowance may be generous. Boil juice twenty minutes, then add the sugar, and boil from one to five minutes. When it boils up once, draw the kettle back, skim, and try a little. If it jells, it is ready; if not, boil it up a second and a third time, skimming between. If it threatens to boil over, and you have not time to remove from fire, throw in a tablespoonful of cold water. When it shows signs of jelling, fill into sterilized glasses, cool, and seal with paraffin. The

[Continued on page 64]



THE FIRELESS AIDS IN PRESERVING





## SERVING THE EARLY FRUITS

[Continued from page 61]

powder, a pinch of salt, and the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Cook in pop-over cups, standing in hot water, for forty-five minutes. Serve with a sauce made by cooking two cupfuls of blueberries, strawberries, blackberries, cherries or raspberries, with one cupful of sugar for twenty minutes.

**RASPBERRY SOUFFLÉ.**—Steam three cupfuls of raspberries till tender. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, three beaten egg-yolks. Cool and fold in six egg-whites, and add a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Turn into a buttered baking-dish and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Serve immediately with sugar and cream.

**CHERRY-AND-DATE DESSERT.**—Cover one quart of cherries with one pint of water and stew till the cherries are tender. Strain off the juice. Add one cupful of hot water, the juice of half a lemon, and one cupful of sugar. Two level tablespoonfuls of gelatin should be soaked in half a cupful of cold water and added to the fruit-juice when the latter is boiling. Stir after the gelatin is dissolved; and when cool and beginning to set, fold in one cupful of stoned, chopped dates. Chill, and serve with whipped cream.

**GOOSEBERRY TARTS.**—Make ordinary pastry, and line tart molds. Stew the gooseberries with a great deal of sugar till thick and sirupy; fill into the tart-shells, dot with jam, and bake.



TARTS ARE GENERAL FAVORITES

**CHERRY BETTY.**—Prepare as for brown betty, with alternate layers of buttered bread or buttered crumbs and cherries in a baking-dish. Sprinkle each layer with sugar, and add about five tablespoonfuls of water to make sufficient moisture. Dot the last layer of crumbs with butter and season with cinnamon and nutmeg. Serve with hard sauce.

**STRAWBERRY COCKTAIL.**—A fruit cocktail is a good appetizer at the beginning of a lunch or dinner on a warm day. Cut up five or six strawberries in each sherbet cup, and, when ready to serve, sprinkle with sugar, orange-juice, shaved ice, and a teaspoonful of prepared cocoanut. Dot each glass with one luscious berry.



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## PORK & BEANS

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE  
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Of all the good things we make here, our chief claim to supremacy is Van Camp's Pork and Beans.

Of our other dishes you may say, "I have tasted as good somewhere else." And perhaps you have if you've traveled.

But Van Camp's Pork and Beans stand alone. They imitate nothing, and nobody imitates them. It took two decades, many an expert and many a chef to develop a dish like this.

Note how perfect the Beans, and how perfectly baked. All the same size, all mellow, all whole. And note the savor of the Sauce that's baked into them.

This dish has created a new idea of Baked Beans, and millions have come to enjoy it. Remember this. When you order next time, specify Van Camp's.

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## CANNING-TIME AGAIN

[Continued from page 62]

easiest way to do this is to melt some paraffin in a pitcher and pour it on the glasses one after the other.

**WINDFALL APPLES FOR PIES.**—Peel, core, and slice the apples. Scald for two minutes in boiling water; plunge in cold water. Pack in jars, and pour hot, thin sirup made of equal parts of sugar and water over the fruit to fill jars. Place rubbers and tops as usual, and sterilize sixteen minutes after boiling begins. Remove the jars, tighten the covers, and invert to cool.

**CURRENT JELLY.**—This is made the same as barberry jelly. Too great emphasis cannot be placed on managing with the least possible water—barely enough to prevent burning. The fruit-juice soon runs out and furnishes sufficient liquid.

**FRUIT-JUICES.**—Throughout the preserving season there will be opportunities to put up various fruit-juices which can be utilized for cooling drinks. Peaches and strawberries, pineapples and currants, raspberries and cherries, all yield delicious juices to vary summer beverages. They can be extracted by stewing the fruit, and bottled with or without sugar. Fill the boiling liquid into sterilized jars, and seal.

**STRAWBERRIES PRESERVED IN CURRENT JUICE.**—Use currant-juice instead of water in a half-a-half sugar sirup, and proceed the same way as for canning strawberries.



NO NEED TO STAIN  
THE HANDS

**ENGLISH PRESERVES.**—To five pounds of gooseberries, add one and a half pounds of seeded raisins, four pounds of sugar, and the juice and rind of three oranges. Put gooseberries, raisins, and peel through the food-chopper; add the sugar, and stew for forty minutes. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal when cool.

**RHUBARB CONSERVE.**—To one quart of rhubarb, add one cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of walnut-meats, three cupfuls of sugar, and the juice and rind of three oranges. Cook for one and a half hours; finish as for English preserves.

**CANDIED CITRON.**—Make a soda solution in the proportion of a quarter teaspoonful of baking-soda to a quart of

[Concluded on page 63]

## CANNING-TIME AGAIN

[Continued from page 64]

water. Drop the pieces of peeled citron into this when it is boiling, and cook until tender. Remove, drain, and soak for five hours in alum-water, made by adding a bit of alum the size of a filbert to a quart of water. Drain, and stand in water containing one tablespoonful of citric acid to each quart. In the morning, drain and weigh, and keep two cupfuls of the acid-water for each two pounds of fruit. Boil this water with sugar equal in weight to the fruit, adding the grated rind of two lemons. Cook the citron in this sirup till clear and candied; roll in powdered sugar, and dry slowly.



READY FOR PARAFFIN COATING WHEN COOL

**RASPBERRY JAM.**—Wash and pick over the fruit, and measure in separate bowls equal quantities of berries and sugar. Warm the latter, add it layer by layer to the raspberries, after crushing a few in the bottom of preserving kettle, and cook till thick. Three-quarters of an hour should be long enough. One-sixth corn sirup may be used instead of full amount of sugar. The jam will be less likely to become grainy. Always use an aluminum or porcelain-lined kettle. The same method will do for all jams.

**CANTON PEARS.**—Peel, quarter, core, and slice six pounds of pears. Remove seeds, slice, and chop six lemons. Cook slowly, for about four hours, the pears and the lemons with three pounds of sugar, and three-quarters of a pound of Canton ginger cut into small pieces. Seal in glasses and let stand till cool. Citron may be used instead of pears—about three pounds in the above receipt taking the place of six pounds of pears. It should be cut into thin, small pieces.

**PLUM CONSERVE.**—Cook for about one and one-half hours, or until thick, three pounds of pitted plums, three pounds of sugar, one pound of raisins, one pound of walnuts, and three oranges, with the rind of one of them cut up.

*Editor's Note.*—Questions in regard to preparing any of the receipts mentioned in this issue of the magazine will be cheerfully answered through the mail by our Cooking Editor, Mrs. Armstead, who will be glad, also, to supply advice as to any cookery problems which may confront our readers, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the inquiry.



## A Tribute to Crisco

A remarkable tribute to the quality of Crisco was received from the chef of one of the foremost hotels in the United States.

For some time he had been buying Crisco in moderate quantities. When without warning his orders were more than doubled a Crisco representative called to see what had happened. It was found that while formerly the chef had been using Crisco only for pastry and other bakery foods and had done his frying with the fat obtained from his meats, he had decided after experimenting with Crisco to sell the meat fats and use Crisco exclusively.

He now is using Crisco for frying as well as for shortening because he knows that Crisco fried foods are better and that the guests of his hotel cannot complain of these foods being indigestible. He does this in spite of the fact that he pays for Crisco three times as much as he gets for his meat scraps.

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For Cake Making

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## New Cook Book and "Calendar of Dinners"

This new book by Marion Harris Neil, Cookery Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, gives 250 original recipes, is attractively illustrated, and tells many interesting and valuable facts about cooking and food products. It also tells the interesting story of Crisco's discovery and manufacture. It is free. There is also a quality edition of this book containing a total of 615 Neil Recipes and a Calendar of Dinners—365 menus of original and tasty meals. This book is bound in blue and gold cloth. The regular price of this book is twenty-five cents. To those answering this advertisement it will be sent for five 2-cent stamps. In writing for either book, address Department L-6, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



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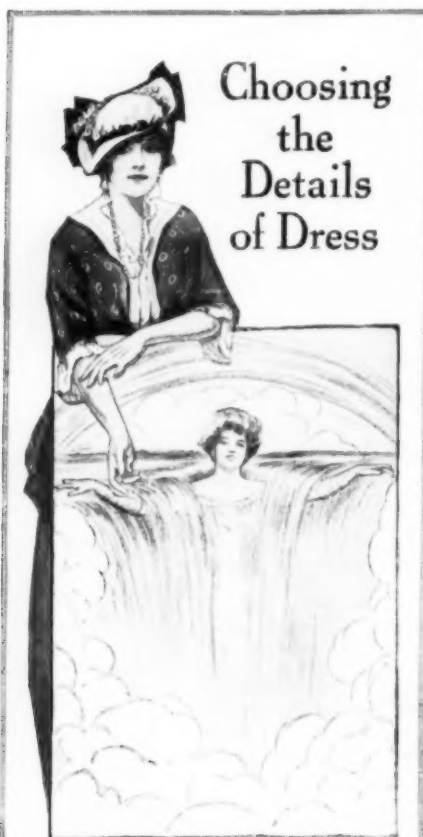
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## Choosing the Details of Dress

## "Niagara Maid" PURE SILK GLOVES

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They are the gloves of today—made for the woman of today who wants distinction in every detail. They have no rival for long wear.

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### NIAGARA SILK MILLS

North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Makers of "Niagara Maid" Silk Products

## Ideas for a June Linen Shower

[Continued from page 51]

to be put to use, you will find it a fascinating task to work a motif spread for your prettiest bedroom. For such a spread, plain and embroidered squares should alternate, set together with Cluny lace, and you can use two or more motifs. This is attractive pick-up work, and you will be surprised to find how soon that impressive spread will be finished.

(This scarf design, No. 10308, stamped on white linen, in four pieces, each 8x8 inches, 25 cents; 18 skeins white cotton for working, 40 cents extra; or all free for three 50-cent subscriptions. The lace will be supplied, if desired, at 17 cents per yard for insertion, 14 cents for edging.)

THE bride's supply of linen is not complete without at least six guest-towels. A design of cut-work bars intersected with clusters of roses worked in white is a rich decoration (No. 10307). The roses should be worked solid; the centers may be eyelets, French knots, or solid embroidery. The cut-out bars are made by first buttonholing an oblong space; next, at regular intervals (as illustrated) weaving tiny connecting bars which lie on the surface of the towel and are only attached at each end; then, cutting away the material beneath them and within the buttonholed oblong. The bars are made by taking two long stitches across the space between the buttonholed edges and then weaving around them, starting at one end, going over one thread, under the second, back over one, under the other, and so on until the bar is tightly covered. The scallops should be padded carefully.

(This guest-towel design, No. 10307, stamped on cotton huck 14½x26 inches, 25 cents; on pure linen huck, 50 cents; or free for two 50-cent subscriptions; 4 skeins white cotton, 10 cents extra.)

An attractive towel-end combines punched-work motifs with a border of dragon-flies (No. 10306). The body of the fly may be worked solid, the wings outlined or done in long-and-short stitch.

(This guest-towel design, No. 10306, stamped on cotton huck, 14½x26, 25 cents; on linen huck, 50 cents; or free for two 50-cent subscriptions; 5 skeins white cotton for working, 12 cents extra.)

*Editor's Note.*—Questions on embroidery will be gladly answered by Miss Thomas, Fancy Work Editor. For any who wish to use their own goods instead of stamped material offered here, we can supply a perforated pattern of any design on these pages for 15 cents. Preparation and directions for stamping are included. We pay postage. Our new 24-page book, *Latest Ideas in Embroidery Designs*, 7th edition, regular price 10 cents, will be sent to any McCall reader for a 2-cent stamp.

## Save Gas

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The Harter Automatic Cook solves the hired-girl problem. Works on scientific steam-cooking principle. Cooks six dishes for less than one costs you now. Attaches to any gas stove or jet. Guaranteed to save any family \$1.00 or more a month.

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W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1914. HARRY E. FRENCH, Notary Public, Kings County, No. 15. Certificate filed in New York County, New York, No. 15. My commission expires March 30, 1916.

## MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

[Continued from page 56]

shut your eyes to the weaknesses, and magnify the virtues. And, of course, this is quite as desirable a treatment for husbands to apply to wives.

I think we agree that the successful wife must understand both her business and her husband, but there is one further point—she must also understand herself. That is very important, indeed, and it is the best-hearted wives who so often forget it. Do not neglect your own individuality, merging it into your husband's, for that is not fair to him. He married a person, and you have no right to turn yourself into a nonentity. Develop your own talents, keep up your outside interests, subordinating everything, of course, to the duties of the home and household.

In admiring or criticizing your husband, do not forget yourself. Many of us are so indulged in our girlhood days that when things do not run quite so easily in married life, we wonder what is the matter with Husband.

BEFORE BOB'S HOME-COMING HOUR

Now, that is all wrong. The first thing to do when the matrimonial ship sights rocks ahead is to take an inventory of Wife, and see if she is living up to her part of the program. When we know that we are perfectly efficient, sweet, and patient, then we can begin to cast a critical eye upon our shipmate—and in five cases out of ten, we will not find anything serious of which to complain.

ONE last word to every young wife:

Be loyal! Loyalty is the brightest jewel in any wife's crown. No matter how the ship flounders, no matter how inefficient the man at the wheel, do not send out distress signals. Your husband may be often in the wrong, you may long to unbosom your woes, yet do not confide such troubles even to your mother. Be loyal to the man you have married; it is your mistake, if mistake it be; but it can be made your triumph. Keep your lips sealed, put up a bold front, and stand by the ship through wind and weather. There is a safe haven ahead, and, with a wise hand on the wheel, you can make it.

*Editor's Note.*—Josephine Gregory believes that every wholesome desire for self-expression should be helped into perfect realization, and if you are one of the dreamers waiting for a shadowy ship to come in, you will find her the friendliest and most understanding of pilots. She will answer every letter which encloses a stamped envelope for the reply.

## This Book of Summer Styles is Yours FREE

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If you wish your summer wardrobe to be in the latest style, don't fail to send for our handsome Fashion Catalogue. It contains 257 pages of beautiful illustrations showing all the changes in style that have taken place, and it will give you a perfect idea of just what fashionable New York women are wearing. Ask for our FREE Fashion Catalogue No. 62 M, and we will send it to you FREE by return mail. We pay all Mail or Express Charges, and guarantee to satisfy you or refund your money.

**4M74—Dainty Dress** of cool, stylish Dresden Flowered Crepe. The waist is made in full blouse style, with short kimono sleeves, and has turndown collar and cuffs of plain crepe to match color of flower in goods. Neck is cut in a V, and front of waist is in surplice style trimmed with piping and self-covered buttons. The girdle is of plain crepe to match collar. Skirt has a panel effect down front, and from a short distance below hips is a gathered ruffle extending around back of skirt, giving a stylish tunic effect. Ruffle is joined to skirt by colored piping. Dress fastens in front. Comes in white ground, figures in rose, lavender or Copenhagen blue trimmed to match. Sizes 32 to 44 bust, skirt length 40 inches. **Price, Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us \$1.75**

**6M179—Very Becoming and Picturesque Hat** in poke-bonnet effect, of fine Hemp Braid. Has round crown tastefully draped with black velvet ribbon caught at right side by a rose-and-green foliage. The brim is turned up in the back, where the hat has a high trimming of roses and foliage caught by loops and ends of black velvet ribbon. Hat is faced with velvet. The edge of brim is piped with velvet. Comes in the new blue, with shaded American Beauty roses, and in burnt straw, with shaded American Beauty rose. **Price, Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us \$4.98**

**35M76—Charming Summer Outfit**, consisting of a stylish Frock and a chic Silk Coat to match. Dress is made of a beautiful embroidered crepe, with loose blouse waist, embroidered in all-over design in contrasting color. The vest in front and the chic cuffs which finish the three-quarter sleeves are of Brussels net. Around the neck and down front is a dainty Japanese collar of oriental lace. The crushed girdle is of Taffeta Silk. Hanging free over the skirt is a deep graduated tunic, finished with a double Minaret ruffle. Lower part of skirt is of plain Crepe and has a stitched plait down center of front and back. Dress fastens in front. The Coat, of fine quality Chiffon Taffeta, is made loose and full, with short kimono sleeves, and a rolling Japanese collar of self material. Bottom of model is finished with a gathered ruffle, as pictured. Coat is unlined and fastens with a dainty loop and frog. Colors of Dress: white, with floral embroidery in Copenhagen blue, with Copenhagen blue girdle and Copenhagen jacket to match; also in white, with violet embroidery, violet girdle and coat. Sizes, 32 to 44 bust; skirt length,

4 M 74  
DRESS  
\$1.75

6 M 179  
HAT  
\$4.98



35 M 76  
COAT AND DRESS  
\$9.95

35 M 78  
DRESS  
\$5.98

40 inches; Also to fit small women, 32 to 38 bust; skirt length, 38 inches. **Price for Silk Jacket and Dress complete, Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us \$9.95**

If sold separately:

Dress 35M76A ..... \$5.98  
Coat 35M76B ..... \$3.98

**35M78—Dress described under 35M76, also comes in solid colors:** Copenhagen blue with black girdle, violet with black girdle, both with self-color embroidery. Please note that while the Silk Coat described comes in the same colors as Dress 35M78, we cannot guarantee that the shades will match exactly. **Price for Dress, Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us \$5.98**

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Chases  
Dirt



## HERE COMES THE BRIDE!

By ANNETTE BEACON

WITH a wardrobe full of frilly things—the prettiest wardrobe of her life—and the prospective dignity of a new name to sustain, it is no wonder the June bride-to-be looks anxiously into her mirror each morning, and wishes and wishes her skin were as white as milk, and her cheeks as pink as roses, and her eyes as clear as woodland pools; and that pimples, and blackheads, and superfluous hair, and freckles, and sallow, muddy skins were banished forever.

And it is perfectly certain that, behind the closed doors of her bedroom, she is anxiously dabbing on a little of this and rubbing in a little of that, and trying first one thing and then another in her attempt to make herself exactly match that vision of beauty with which her mind is haunted.

Let me whisper a secret to every bride-to-be. Creams and powders and lotions are delightful aids to a dainty toilet, and should neither be despised nor neglected, but the perfect complexion begins *below the skin*.

Just make a note of that! You can improve your appearance immeasurably by surface applications, the use of a pure face cream being especially necessary to keep the skin in good condition; but the state of your circulation, your digestion, and your eliminative functions determines whether your skin shall be white, yellow, or muddy; your eyes bright or dull; your cheeks pink or colorless.

So, if you want to look extra sweet, not only on the auspicious day, but the days that are to follow, you have three things to look after between now and then.

A few carefully selected exercises will take care of both circulation and eliminative functions. The first exercise of the set can be taken in bed in the morning as soon as your eyes are fully open.

### EXERCISE FOR SLUGGISH CIRCULATION

Lying on your back without a pillow, arms straight at sides, raise the right leg, without bending knee, as nearly at a right angle to the body as possible, inhaling as you do this. Then, lower the leg as slowly as your muscles will permit, at the same time exhaling. Repeat ten times; then go through the same exercise with

the left leg. At first, you may be able to raise the leg only a little way; but, after a few mornings' practise the muscles will have become more amenable, and success will crown your efforts.

When you can do this easily, practise the exercise with both legs at one time; and after that, too, has become a simple matter, try to touch the headboard of your bed with your toes, while lying with head well up against it, but otherwise in the same position as for the first exercise.



UNSWEETENED LEMONADE  
IS THE BEST MORNING  
TONIC

Rest in bed for five minutes after your exercise, then jump up and drink a glass of cool water, followed by another in which you have squeezed the juice of a good-sized lemon, without adding sugar. This unsweetened lemonade is the best morning tonic you can take, as it acts directly upon the liver and drives away the yellow tinge from cheek or eyeballs; and if, in addition, you will wash the tongue each morning with a strip of juicy lemon, your digestion will reap the benefits.

Another exercise which will stimulate digestion and facilitate proper elimination should be practised at night just before retiring. Perhaps I should remind you here never to take any exercises in corsets or other tight garments. Wait until pajama hour has come



A FAINTLY PERFUMED HAIRBRUSH  
IS A DAINY FAD OF THE TOILET

around, or to take your beautifying exercises before dressing in the morning.

### EXERCISE TO STIMULATE ELIMINATION

Stand with heels together, toes out, body erect. Raise arms at sides until the sides of the thumbs touch each other at arm's length above the head, the palms toward front. Now, advance the left foot

[Concluded on page 71]





## Keeps the Home Beautiful and Attractive

LIQUID VENEER quickly restores the newness and beauty to Furniture, Piano, Woodwork and Hardwood Floors. It lends new life and lustre to everything; gives a pleasing air of freshness and cleanliness throughout the home.

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LIQUID VENEER works equally well on all woods and finishes—mahogany, oak, mission, white enamel, gilt, or lacquer. It is the one preparation you can use with perfect confidence upon the choicest furniture. It gives quick and pleasing results—never oily or sticky—never stains—leaves no drying to wait for.

Dealers everywhere sell 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 bottles of LIQUID VENEER, also the L-V Cleaning and Polishing Outfit—a \$1.00 bottle of LIQUID VENEER, a \$1.50 L-V Floor Polisher and a 25c L-V Treated Dust-cloth—special at \$1.50. The name, **LIQUID VENEER**, on a yellow package is your protection against unreliable substitutes.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY

BUFFALO, N. Y.

# LIQUID VENEER



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In the spring, grocers everywhere stock up on Puffed Grains to get ready for strawberry time. Our mills are run night and day. We have sent out more than ten million packages to prepare for June demands.

For people, more and more, are mixing Puffed Grains with berries. The tart of the fruit and these nut-like morsels form a delicious blend.

### Serve Together

When you serve berries, serve with them a freshly-crisped dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Mix the grains with the berries, so that every spoonful brings the two together.

The grains are fragile, bubble-like and thin, and the taste is like toasted nuts. They add as much deliciousness as the sugar and the cream.

Strawberries, you think, are hard to improve upon. But try this method once.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c** *Except in*  
**Puffed Rice, 15c** *Extreme*  
*West*

There are many delightful cereals. We make 17 kinds ourselves. But Prof. Anderson, in creating Puffed Grains, has supplied the daintiest ready-cooked morsels which come to the morning table.

And their delights are endless. They are good with sugar and cream. They are good mixed with fruit. Yet countless people like them best when served like crackers, floating in bowls of milk.

Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them dry like peanuts. Cooks use them to garnish ice cream. In all these ways they take the place of nut meats.

But they are never better than at berry time, mixed with the morning fruit.

**The Quaker Oats Company**  
Sole Makers

(577)

## F R I T T E R S

By ANNIE H. QUILL

WHEN your menu needs an additional entrée, fritters may be just the thing you can make most easily. Left-over meat, fish, or vegetables may be used; or, if sweet fritters are preferred, fruit may be used, and the fritters served with a sweet sauce or powdered sugar, with or without cream. Success depends much upon the quality, quantity, and temperature of the fat used for frying them. Be sure that it is not the least rancid, have it deep in the pan, and test it by dropping in a teaspoonful of batter. If hot enough, this will brown quickly, and rise to the top in a puff-ball.

**CLAM FRITTERS.**—Make a batter of two well-beaten eggs, half a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and a cupful of flour. Sift with the flour half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of baking-powder and a little pepper, if it is liked. Add a dozen or more clams, chopped and seasoned with salt, pepper, and lemon-juice. Fry in hot fat.



**RICE FRITTERS.**—Add one well-beaten egg and a tablespoonful of sugar to two cupfuls of boiled rice. Mix well and fry in butter in a very hot pan. Serve with maple-sirup or hard sauce.

**SARDINE FRITTERS.**—To half a cupful of milk and one egg beaten light, add half a cupful of flour in which has been sifted a level teaspoonful of baking-powder, a little salt, and a teaspoonful of finely-chopped peppers. Use one unbroken sardine in each spoonful of batter, and fry as usual.

**POTATO FRITTERS.**—Make batter as for clam fritters. To this, add a cupful of finely-chopped raw potatoes, a tablespoonful of chopped Parmesan cheese, and a sprinkle of grated nutmeg. Fry as usual.

**MUSHROOM FRITTERS.**—Make a batter as for the other fritters. Scrape and chop the mushrooms, add to the batter and fry in hot fat.

**NUT FRITTERS.**—Sift together one cupful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one level teaspoonful of baking-powder, and a teaspoonful of sugar. To this, add half a cupful of milk, one egg beaten light, and half a cupful of chopped nut-meats. Fry in deep hot fat, and serve with maple, cane, or brown-sugar sirup.

## HERE COMES THE BRIDE!

[Continued from page 68]

until its heel is slightly in advance of the toe of the right foot. Then, turning the body at the waist, throw the arms out and down until the finger-tips touch the floor at your right side. Do not bend the left leg, although the right will involuntarily bend a trifle.

Practise this ten times; then change feet, advance the right foot, rotate the body, and bend at waist only till finger-tips touch floor at left.

You will go to bed with your body glowing with health and vitality, and wake up in the morning to find every organ of your body functioning as it should.

**Y**OU should be sure to give special attention to the circulation in the scalp by giving yourself a scalp-massage treatment nightly, as directed in our talk on hair last month. And just because you are soon to be a bride, end the treatment with a few minutes' soft brushing of the hair with a faintly scented hair-brush.

Do you know how to perfume your brush? Pour a couple of drops of oil of jasmine, oil of rose, or oil of geranium in the palm of your hand, and lightly pass the bristles of your brush back and forth across it. This treatment nightly will leave an elusive fragrance clinging to your hair.

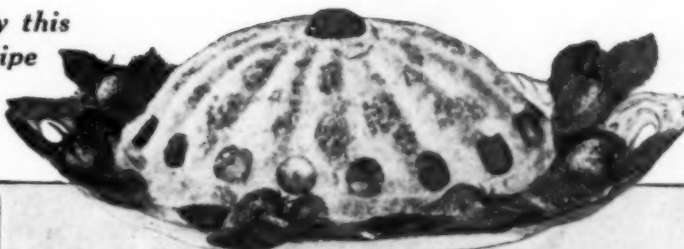
Of course, in this new régime you are adopting, you will not forget at least one facial massage daily? It will take out wee worry lines, tone up sagging muscles, bring color to the surface, and make the texture firm and smooth.

If you have a superfluous hair or two—and who has not?—begin at once on the French treatment. It will take some months to achieve results, but they will be permanent ones.

Electrolysis is decidedly the quickest way of destroying an undesired growth of hair, and if there is a skilled operator at hand, and enough dollar bills in your purse to make this method practicable—a removal of hair by electrolysis is charged for at the rate of five dollars per hour—you can dispose of the offending hairs very expeditiously, indeed. Patience and persistence, however, in generous quantity, will enable you to get along without the fat purse, the French method being as effective as electrolysis.

*Editor's Note.—Every woman possesses the possibilities of attraction. Beauty often lies merely in clear eyes, well-cared-for skin, nicely manicured nails, soft and luxuriant hair, and an attractive figure. It is Miss Beacon's object in this department to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered by mail, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the request.*

Try this  
recipe



### STRAWBERRY SUPREME

$\frac{1}{2}$  envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 1 pint cream.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water. White of 1 egg. 1 cup chopped nuts.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar. 1 cup pineapple and strawberries.

Soak gelatine in the cold water 5 minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatine to cream and sugar and stir in beaten white of egg. When cold add pineapple and strawberries which have been chopped in small pieces; also the chopped nuts. Serve ice cold, decorating with whole strawberries that have been rolled in sugar.

You will have success with your

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Mayonnaise    Ice Creams    Sherbets    Candies  
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# GELATINE

It is the Granulated Gelatine that your mother used and her mother used. It dissolves immediately.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE is put up in two packages—the PLAIN SPARKLING No. 1 is a Yellow package, and the SPARKLING ACIDULATED No. 3 is a Blue package. The contents of both packages are alike and make the same quantity—TWO QUARTS of jelly—except the ACIDULATED package contains an extra envelope of LEMON FLAVOR—a great convenience to the housewife—saving the cost of lemons.

### Only one thing to do

Send your grocer's name and we will send you FREE our illustrated recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

If you want a PINT SAMPLE of KNOX GELATINE, enclose a 2-cent stamp in your letter



The Yellow Package



CHARLES B. KNOX CO.  
8 Knox Ave.  
Johnstown, N. Y.



The Blue Package



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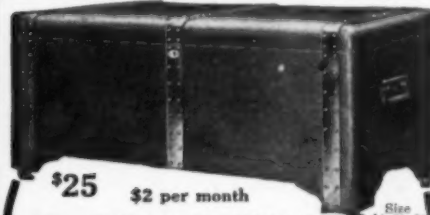
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St. Louis	Birmingham	Portland
Pittsburgh	Fort Worth	San Francisco
	Dallas	Los Angeles
	Topeka	San Diego

## THE BRIDE'S KITCHEN OUTFIT

By HELEN WOLJESKA

**F**ITTING out the kitchen for a new household is really a pleasurable task.

The necessary articles, though strictly utilitarian, at least claim a homely charm and sturdy beauty all their own. And one sometimes wonders why they are not oftener chosen as wedding gifts, instead of showy, useless trifles. A "kitchen shower" from the bride's intimate friends or classmates seems especially appropriate. Each piece may be chosen by the donor individually, but a general scheme should be adopted by all; and in deciding upon the ware, the bride-to-be's wishes should al-

the ware will retain its good looks, and the gas bill will be considerably reduced.

Limit yourself to one kind of ware, whether you decide in favor of glistening aluminum or some one of the makes of enamel ware—whether that which is brilliant sky-blue or deep sapphire outside and white inside, all white with a dainty trimming line, sturdy mottled ware, or reliable, serious-looking granite. A harmonious and uniformly planned kitchen is a source of joy to the woman who has an eye for pleasing effects—and what woman of to-day has not?

In making out your list, it

### Pots, Pans, and Kettles

#### ENAMEL OR ALUMINUM WARE

	Aluminum	Enamel
6-qt. Teakettle .....	\$3.50	\$1.20
2-qt. Double-boiler for cereals and desserts .....	1.75	.75
8-qt. Kettle for soups and boiled meats .....	....	1.10
2 4-qt. Saucepans for pot-roasts, stews, fricandeaux, and boiling vegetables....	2.00	1.00
1-qt. Shallow stew-pan, for sauces, creamed vegetables, sweet sauces (never anything containing onions) ..	.45	.25
8x13-in. Covered oval roaster, 6 inches deep .....	3.50	2.50
Muffin-pan .....	.80	.40
1-qt. Coffee-pot, for boiled coffee (same for drip coffee would be 75 cents) .....	1.60	.50
10-qt. Preserving kettle.....	1.65	.75
2-qt. Covered bucket, for garbage .....	....	.30
	\$15.25	\$8.75

#### STEEL COOKING UTENSILS

10-in. Steel spider for pan-broiled steak, chops, fish, etc. ....	.80
8-in. Long-handled spider, for potatoes, fritters, oysters, etc.....	.85
12-in. Cake griddle with bails.....	.90
	\$2.55

#### TINWARE

13x8-in. Biscuit-pan (also for cookies)....	.45
Angel-cake tin .....	.45
Mold for boiled pudding.....	.45
Jelly mold (imported) .....	1.00
9-in. Pie-plate (deep) .....	.10
2 9-in. Cake-plates .....	.20
Colander (can also be used as steamer) ..	.25
Soup and gravy strainer .....	.20
Egg-poacher (for three eggs) .....	.25
Egg and cream whip from 5c to 40c.....	.25
Wire toaster .....	.15
Funnel .....	.10
Grater .....	.10
Nutmeg-grater .....	.10
Biscuit-cutter .....	.10
	\$4.15

ways, of course, be first consulted.

An "all-aluminum" kitchen is the dream of many a prospective housekeeper. No soda, lye, ashes, ammonia, or alkali should ever be used in cleaning aluminum ware. Hot water and soap or sand-soap applied as soon as the article has become

burnt or discolored, will do the work. To finish, a thorough scouring with fine sand may be necessary. A thing to be remembered about aluminum is that it retains more heat than any other metal. If rightly understood, this is, of course, an advantage. Once the utensil is thoroughly heated, the flame should be turned low, and kept even. If this is faithfully attended to, the food will be at its best,

only on some special occasion, rather than have a superfluous one in your way every day of your busy year.

The articles that make up a kitchen outfit may come under the following different headings: enamel or aluminum ware, tinware, earthenware, woodenware, steel cooking utensils, hardware, cutlery, and large kitchen furnishings.

[Concluded on page 73]

## THE BRIDE'S KITCHEN OUTFIT

[Continued from page 72]

Though selected for a tête-à-tête household, the list need contain no very diminutive utensils, for such households are supposed to grow into larger ones; and, even if they do not, there are occasional guests and, perhaps, servants, so that medium-sized kitchen things will be found more satisfactory. In choosing each utensil, it is well to keep in mind the various uses to which it may be put, also any from which it should be rigidly withheld. When selecting the roaster, remember that a medium-sized one, 8x13x6 inches, will accommodate any fowl (except a turkey), or a

in which the ice will quickly melt, on account of poor insulation and ill-fitting doors. Even for a small family the refrigerator should be a good size, about a hundred-pound capacity. With a roomy refrigerator, you can save both time and money, being able to do two days' cooking at once, and to keep every left-over until it can be acceptably used.

A fireless cooker is a great boon to the housekeeper who does her own cooking. It relieves her from getting up early to prepare the cereal, as she can bring it to a boil the night before, put it in her fireless, and find it cooked to

### Wares, Cutlery, and Furnishings

#### EARTHENWARE

3-pt. Casserole .....	\$ .30
Six custard cups .....	.30
15-in. Glazed bowl for mixing cakes and beating eggs and cream .....	.50

\$1.10

#### WOODENWARE

20x28-in. Pastry board .....	\$ .50
Rolling-pin .....	.30
Chopping-bowl for meat, cabbage, etc. ....	.25
Small board of mincing onions .....	.15
Wooden spoon for mixing cake .....	.10

\$1.30

#### HARDWARE AND CUTLERY

Food-chopper with 4 cutters—coarse, medium, fine, and pulverizer—for meats, nuts, etc. ....	\$2.00
Potato-ricer .....	.25
Coffee-mill (¾ lb. coffee) .....	1.15
1-qt. Ice-cream freezer .....	1.50
Scales (24 lbs., by oz.; with scoop) .....	1.60
Double chopping-knife .....	
14-in. Basting-spoon .....	
Soup ladle .....	
Cake turner .....	
Can-opener .....	
Corkscrew .....	
Nutcracker .....	
Apple-corer .....	
Glass lemon-squeezer .....	
Small knife for cutting meat, vegetables, etc. ....	
Ditto, of different-colored handle, for fruit; never onions. The above eleven articles, from 10 to 25 cents each, may be bought for approximately .....	2.50

\$9.00

Total of kitchen outfit (not including larger furnishings) .....

\$26.85

#### LARGE KITCHEN FURNISHINGS

1 Refrigerator (75-100 lb. capacity) .....	\$35.00
Fireless cooker (2 compartments) .....	14.00
Dishwasher .....	15.00

\$64.00

roast of beef, veal, or pork, with room for potatoes. A roaster which is large enough for a turkey is too large for general daily use.

A knife and a pan or two should be kept exclusively for preparing and cooking onions, as it is very difficult to eradicate the flavor of this vegetable which is so ruinous to sweets, and even to other vegetables, and therefore should never be cooked in a saucepan that is used for anything else.

The refrigerator should be of first-class make, for economizing on a refrigerator seems poor economy. Though the purchase price of a first-class refrigerator may seem high, the cost of running it is much lower than that of one cheaply made,

fireless cooker may never entirely replace the range, but for dishes needing even moderate heat, it is unsurpassed.

A dishwasher is another convenience which is not beyond the average means. It will hold luncheon and dinner dishes overnight, to be washed with the breakfast dishes in the morning. The hands will not need to touch the water and there is no need of drying the dishes.

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is much more than a furniture polish for it cleans as it polishes and acts as a varnish renewer and rejuvenator. It is the Varnish Food. O-Cedar Polish gives a hard, dry, glass-like lustre that does not get gummy or sticky or collect dust.

It is the polish to use for all cleaning and polishing purposes and renewing polish mops.

Most economical to use, for you use half O-Cedar and half water.

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at all drug, hardware, grocery and department stores.

Try a bottle, and remember if O-Cedar is not the most satisfactory polish you ever used your money back without a question.

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Use O-Cedar  
The O-Cedar Polish Way



Wet a piece of cloth in water



Wring it dry



Pour on O-Cedar Polish.



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Polish with a dry cloth



A hard, dry lustre, not gummy or sticky, bringing out the beauty of the grain.





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Write for Dress Shield Booklet showing styles, and ask your dealer for Omo Shields. If you don't find them, send dealer's name and 25c. for Sample Pair Shields, size 3.

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Anna Ayers, 220 No. State St. Chicago WANTED



## The Mother-in-Law of the Bride

[Continued from page 57]

of awe and gratitude and wonder. That is why, if her enthusiasm is met on the threshold by repressed lips and critical eyes, the shock of surprise and disillusionment and hurt pride is so bitter. I have seen mothers-in-law who frankly expected their daughters-in-law to condole with them on the calamity of the latter's irruption into the family; and I must confess that I thought they expected more than could reasonably be asked of human nature.



A SUCCESSFUL MOTHER-IN-LAW CANNOT REBEL

A second grievance, not so openly avowed, but often keenly felt, lies in the fact that sons show a surprisingly strong tendency to bring home brides of a very different type from their mothers and sisters. To my mind, there is much more reason for secret tears over this trick of fate than over the mere inevitable loss and readjustment for which any thinking person ought to be prepared. But here, too, I am rigidly schooling myself to reasonableness and philosophy. If I, for instance, who am rather a bookish, impractical person, am to be presented with one of these literal, unresting, "kitchen-minded" daughters-in-law I have sometimes seen, I admit that my serenity will be sorely tried. But there will be nothing to be gained by rebellion, everything by a cheerful effort to see the best of it.

THE point is, that the vocation of being a mother-in-law absolutely demands an acceptance of a compromise with the facts. One may rebel and refuse to be a successful mother-in-law; but one cannot be a successful mother-in-law and rebel. By the time one is old enough to be eligible for the position, one should have learned to digest profitably unpalatable facts; and I, for one, am getting used in advance to the reflection that, when sons select feminine types very different from the ones with which they are most familiar, they are usually not only yielding to the charm of novelty, but reaching out for something which they want and need, but have hitherto missed. I am taking advantage of my son, while he is young, to imbue him with my own ideals of loveliness and desirability; if I fail, the very failure will prove that either the ideals or my own presentation of

[Concluded on page 75]



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Four tints: pink, white, flesh, brunette. Many keep two tints handy. For evening, white or brunette powder is best. For daylight, flesh or pink is best. For neck and arms, use white. Send us 2c postage to cover the cost of mailing and receive free a sample of Milkweed Cream, of Velveola Souveraine, of Inggram's Rouge, also Zodenta Tooth Powder.

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HAROLD SOMERS  
150 DuKane Ave., Skijon, N.Y.



## The Mother-in-Law of the Bride

[Continued from page 74]

them was inadequate. And, in my case, there is no reason why, when he is old enough to think and feel for himself, he should not add to or modify those ideals.

My observation has led me to believe that it is the mothers who are nearest to their sons, the mothers who are the friends and comrades and confidantes of their boys, who complain the least when they are called upon to share them. And the mothers who weep and droop over "losing" their sons are apt to be the ones who have really had the least of them since their mud-pie days; who have not had the insight into their sons' minds and lives which would enable them to share their real interests, or to make home mean to the big boy or the grown-up man anything but a place to eat and sleep. No wonder they cling pathetically to the mending and bread-making—the external things which give them a semblance of possession of their sons!

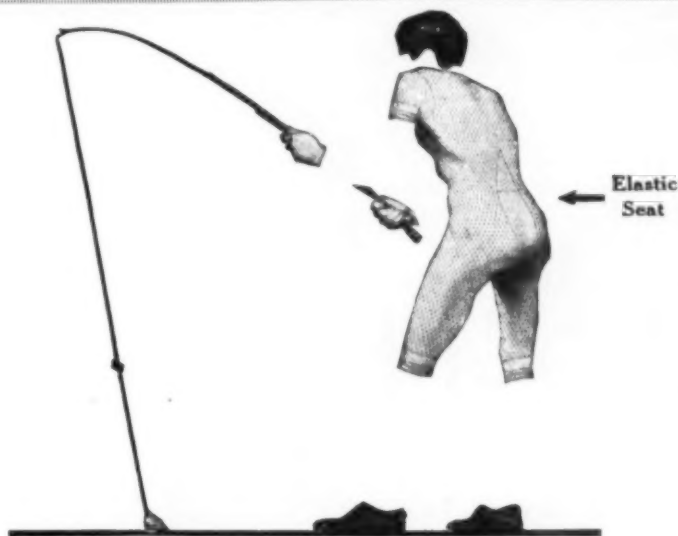
I KNOW one such mother, who feels aggrieved at the usurpation of her daughter-in-law, whose son cannot talk to her for ten consecutive minutes without reaching out instinctively for a newspaper or a magazine. And yet he has a deep and genuine devotion for his mother—exactly as deep and genuine as he had when, before he was married, he used to rush in and out of her house for meals. The interloping wife has taken nothing from her except her share in his day's routine.



WELCOMING THE NEW MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

On the other hand, I think at this moment of two mothers-in-law who are the most shining and beautiful exceptions to the melancholy rule; and both are the mothers of only sons. One of them was a

widow; and the other an invalid, cared for by a son whose love combined worship and affection and easy, good comradeship. These mothers loved their sons not less but more than the mothers who complain so bitterly about "losing" their sons. Their concern for the happiness of those sons filled so much of their hearts that there was no room for jealousy. And both have their reward in the very thing which, above all others, mothers crave: a rare and untiring devotion from both sons and daughters-in-law. So, God helping me, I will love my son.



## Wives and Mothers

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Merely because underwear has "pores" or "holes," please don't think it Chalmers "Porosknit."

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## WHAT GOOD FORM DEMANDS

A Department Devoted to Good Manners and Social Usages

Conducted by VIRGINIA RANDOLPH

THE month preceding Patty's wedding was a busy time for the Livingstone family, as planning and carrying out a large wedding involves many responsibilities. The first consideration to Patty was the choice of her maids—she had decided on six and a matron of honor. As she had a host of friends, this was no easy matter. Finally, however, she decided on five intimate friends, a young sister of her fiancé's making the sixth. As it is the bride's privilege to determine the style of costume her maids will wear, although the gowns are furnished by the maids themselves, Patty gave a pretty luncheon to the girls, and on this occasion told them her plans. It was decided that two of the gowns were to be pink, two pale blue, and two in pale yellow, and all to be worn with tip-tilted, flower-trimmed hats, with ribbon streamers. Each two of the six gowns were to be cut after the same model, and delicate, harmonizing shades of pink, blue and pale yellow were chosen. Patty's sister, as matron of honor, was to wear a more elaborate gown of a deeper pink.

Sweet peas were chosen for the bouquets of the bridal party, rather than the traditional roses, the maids to carry pink shower bouquets in the varying shades; Patty, of course, to carry white. It is the groom's privilege to supply these bouquets for the bride and her maids, but Patty, wise little woman, told the Real Man what to provide.

It is the pretty custom for a bride to give each of her maids some trifling souvenir of the occasion, so at this luncheon Patty presented her maids with dainty fans of lace and mother-of-pearl, to be carried for the first time at the wedding.

The Real Man's closest friend was chosen for best man, but the ushers were selected only after consulting Patty, and several of them were mutual acquaintances. To each of the six ushers the groom presented gloves, a tie, and a scarf-pin. It was also the Real Man's duty to arrange with a clergyman to perform the ceremony, but he consulted Patty as to

her wishes in the matter. Patty and her mother, in the meantime, selected the music, and Mrs. Livingstone arranged with the florist for the decoration of the church. A bank of ferns and palms, with vases of white sweet peas, was to transform the chancel into a mass of beauty, with clusters of the flowers and trailing vines tied along the pews of the middle aisle to outline a floral pathway for the wedding party. An order was left at the same time for buttonhole bouquets, of a single white flower each, to be sent in the bride's name to the best man and the ushers on the day of the wedding.

WHEN the great day of days in Patty's life arrived, the church was opened and the ushers in place at least half an hour before the ceremony. Patty had decided against the plan of reserving certain pews by a white ribbon; but the names of her dearest friends were entrusted to the ushers, and seats reserved for them in the middle aisle. The friends of the bride were placed on the left, those of the groom on the right, as customary.

While the final preparations were being made, and the carriages of the maids were

assembling before the Livingstone home, Mrs. Livingstone and the younger members of the family left for the church, and were taken by the head usher to the first pew on the left of the middle aisle. The groom and his best man were already waiting with the clergyman in the vestry.

When the bridal party arrived, Patty coming last with her

father, the doors of the vestibule were closed and the procession formed in the order it was to march to the altar. Notice was sent to the groom, and, by throwing open the doors to the middle aisle, the head usher gave the signal to the organist, and the wedding march resounded throughout the church.

The clergyman entered from the vestry immediately, followed by the groom and the best man, who took their stand at his left, facing the congregation. At the same time the ushers entered the church

[Concluded on page 77]



NO LONGER PATTY LIVINGSTONE, BUT MRS. WILLIAM CHESTER HILL

## WHAT GOOD FORM DEMANDS

[Continued from page 76]

from the vestibule, walking in twos; then the maids; then the matron of honor, alone; and, last, came Patty on her father's arm.

As the procession reached the top of the chancel steps, it divided, the ushers and maids forming a semi-circle around the altar. The matron of honor stood at Patty's left, a little in front of the maids. The groom advanced a few paces, and Patty took his left arm, while her father dropped back a few paces. When the time came for him to give the bride away, Mr. Livingstone stepped forward and placed Patty's right hand in that of the



AFTER THE CEREMONY

groom, then turned and walked to his place in the pew with Mrs. Livingstone. When the clergyman asked for the ring, Patty drew off her left glove while the best man was producing the ring, and gave glove and bouquet to her matron of honor. Her flowers were handed back to her when the ceremony was over, but she did not resume her glove. As she turned to leave the altar, her sister unpinned the face-piece of her veil, and drew it aside.

THE wedding procession left the altar in exact reversal of the order in which it entered, the bride and groom leading the way, then the matron of honor, then the maids, and, last, the ushers. The best man had already followed the clergyman into the vestry. Hurrying around to the front of the church, he had the carriages in waiting by the time the bride appeared, and the party drove at once to the house for the reception. Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone welcomed the guests, and the bride and groom stood in the drawing-room to receive congratulations, three of the bridesmaids on the bride's right, and three on the groom's left, while the ushers circulated among the guests as informal masters-of-ceremony. Buffet refreshments were served in the dining-room.

*Editor's Note.*—All of us have been placed at times in some unfamiliar situation which has embarrassed or confused us. "What should I do?" we ask ourselves, and this department is planned to answer that question for our readers. Miss Randolph will be glad to reply to all questions which have to do with social usages if a stamped envelope is enclosed.



Resinol Soap is not only unusually cleansing and softening, but its regular use gives to the skin and hair that *natural* beauty of perfect health which even the best of cosmetics can only imitate. Resinol Soap does this, too, without drawing one extra moment from the already overcrowded time of the woman of today.

The soothing, restoring influence that makes this possible is the *Resinol* which this soap contains and which physicians have prescribed for years in the care of skin and scalp troubles. This also makes Resinol Soap excellent for the delicate skin of infants and children.

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*Resinol Shaving Stick* also contains the Resinol balsams, making it most agreeable to men with tender faces. A trial will be sent on request.

The Gift Acceptable for  
June Brides and Graduates

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Style No. 815 — purest silk thread — no adulterants — our special wearproof process for heel, toe and sole — beautiful sheen — \$1.00. At 8000 dealers. Get them at your Black Cat dealer or write



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#### The Adventure of the Desert Island

[Continued from page 59]

They called and shouted, and beat through the brush on all sides, but there was no sign of the deserters. Finally, Jinks caught sight of something moving along the river bank and he ran down there. What he saw made him stop at the edge of the trees and call to Betty. There was a huge turtle crawling along the river bank, and sitting calmly on his back was Robin Hood, while trotting docilely along behind was the sheep.

But Jinks waited too long. The commotion he made evidently startled the turtle and he waddled into the water and swam off down the middle of the river, with Robin Hood still peacefully surveying the landscape from his back. But, what was worse, the sheep waded in, too, and floundered along after.

Jinks stood on the bank in despair. What should he do? Betty, laboriously carrying Billy, was beside him now, and they looked at each other in dismay. What if Robin Hood and the sheep were drowned!

"I guess we'd better run along the bank, and perhaps somebody'll get 'em out for us," said Betty. Jinks took Billy from her, and they started off. Harper, inquisitive, trotted along after them.

Robin Hood was an eighth of a mile ahead of them when they heard a shout from across the river. It was Betty's father driving the wagon along the road. At the sudden noise the turtle dove, and Robin Hood was left stranded in the water. He flopped helplessly for a moment, while Betty, far behind, held her breath. Then, instinctively, he paddled with his legs, and was surprised to find they pushed him through the water. Two minutes later, the sheep beside him, he was shaking himself on the bank near Mr. Ramsay.

Not until then did Betty think of what her father might say to her about Billy. She was suddenly glad that it was such a warm day. My, how she wished she had not set out to find a desert island! Her blanket and best clothes rolled around in the mud; Billy out all day without his clothes, and his mother probably frightened to death; Robin Hood and the sheep almost drowned in the river: it was a terrible list to contemplate. Now, with her father near, she wondered how she could ever have been such a very, very bad girl.

*The Children's Editor Talks to Her Boys and Girls.—I hope you'll have a great deal of fun making broom-straw boxes and arrows, as the Cut-out Lady tells you to on page 25. In July there will be a new cut-out, and a jolly Jinks-and-Betty story telling how Robin Hood Discovers His Shadow. Your letters are always welcome. Address Miss Reed, The Children's Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th St., New York City.*

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE.

## AT THE END OF THE PATH

[Continued from page 15]

cake-plate on a very high stem held four leathery fried eggs. Evidently he had cooked his food for the day.

At last, the little table was spread. She walked to the window; he was not in sight. An old coat hung at the side of the sill. Gail leaned her head against it and sniffed eagerly at the mingled odor of tobacco, and earth, and printer's ink.

Gail stepped out onto the white stone and called. She raised her hand to shade her eyes from the bright sunlight and looked out through the clearing. A rustle, the trees opened; he stepped out of the woods and came toward the little shack. Half-way through the clearing, he stopped and stood staring. Gail lowered her hand and called warningly: "If you don't hurry, our—" And then stopped abruptly at the expression on his face.

The collie sprang to meet him, but he pushed it impatiently aside and strode on to the door. As Gail started to precede him into the shack, he caught her hand. "Before this," he began eagerly, "I've always called and you came, and I never understood why my heart seemed to leap when you stood near my desk. But if you had only ever called before, I would have known. Why, Gail—why—Gail, dear!"

For two large tears had raced down her cheeks and fallen onto his hand. "I didn't know you wanted me to," she half sobbed. "And I was so tired and lonely. I almost made myself love someone else."

He caught her eagerly in his arms. "I didn't know either," he confessed. "It was the call, dear—don't you understand? You hear it in these woods—they're full of it. I come here every year just to listen to it. Mother used to call me at this very doorway; and every time when I came through the clearing, I dreamed of the time when some one like you would call me in the same way. Out West, I used to go past the miners' huts just to hear the women call their men from work, and I longed and longed for my dream girl to call me; and then I almost missed her, but now you—we—"

She put her arms suddenly around him, and looked deep into his eyes to be sure that he really loved her; the next minute she hushed his lips with hers. After a time, the collie growled jealously, and they, remembering, entered the shack.

The man looked at the white-covered table; at the orderly arrangement of the willow dishes—his mother's dishes; at the pile of smoking wheat-cakes. His eyes lighted up. "Gail Denny," he said, "behold the opportunity for a life experiment with the mysteries of the housewife's page."

"An assignment?" she questioned.

He nodded.

"I'll take it!"



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## GRANDMOTHER'S HOOKED RUGS

[Continued from page 23]

The design for the rug should be traced upon a light-weight cardboard, then all the different forms cut out accurately with scissors, and placed upon the burlap, which should be about an inch and a half larger on each of the four sides than you wish the rug to be when completed. With a pointed bristle brush and some diluted bluing, mark around the edge of each shape, and the design will be drawn on the foundation.

By this method of transferring the design, even stock designs may be made the individual creation of the maker of the rug, as wholly new effects can be obtained by placing different parts nearer together, or farther apart, or by transposing them in various fashions.

The best rug designs consist of borders, plain or decorated centers, and bands of plain colors of varying widths. A corner design and one or more conventionalized figures, called units, repeated at regular intervals between the corners, usually compose the borders. The outer edge of the rug should have a band of plain color, and this can be indicated on the burlap foundation by drawing a straight line. Next, arrange the cardboard forms for the corners, and mark around them, placing the units you have chosen between. Do this on all four sides of the rug, and the border design will be completed. If ornament is to be used in the center of the rug, find the central point, and transfer the design in the same way.

The burlap is now ready to be tacked on the frame. In doing it, be especially careful that the threads are straight with the edge of the frame, as the work cannot be straightened when finished if the foundation is twisted. Double your inch-and-a-half margin several times before putting in the tacks, so that they will be held by several thicknesses of the cloth. The frame is long enough for an ordinary-sized rug, but not for the width of one. On the fourth side of your frame, therefore, double your extra material several times and tack through it. When you have finished working the section held by the frame, you can then remove all tacks and shift the rug, tacking then through the finished section of rug.

The flannel for the filling should be cut into strips somewhat less than a quarter of an inch wide, although a wider strip can be used in large spaces. In fact, a little change in width gives variety to the finished work. Strips about a yard long will be found a convenient length, and a yard and a half of flannel will make about one square foot of rug.

When your burlap has been carefully fastened to the frame and you are ready to begin, hold a strip of flannel in the

[Concluded on page 81]

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## GRANDMOTHER'S HOOKED RUGS

[Continued from page 80]

left hand under the burlap; and with the right pass the hook down through the burlap and draw the flannel up in a loop. Repeat, setting the loops as close together as possible, so that there will be only a few threads of the burlap between the places where the hook is inserted.

Work until the middle of the frame is reached, then turn it around and work from the middle toward the nearest edge. The worker will find no such custom prevails, as in sewing, of always going in the one direction; and after a little practise one should be able to go from right to left, left to right, or up or down with equal ease.

The loops should stand about one-half inch above the burlap; but, even with the greatest care, there will be a slight variation in their length. This, however, will lend only a pleasant variety to the finished rug, as the long ends can be cut and the shorter ones left in their original loops. When a piece in the frame is finished, cut the surface with long-bladed shears, placing the left hand under the burlap, and slightly raising the finished work.

To make the back of the rug even and neat, draw the ends of each strip of flannel through the burlap to the right side, where they can be cut to the same length as the loops. When the entire rug is completed, turn back the burlap at the edge, and hem with linen thread. Then bind with braid, and line the whole rug with figured burlap.

Each worker in hooked rugs will discover many little devices of her own which will improve the appearance of the rug and make the work easier. For instance, to form narrow lines, loops may be set end to end, instead of side by side, and, also, an end can be utilized to form a tapering point in the design. For plain centers and wide plain bands the strips should be cut somewhat wider.

Of course, there are hooked rugs and hooked rugs, just as there are people and people; but if any artistic judgment is exercised in planning the rug, and the work itself done skilfully, there need be no limitations set upon its beauty. They add a certain individual touch to the home, especially if designed and created by the owner herself, that no manufactured product could ever attain.

*Editor's Note.*—Perforated patterns of the rug designs illustrated, with stamping material, will be furnished for 15 cents each. Order by the number shown under illustrations, as Design No. 1, Design No. 2, etc. After the perforated pattern has been stamped on the burlap, the lines can be gone over with diluted bluing, if necessary, to strengthen them. Address The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



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## A SENIOR-JUNIOR FAREWELL FROLIC

By ELEANOR OTIS

**S**UPPOSE you were a Senior, just about to embark on the voyage of life, and the Juniors sent you an invitation which read:

Three Fates, three Fates, sitting in a row,  
All the present, all the past, all the future show.  
If you wish to hear it, be it weal or woe,  
Come at eight, on Friday, and your future know—

would you not be sure to keep that eight-o'clock engagement at any cost?

June is here, bringing with it graduation and separation, and many a Junior class is planning a farewell party for the Seniors. To make such an affair go off smoothly, the Junior class should appoint an invitation committee to make and send the invitations, an entertainment committee to plan and direct the fun, and a refreshment committee to attend to the menu and serving. The class as a whole should constitute itself a committee-at-large to see that every guest has a good time. The entertainment may be given in the school assembly-hall, with the class president and entertainment committee forming a receiving line inside the entrance door.

For the invitations, trace on white correspondence cards heads such as those of the three witches from *Macbeth*. Write the rhyme beneath; in one corner, the place and time for the entertainment; and in the other a request that each Senior bring with her a relic of childhood, marked plainly with her name.

The decorations for the party should, of course, be in the colors of the Junior class. If these happen to be old-rose and green, the month of June will prove especially gracious, since it is rose-time, and the woods will furnish greenery to bank the window and tie in clusters on the chandelier. However, if natural flowers cannot be had, use a dado of green cheese-cloth topped with a garland of pink paper roses, with artificial roses in festoons about the room.

The fun begins with prophecies, for every young person loves a glimpse into the future. Three Juniors represent the Fates, and before them is placed a basket heaped with the relics of childhood brought by the Seniors. Balls and bats, broken slates, and eyeless dolls, one by one they are held up and a prophecy woven about them, while the laughing group of Seniors try to guess who is be-

ing described. The first Fate describes the owner's babyhood in glowing terms; the second gives a brief sketch of her school record, while the third Fate depicts a splendid future. The Fates have agreed on their prophecies beforehand, have studied the best points of each Senior, and paint their word-portraits in such roscate hues that those of whom they speak are touched, amused, and secretly inspired to live up to these friendly forecasts.

**F**OR the next game, the Juniors have prepared booklets of eight sheets of white cardboard tied together with the class colors, the front sheet decorated with the class flower. On this page is also written the verses from *As You Like It* (Act II, Scene 7), beginning:

"And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages."

On the seven sheets the seven ages are illustrated: "the infant in his nurse's arms", "the schoolboy with his shining morning face", and so on. If you do not know how to draw, that

merely makes the contest merrier; and when the papers are collected and pinned against a sheet, it will be a sight to bring smiles from the soberest Senior.

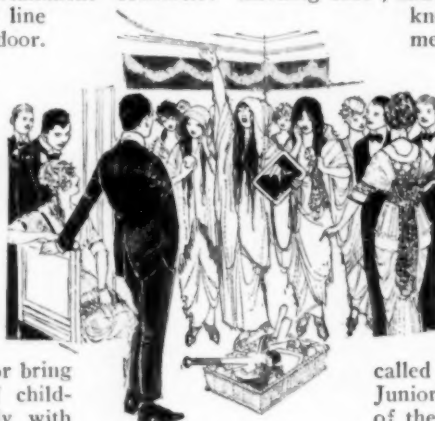
Another novel amusement of a prophetic nature which will be greatly enjoyed by the Seniors is

called Bubbles of Fate. A Junior standing at one end of the room sends a cluster of soap-bubbles into the air, and each Senior, with a fan,

tries to blow one of the bubbles over a ribbon-marked goal some twelve feet away. Those whose bubbles arrive safely will have good luck all that year; and as a foretaste of the happiness to come, the girls draw for a bluebird hat-pin, the boys for a scarf-pin in horseshoe form.

As this is a farewell party, favors are in order. The chairs are placed against the wall, and the lights extinguished. The Seniors are now told that Wealth, Beauty, Love, and Woe are in the room, and that as a Senior catches one of these strange visitors he will receive a token of his future life, and must then seek no further. Four Juniors in noiseless slippers slip about the room, dodging the Seniors, who catch each other as often as they do the Juniors. The room remains in absolute stillness, save for a smothered laugh

[Concluded on page 83]



FACING THE FATES



## A Senior-Junior Farewell Frolic

[Continued from page 82]

now and then, and as a Senior seizes one of the four strangers, he receives in silence a small package. He is then out of the game and takes his seat against the wall. When every Senior has met his fate and received his gift, the lights are turned on, and amidst a happy hubbub of voices the mysterious packages are opened. Beauty has given small mirrors, which please the girls immensely; Wealth has distributed tiny coin purses; and Love is symbolized by pretty heart-shaped picture-frames, just the size to hold a snapshot of your chum. Woe, however, proves the pleasantest surprise, for he has donated generous boxes of candy, tied with gray ribbon faced with silver to typify the proverbial silver lining, and bearing this legend from the Juniors, "May friendship sweeten all your woes".



JUNIORS IN BABY CLOTHES IMPERSONATE  
THE PAST

THE Junior class president then announces that refreshments will be served in an adjoining room by the Past, the Present, and the Future, and the company troops off gaily on his trail. At the first of three tables sit two Juniors dressed in long white baby dresses and wearing baby caps. These reminders of the Past serve milk (delicious charlotte russe) and teething-rings (ring-shaped cookies covered with white icing and decorated with tiny bells). Two Juniors in every-day costume preside over the table of the Present, where a salad is being served—for are not school-days our salad days? At the third table the Future is impersonated by Juniors with powdered hair and spectacles. "Tea and toast" their offerings are innocuously called, but if the tea be transformed into fruit punch, and the toast resemble cheese crispets, why, who can say but that twentieth-century elders will thrive on such dainties?

*Editor's Note.*—All of us like to strike an original note in our entertaining. Miss Otis, our Entertainment Editor, is bubbling over with ideas for every kind of a party, luncheon, dinner, or other form of entertainment you could possibly want. She will be glad to offer suggestions by mail if a stamped, self-addressed envelope accompanies your inquiry.

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Ask the salesgirl to pour a little Mennen's Violet Talcum Toilet Powder into your hand.

Its delicate, flowery odor will make you long to use it—to make its dainty, lingering fragrance an attribute of your own personality.

Rub it in with your fingers and note how it completely disappears, at the same time eliminating any "shiny" appearance of the skin.

Note its remarkable smoothness and downy softness—the absence of lumpy and gritty particles.

Remember that this is the same powder which has made the name of Mennen famous for 30 years; the original borated talcum, with the exquisite perfume of fresh violets added.

The solution of boric acid which Mennen's contains makes it cleansing, soothing, healing and antiseptic. Hence it is a grateful and efficient relief from skin irritations and affections—especially those due to the action of the sun and wind.

For sale everywhere, 25c, or by mail postpaid. Sample postpaid for 4c. State whether you wish the Violet Scented, or the Borated. Address: Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

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## Beautify the Complexion

SURELY, QUICKLY

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The Supreme Beauty Requisite  
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Leaves the skin clear, soft, healthy. Directions and guarantee in package. By toilet counters or mail, two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. Address Dept. M.

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Meet fashion's demands.

Match all shades of hair. Made in France of a superior quality of silk, double extra twisted.

### Invisible CARMEN Hair Nets

are made in two styles—with elastic cord, with knotted ends. Sold at popular prices by leading merchants everywhere.

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Fit  
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## Ivers & Pond PIANOS

embody the best features of half a century's experience in piano building—plus the latest ideas of the day. Over 400 Leading Educational Institutions and 55,000 discriminating homes now use the Ivers & Pond. Write for our new (free) catalogue, showing the latest tendencies in fine piano designing.

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At Most Every Store Catalogue on Request

**WISE BROTHERS**

64 Leonard Street, New York City

## Saucy Tilts to the Summer Hats

[Continued from page 28]

band of the ribbon from the right side across the top of the hat to the bandeau under the left side, and let the end hang in a long streamer. About two dozen of the roses will form a sufficient mass to fill in the tilted side of the hat.

Another hat which is of the same general style, but quite different in effect, although just as chic, can be made from your last summer's leghorn (Figs. 2 and 3). It is known as the "Ninich". Rip brim from crown, lay it on a circle of paper, and with a pencil outline the head size. Remove brim and cut away paper inside the oval you have just drawn. Draw a second oval outside the first, at a distance of two and three-quarter inches in front, four inches at the back, and three inches at each side. Cut around this outline, and you will have the pattern for your new brim. Lay this pattern on the brim of your leghorn, and turn the edge of hat brim back to the line of the pattern, basting it in place. Cover with a wet cloth, press with a hot iron, and trim the edge so as to have an even half-inch straw facing all around. Make



FIG. 6—SHOWING SHAPE OF BANDEAU

the crown by cutting off enough of the original leghorn crown to leave only two inches of side crown, and sew this low crown to the head-size line of the brim. The bandeau should be the same shape as the one for the first hat, and should measure four and one-half inches at the deepest point and one inch at the opposite point. The deepest part of the bandeau should be at the back, so that the hat tilts up high in back and over the face. The brim of this model is covered with the new horsehair lace, put on in two overlapping rows. A wreath of mignonette is placed around the head-size, and the bandeau is covered with a roll of maline and a huge bow of the same. The band of velvet which goes over top of hat near the back is brought down under the chin and tied at one side.

A slightly different type of hat, but one which would be very becoming for a face that demands soft, indefinite lines, can be made of Brussels cotton net over a wire frame (Fig. 4). You will remember our lessons on making wire shapes. In cutting the wire, the head-size should be twenty-four inches long, the eight spokes four and one-half inches, and edge wire fifty-one inches. The back spoke, right-side-back spoke, left-side-back and left-side spokes curve upward; all the rest slant on straight lines downward. To make the net puffing to cover

[Concluded on page 35]



## Music Lessons At Home With Masters

You can easily and quickly master music during spare time, at home, with little expense, under America's greatest teachers. Clear progressive lessons, illustrated with photographs showing correct positions. Weekly examinations make the work absolutely individual. Courses in **Piano** for Students and Teachers, by Sherwood; **Pipe Organ**, by Clarence Eddy; **Harmony, Voice Culture with Phonograph, Cornet, History, Analysis and Appreciation of Music, Public School Music, Violin, Reed Organ, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar and Choral Conducting**. Over 100,000 students. Satisfaction guaranteed. Courses endorsed by Paderewski, Damrosch, Moszkowski, Sauer, Sousa, Dr. Gunsaulus and others. Send for Beautiful **80-Page Free Art Catalog**, containing complete information, photographs and biographies of our Faculty and other great musicians, sample lessons, and Dictionary of Musical Terms. Whether interested in music for pleasure, culture, social prestige or professional success you need this catalog. Give age, particulars of musical education and ambitions, also which course interests you. We will then send catalog and details of our remarkable Scholarship Offer.

**SIEGEL-MYERS**  
Correspondence School of Music  
356 Siegel-Myers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## WEST FLAT HOOK & EYE

Lies perfectly flat  
Will not crush  
Will not rust  
Will not come unhooked  
Easiest to sew on

Package of 24  
Hooks and 10c  
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Ask your dealer or send

10c to the  
**West Electric Hair Curler Co.**  
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**West Electric Hair Curler Co.**  
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Guaranteed for one year. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. H.

W. Price sold 60 boxes in 12 hours. Mrs. Fields 100 pairs on one street. O.

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Not for sale in stores. A hosiery proposition that beats them all. Big money sure.

A chance of a lifetime. Write quick for terms and samples.

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Write me and I will send you without charge a little booklet, which will tell you how you can be quickly and permanently cured of your speech troubles. I stammered nearly twenty years and cured myself. Send stamp for postage.

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Old Way Cumfy Way

**Supreme comfort—every minute—that's what the "Can't-Slip" shoulder straps in the Cumfy-Cut**

Vest means to the wearer. The "Can't-Slip" feature (Pat. Jan. 19, 1909) is accomplished by setting the straps well in toward the center.

In the Cumfy-Cut, you are conscious of radiant ease, so much in contrast with the slipping, twisting straps of the past.

And more, the Cumfy-Cut, through its perfection of fit, assures added beauty to the appearance of your gowns. In many styles, beautifully trimmed, 15c, 25c, 50c, upward. At all dealers. Insist on the Cumfy-Cut and look for the trade-mark label.

Cumfy-Cut Union Suits, with the "Can't-Slip" straps and other new features, are a revelation to union suit wearers. Ask to see them.

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Not greasy or sticky. Simple and easy to apply and cannot be detected. Try it for

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3 Colors: White, Pink, Rose-Red.

Price 75c. per bottle of either color.

Sold by all dealers, or sent, charges prepaid, on receipt of price by the proprietors.

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**Sun SELF HEATING Irons**

Are a boon to man and womankind. No electric wires or gas hose in the way, no coils, no batteries, no expensive fuel, no dirt, no muss, no ashes, no pains, no scorched clothes, no burned hands, when you use "The Iron that Sizzles." (It heats itself.)

Write for prices and descriptive "SUN" Iron Folder. We want a man or woman capable of earning a good salary to represent us in every community. Dealers should write us at once for our introductory proposition.

**SUN MFG. CO., 606 Kay St., South Bend, Ind.**

## Saucy Tilts to the Summer Hats

[Continued from page 84]

this wire brim, cut a strip of net ten inches wide, and about sixty-five inches long. Shirr it on each long edge. Distributing the gathers evenly, sew one shirred edge to the head-size on top of the brim, and sew the other shirred edge to the head-size under the brim. Be careful not to draw the net tight over the edge wire. It ought to fall loosely on the frame. The crown is cut a Tam shape, fifteen by fourteen inches, of double net. The edge is turned a little and shirred. The shirr thread is drawn right around the head-size of the brim, the fullness is evenly distributed, and the crown sewed neatly to the net brim.

A combination of French blue moiré ribbon and light purple lilacs with écu net is very effective for this hat. The ribbon, for which two and one-half yards, six inches wide, is enough, is laid across the top of the hat slightly toward the front and tied in a double knot near the edge under the brim at the back, leaving the long ends to hang down. The lilacs—three sprays are sufficient—can be tacked carelessly on the band of ribbon on top of the frame.

*Editor's Note.*—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. This department will contain, from time to time, clear instructions in every branch of home millinery; while letters submitting special problems will be gladly answered by Mrs. Tobey by mail if stamped envelope is enclosed.

## A New Era for the Blind

[Continued from page 13]

who are sighted must know this: Companionship with the blind is not what the blind need, but companionship with folks in general. We who are still struggling with the impressions of seventeen years ago must go to the children who are being trained together, sighted and sightless, to learn our lesson.

"Hurry up, bind your eyes!" ordered one small girl on the playground to her seeing playmate, "bind them quick, so you can play blind-man's buff with me."

*Editor's Note.*—This article has a serious purpose behind it, and is an expression of our desire to help where help is needed. We have gathered information from every state in the Union as to the special opportunities open to the blind in each. We have also enlisted the services of men and women at the head of work for the blind. Requests for information or advice from those who are blind or interested in the blind will be given the benefit of the information on file in our office and the consideration of these skilled workers. Address, Editor, Department for the Blind, McCall's Magazine.



**The Key To Quick Dressing**

Koh-i-noor makes it easy to fasten your own gown. Snap! Snap! Snap!—it's done in half a minute. No hooks to catch in loops of lace or thread. No eyes that play hide and seek. No need to bother "hubby"!

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DRESS FASTENER  
Pat. Waldeespring

makes a smooth, flat seam and stays fastened. Can't rust, pull off in wringer or tear the finest fabric. 13 sizes, black and white, 11c card of 12 everywhere.

Write for book of premiums given for coupons on the cards

**Waldees & Co., Makers, 135 Fifth Ave., N.Y.**  
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Look for the Letters K.I.N

## A Dainty Garment For Slender Women

An exquisite bit of lingerie. Light, Refined. The new FRONT OPENING model of

**THE Shirr Ruffle**

It produces the beautiful contour and flowing curves of Nature without suggesting its presence. A complete corset cover, brassière and figure builder combined. Ruffles draw out flat to launder and hold their fluffiness from one washing to another.

Look for this label on every garment.

**THE SHIRR-RUFFLE CO., 223 E. Spring St., Lima, O.**

# CHILDREN WILL HAVE



## CUTICURA SOAP

Because of its soothing emollient properties in all cases of irritation of the skin and scalp, especially when assisted by light touches of Cuticura Ointment, a fragrant, super-creamy emollient.

### Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

## Sheeting that is really waterproof

Make a bag of Stork Sheeting. Fill it with water. Hang it up and leave it for days. Then examine it. There will not be a drop of water on the floor—the bag will not even be wet on the outside.

Besides being waterproof, Stork Sheeting is free from rubber, which induces perspiration. Your baby is cool and comfortable—yet his bed is well protected.

It is the original, genuine Waterproof Sheeting; the one endorsed by doctors and nurses; more Stork is sold than any other kind.

The word Stork is our registered trademark. It cannot be applied, lawfully, to any product not manufactured by The Stork Co. Don't let any unscrupulous dealer trade upon the reputation of Stork. Don't allow him to sell you ordinary waterproof sheeting and pants when you ask for Stork. For your own protection, look for the Stork trademark. If your dealer hasn't genuine Stork, send direct to The Stork Co., Dept. 6-R, Boston, Mass.



## Going to College on a Scholarship

[Continued from page 19]

not be discouraged. The difficulties can be overcome, as a young Connecticut girl demonstrated last year. There is no State university in Connecticut nor is there any appropriation for scholarship endowments at any of the privately endowed universities, as Janie Deming very well knew. Her father had found that out for her the year before. In any case, Janie wanted to go to one of the strictly women's colleges. Because she had a brother in Yale, Janie was posted as to the existence of scholarships, and she decided that she would write for catalogs to every one of the women's colleges, and would try for whichever one had scholarships for the freshman year. She knew her father could not afford to pay her tuition for even the first year. When the catalogs came, she discovered that practically all gave scholarships in some form or other, but she decided on Smith as the one she would rather attend. It offered scholarships to a certain number of girls who should pass the best entrance examinations. She wrote to the secretary of the president accordingly, as the catalog directed her to do, giving her records at high school, her references, and expressing, most of all, her keen desire to have a college education. A little later she had a personal interview with one of the college deans, whom she discovered to be a most sympathetic person, and who wanted her to come to college almost as badly as she wanted to go herself. The upshot of it was that Janie studied very hard all that summer, feeling that the loss of her vacation would be more than made up by the acquiring of a college scholarship; and when the time for the examination came, she took it and passed with high honors.

In Nevada, which, like Connecticut, has no State appropriation for college educations for its most promising young citizens, the club women of the State have interested themselves in the matter and have raised almost fifteen hundred dollars, from which they have founded scholarships for promising girl students who need assistance in order to carry on their college work. The awards are based on the student's character and scholarship.

In fact, there is no state in the union in which some way is not provided by which its sons and daughters, provided they are determined enough, can have a college education.

Just how scholarships can be procured, such as were held by Sallie Harper, Janie Deming, and the others mentioned, is a matter for the individual youth or maiden to find out, and depends more or less upon the part of the country in which he or she lives. The principal of the local high school may know of several scholar-

[Concluded on page 87]

## MODENE

HAIR ON  
FACE  
NECK  
AND  
ARMS

INSTANTLY  
REMOVED  
WITHOUT  
INJURY TO  
THE MOST  
DELICATE SKIN



IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It Cannot Fail. If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied over and over again.

Modene surpasses Electrolysis  
Used by people of refinement and recommended by all who have tested its merits.

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To educate your children, support a family, pay off a mortgage, buy a home, or dress better? Then do as thousands of others are doing. Make money selling World's Star Hosiery and Klean Knit Underwear in your home town.

No previous experience is necessary. We show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. Two lady agents began in their home town in California and each made over

**\$3,000 FIRST YEAR**

We sell direct from the mill to the home, eliminating the middleman's profit, thereby giving better value for the money. Our lines for men, women and children are famous the world over. We have in 18 years grown to be the largest concern in the world manufacturing and selling knit goods direct to the consumer.

Agents wanted in every town. It is a permanent, pleasant and profitable business. Write today for our free catalog. We protect agents in territory and make prompt delivery.

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So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shapeless self speedily returning I know you will buy it. Try it at my expense. Write to-day.  
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**BREM BROS., Erie, Pa., Dept. 20.**





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*Latest Effects in Coiffures*  
showing all the **DAINTY,**  
**DIGNIFIED** and **DAR-**  
**ING STYLES** of the  
season.

Ask for Summer "Fancies" and  
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Ladies visiting Chicago may  
have their own hair made **Natur-**  
**ally Curly** by the **Nestle Process**.  
We are the **Agents for America**  
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and also to teach this wonderful  
process. Write for information.

### SWITCHES

(Straight Hair)	(Wavy Hair)
1½ oz. 18-in. \$1.00	1½ oz. 20-in. \$2.00
2 oz. 20-in. 1.35	1½ oz. 22-in. 3.00
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5 oz. 26-in. 4.95	Special 30-in.
4 oz. 30-in. 10.45	Wavy Switch, 8.00

Ask for Our Special \$5.00 Switch.

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Specialty. Send for Measurement Chart.

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A new complexion  
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A Lady's delight.  
The E. Burnham Illus-  
trated Lessons teach  
everything we do in  
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SEND FOR FREE  
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Give your poor, tired burning feet a chance.  
Stop the irritation of that constant suffer-  
ing. Take the sting out of  
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DeLyte shoes and forget that  
you have feet. Soft, seamless,  
as easy as a stocking. Made  
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with noiseless, flexible  
soles and rubber heels.  
Adapted to street  
and house wear.



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and oxfords, black *Durée Kid* or  
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**Home Butter Maker**

**Works Like Magic.** Nothing ever like it.  
Changes in a minute one pound  
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woman who sees it wants one. Won-  
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Write today for terms and territory.

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Quickly Removed by  
**"HARWOOD'S  
FRECKLE  
CREAM"**

Protects skin from sun and wind.  
Price 35c per jar. Freckle Book and  
Beauty Information Free. Write us.  
Harwood Laboratories, Dept. 1113, Aurora, Ill.



## Going to College on a Scholarship

[Continued from page 86]

ships in different colleges which are open  
to his most promising students, and he  
will also be able to mention the various  
universities and colleges from which the  
prospective student will want to choose his  
future *alma mater*. If the State itself  
supports a university—such as Michigan  
does at Ann Arbor; Wisconsin, at Madi-  
son; Iowa, at Iowa City—there will be no  
difficulty about the tuition, as that will be  
free in any case; but the student can  
apply to the president of the college to  
find out what possibilities there are for  
a scholarship to cover his living expenses.

If there is no state university, appli-  
cations for information as to possible  
scholarships might be made to the Com-  
missioner of Education in the student's  
own state, or to the president of any  
privately-endowed university which the  
student wishes to attend, whether this  
university is situated in his own state or  
elsewhere in the country.

But, whatever the source of the schol-  
arship, it is never given except on the one  
basis—the unusual ability and capacity for  
work of the student. A scholarship  
demands that the applicant have a high-  
school diploma or its equivalent, and  
that he shall have stood among the  
highest in his class for those four pre-  
liminary years. It demands that he have  
health and energy, and that his whole  
record show a promise of achievement  
that will repay the State or the institution  
for choosing him from among thousands  
and allowing him four years more of  
expert training.

*Editor's Note.*—Following out our  
warm desire to be of personal help in  
every undertaking of our readers, we  
have made an exhaustive investigation as  
to college scholarships open to brilliant,  
hard-working young men and women. It  
should be remembered that the mere de-  
sire for a college education, no matter  
how earnest and worthy this may be, has  
no weight in securing a scholarship. There  
must be a fine school record behind the  
applicant, and evidences of real ability.  
Miss Reed will be glad to answer any  
question as to the requirements of specific  
colleges, and to give advice and sugges-  
tions where they are desired. Address  
your letters: Miss Reed, Educational De-  
partment, McCall's Magazine, 236 West  
57th Street, New York City.

ABRAHAM GOLDSTEIN, receiving some  
passes, took his son Lewie to the theater,  
and was given the front row in the bal-  
cony. The play was so thrilling, Lewie  
leaned over the railing and fell down-  
stairs. His father almost had heart fail-  
ure, and leaning far over, he cried out:  
"For God's sake, Lewie, come back. It  
costs money down there."



## That Won't end Corns

That liquid, that plas-  
ter—based on old ideas—  
won't terminate a corn.

Don't try it. Your druggist  
has a new way—the scientific  
**Blue-jay**. It is so efficient, so  
easy, so painless that it now  
removes a million corns a month.

The way is this: Apply **Blue-**  
**jay** at night—it takes only a moment.  
From that time on the corn will  
cease to pain.

Forget the corn for two days, then  
simply lift it out.

**Blue-jay** loosens the corn. In  
48 hours you can remove it without  
any pain or soreness. Folks have  
proved that, up to date, on sixty  
million corns.

Stop paring corns. Stop the old-  
time treatments. End your corns  
forever in this simple, easy way.

Try it on one corn.

## Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

**Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York**  
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

A new dust-proof package that keeps  
braid or ribbon unsmudged to the end.

### Self-Threading Bodkin

**FAQUALITY**

Silk Lingerie Mercerized  
Ribbon Lingerie Braid

The bodkin comes attached, ready-threaded. By re-  
placing in holder after using, it is automatically re-threaded  
for next time. This perfect package contains 10 yds.  
fine, washable lingerie braid, or 5 yds. fancy  
silk ribbon. All stores, or mailed for **10c**

Mention if braid or ribbon is  
desired, also color—white,  
pink or  
light blue.

THE F-A MFG. CO.  
1908 Courtland St., Philada.

Self-Threading Bodkin



### When you serve iced tea this Summer—

—you can make it *look* as delicious as it tastes if you serve it in Heisey's Glassware.

**HEISEY'S**  
**GLASSWARE**


Is so artistic in design, so clear and sparkling, that it adds an unusual charm to the serving of even the simplest refreshments.

Dealers everywhere have the set shown above, with as many glasses as you wish, and other equally attractive designs at a cost so moderate that it will surprise you.

See that this  mark is on all the glassware you buy. It means high quality without high price. Send for illustrated booklet, "Table Glass and How to Use It." See how wide a choice you have in beautiful designs for summer table service.

**A. H. HEISEY & CO.**  
Dept. 32 Newark, Ohio  
ON EVERY PIECE





**Cake Secrets FREE**  
36-Page Book

Contains many cake recipes, thoroughly tried and tested, also valuable hints on cake baking. One woman writes us: "I learned more about cake making from 'Cake Secrets' than from any other book." Write today for this book.


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**PREPARED CAKE FLOUR**

Not Self-Rising

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Makes Lightest, Finest, Whitest Cakes and Puddings, keeping qualities just as good in July as December. Endorsed and used for 16 years by best cooking teachers. Sold by leading grocers in clean, sanitary packages. If you cannot get it, write us.

**ICLEHEART BROS.**  
Dept. R Evansville, Ind., U.S.A.



## DISCIPLINING TEACHER

[Continued from page 10]

melting flakes of snow that made her think somehow of tears, the grayness crept into her heart and clung. Why not? Life seemed suddenly tasteless. Was anything really worth while, work, ideals? Why not just drift? She could marry Ravenel and do very well in a worldly sense—and there was no one to care what she did.

A sudden apathy came upon her, an indifference to everything. What matter if she failed in her examination. Wasn't life a failure, sometimes?

She could not know what Harland had been fighting in those brief moments of their interview, the sudden storm of emotion that swept over, almost mastered him, when she came unexpectedly into his doorway. It had taken every inch of self-control to mask it. So he had spoken coldly, with grave severity. Now, alone

her smiling at Ravenel he knew definitely he loved her—and, knowing, smiled bitterly at the folly of that first struggle. As though anything as bright and sweet as she could look at a great clumsy creature like himself. He had the shy man's terrible clarity of vision where he himself was concerned, and he abased himself in the comparison beyond all need.

SO NOW the battle was to save himself needless pain, to forget, to avoid with genuine reason, and after every chance encounter it had been all to do over again. But of one thing, he told himself wearily, he was sure to-day. There could never have been any hope for him. She had treated him like an automaton, a figure of routine!

The examinations came on apace, but Helena approached them with languor.



"IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I DO," SHE SAID FORLORNLY

in his office, he paced back and forth in bitter restlessness.

The struggle had dated from that night of his call. At first he had fought against himself, for it seemed to him that in the narrow rigid way he had set for himself there was no place for this light-hearted trifter. She was lovely and attractive, but not serious-minded enough. Laughter lay too often on her lips; her eyes looked too lightly at life and its duties. If she could have been like Miss Shiffney of the faculty, his ideal in efficiency, in executive, in gravity. And then he would remember her smile and see Miss Shiffney's plain, inanimate face—no, he would not want to have her like Miss Shiffney!

She had tormented him; her image had stayed with him. And in a desperate effort to regain his poise, he had kept away from her. That was for the first few weeks. But the night he had seen

Something, some zest had passed from her, but it was not until the close of the first day of the examination that a qualm assailed her. It would not be nice to fail. She had not intended to do that. Then she saw that Harland had entered the room and was coming toward her.

Hers had been the first papers he examined, a matter of deliberate choice, for which he scorned himself. He had meant to be impartial, severe even, and here he was eagerly searching for things to approve. But no leniency would avail with to-day's work; and, for the very pity of it, on an odd impulse to palliate, to soften a harsh verdict, he went out to her. Seeing him come, she paled a little.

"I have failed—haven't I?" she asked a little breathlessly. "I thought so."

He looked at her a moment without speaking, and, in spite of himself, his eyes revealed an unwonted softness.

[Continued on page 89]

## DISCIPLINING TEACHER

[Continued from page 88]

But she did not see, being busy with the fastening of her glove. When she looked up, having fought off the threatening tears, she was very gay and bright and hard.

"Thank you for coming to tell me," she smiled; "it's my own fault. I didn't keep up the pace. It doesn't really matter though, after all. I expect to be married very shortly."

He bowed. "In that case, it will not matter. I—wish you—all happiness." But his hand that carried the papers trembled.

It was on a February Sunday that he met her walking alone in the outskirts of the city. The country was still wintry, but the air hinted of spring and had allured a number of tramps. Coming up to her, Harland wanted both to stay and go, and, in the moment's hesitation, fell in beside her.

"I've seen a bluebird—think of it—so early! Spring isn't far behind—and term's end, too," she sighed. "And it's good-by to my little Deutschers—forever." He looked at her, at the smooth, pink cheeks, the bright hair, and wistful eyes.

"They'll miss you more than you will miss them."

"They couldn't," she objected. "I love everyone of them. Besides, it's one thing to give up voluntarily, when one's ready, and another to—to have to—not to qualify."

"But you would only have been conditioned—it would have meant more work, that's all; if you had not already decided on—this other thing. Your new life—I suppose it's Mr. Ravenel?"

There was a moment's pause before she answered indifferently. "I suppose so."

He wheeled sharply and faced her. "You suppose so?"

"I—I intend so." She blushed vividly.

"I—I had decided—but I—he doesn't know yet. He—he thinks he wants it—and—I can't have my Deutschers," she added with sudden irritation.

"But—great heavens! Is that all you care?"

"Why not? He understands just what I can give him. It doesn't matter what I do," she said forlornly.

"It matters more than you suppose," he answered. He looked off across the fields a moment before he added: "This has been the most miserable winter of my life."

She made a faint, inarticulate sound, but he did not turn to her.

"You will think me utterly insane, and you will very likely be right. I have spoken to you only two or three times; indeed, I barely know you. You—you care for the things that do not interest me; you are not my ideal—pedagogically."

[Concluded on page 90]

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to  
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## DISCIPLINING TEACHER

(Continued from page 89)

Our temperaments are totally different, our ambitions. Your life has been built on different lines; you have different friends, associations. You are even going to engage yourself to another man—a man I do not at all admire—but, in spite of all this, what you do matters to me more than what anyone else in the world does." He spoke with sudden bitterness, the eyes he turned to her, now, both passionate and accusing.

Her cheeks flamed to warmest rose-color. If this was a proposal, it was the oddest in the world; but her heart beat wildly for sheer happiness.

"If—if I am all these things you say," she asked breathlessly, "why—why have you let it matter?" Her face was very white as he looked down into her eyes.

"I expect because I could not help it," he said. "Because they are not the important things, after all. Because you are—sweet and—desirable to me. I expect—because I love you," he added in a low voice, his eyes softening.

She was silent—mute under a sudden oppression of joy. But he misunderstood. His face went gray again, wretched.

"I—I beg a thousand pardons. I ask your forgiveness for what I've said. I should—I ought not. If you will forget—I will not trouble you—I—I've fought all winter, but I've been weak. I shall suffer only what I deserve," and with a single despairing gesture he turned abruptly, rudely almost, and went from her.

She watched him an instant in sudden horror, saw as in a dream her happiness slipping from her without the ability to move. If he went, this queer, stubborn, stupid, clever man she loved with her whole heart, it would be forever.


And she caught back her will-power. "Mr. Harland," she called faintly. But he did not hear, and she spoke his name again, the name few called him by—"William!"

He heard and turned to her; and his face was at once so unhappy and so hopeful, so strangely boyish in its misery, that she could only stretch out her arms and flutter to him with a little sobbing cry. And neither one had need of words.

Only, after a little, the girl looked up at him and laughed tenderly. "You poor dear," she said; "no one has ever taught you that life is 'to laugh' sometimes. I'll teach you that."

"Teach me everything," he said humbly; "I've had so little chance to learn the bright things, so little time. If you will only teach me—"

"I will," she promised. "I'll teach you to laugh, and to be happy. I'll be the best teacher you ever had." And with her soft hair in his eyes and her cheek against his lips, Harland believed her.



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## THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

[Continued from page 22]

come to pass. He stood there in this solemn place, surrounded by his enemies, as calm and unmoved as though he controlled the men before him as he did his own picked regiment of cavalry.

Now, he spoke; and his voice was low and modulated as before. "To the first accusation, that, giving my name as Dmitri Pushkin, I attended your councils, I plead guilty. In my own person, entrance would have been denied me, and I wished to see with my own eyes these self-styled 'defenders of the cause of Liberty'."

A little stir and hum of anger made itself felt among the company, and, as though in response to it, a ring of scorn came into the Grand Duke's voice.

"But the last accusation, that I betrayed the Brotherhood to the police, is utterly false. A prince of the Imperial House of Russia would not stoop to betray a skulking band of plotters such as you are. Do you not know that if I had chosen to take you prisoner, I could have done so twenty times without having recourse to the police of St. Petersburg?"

The stir of anger grew to a dull rumbling like the warning of a volcano before an eruption.

But, suddenly, the Countess, who up to now had sat quietly in the background, rose to her feet, and, imposing silence with a gesture, spoke in a clear, cold voice that carried like a bell-stroke.

"Yet, on the twenty-third of June, the cause was betrayed!" she said. "If an Imperial prince did not stoop to treachery, who gave the sword of death into the hands of the enemy?"

Sitting in the shadow, as she was, Boris had not seen her before, and now a little spasm of pain crossed his face as though the sight of her brought back unhappy recollections. When he answered, the note of gentleness had come back to his voice, and it sounded a little weary.

"You have, I think, the right to ask that, and I will answer it. The man who betrayed you was a paid spy of the police. I have here the official report which he handed in to Michael Dogiel. Read it!" And he stepped forward and handed Brunoff a sheaf of papers.

The leader took them with a curious indecision showing in his face. The scene was not going at all as he had planned it. In his version, Boris was to have arrived, expecting a love tryst. He was to have been taken completely off his guard and so have been easy to deal with. He had always seemed so quiet that Brunoff had no doubt he would come to terms easily enough once they had him. The threat of death which they had just made was to have terrified him

[Continued on page 92]

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## THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

[Continued from page 91]

so that he would willingly consent to their demands. But, somehow, things were happening quite differently. The plans must be rearranged, and at once.

Brunoff glanced through the papers hastily, then turned to the signature.

"Peter Postrikoff!" he read aloud.

Another stir, this time of surprise and incredulity, ran through the semi-circle. But Boris seemed to hear it as little as the other. He was looking at the Countess, who was now bending over Brunoff's shoulder, and his eyes were sad.

Brunoff, when he had read the papers through, sat for a moment gnawing his under-lip. Then his face changed, and he rose to his feet.

"Boris Georgovitch, the proof herein contained seems to us sufficient to clear you of the most serious charge against you. In that it implicates another trusted brother, we must regret it, but in that it gives you back to us, back to the cause of Liberty, we can only rejoice. For you, now that you have appeared in your own person, can be a tower of strength to us, a shelter from the might of the tyrannical power."

Brunoff was growing rhetorical. As he warmed to his subject, his long arms shot out in dramatic gestures, and his voice took on the conscious sound of an orator.

"You can undo for us the wrong which our brother has done us. You can deliver us from the snare of the fowler, and set our feet once more in the paths of freedom. The leaders of the cause, unjustly betrayed, are languishing in prison or working in the mines of Siberia. We have formed a plan to liberate them. It lacks only your seal and signature to make it possible. And that seal and signature you will give us now. You will put the torch once more into the hand of Liberty and bid her go forth to light the world!"

He paused, whether for breath or because he had finished, it would be hard to say, for the Grand Duke's voice, quiet, cold, with a note of authority, cut into his flamboyant oratory as cleanly as a sword-thrust cuts a cheese.

"You flatter yourselves!" he said. "I do not waste my seal and signature on back-alley conspirators. There was a time when I believed in you, believed that you were true disciples of a just cause. But that day has passed. I know you now for a band of egotists, preaching anarchy as a means of self-advancement, and seeking liberty only for license."

For just the fraction of a second, there was an electric pause at that. Then, suddenly, with a many-throated growl, the solemn semi-circle of judges melted into

[Concluded on page 93]

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## THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

[Continued from page 92]

a throng of angry men. But, before they could reach the Grand Duke, the Countess sprang forward with her arms outstretched, demanding silence. Grudgingly, it was given her. She turned to him.

"Boris," she said, "you are very bitter. But she whom you love, for whose sake you have come here to Geneva, she is with us. Sophie believes in us."

At these words, a change came over the Grand Duke that was like the sudden turning on of an electric-light. The color flamed in his cheeks, his eyes blazed, and, in some inexplicable manner, he seemed to grow taller.

"That is a lie!" he cried, and his voice rang with a trumpet note. "The girl whom you have with you is not Sophie. You cannot deceive me, not even you who were her friend and whom she trusted."

He paused a moment, and when he went on the light had died out of him. "Sophie will never believe in you again. For Sophie is dead."

Sheer surprise at this held the anarchists in a little instant of silence. If he knew that, why had he come?

Then Boris spoke again, and, this time, there was no longer any gentleness in his voice and manner. He was the aristocrat, the ruler, accustomed to the use of absolute power, and his face was stern. "You killed her!" he said. "Perhaps intentionally, perhaps not. It matters little. The fact remains that she is dead, and you are the cause."

"You are a band of outlaws whom one word from me to the Genevese authorities would throw into jail. But I shall not give the word. This is my own personal affair, and I mean to treat it as such. I shall take justice into my own hands. I now declare you under arrest!"

Just as Boris began the speech, and while the anarchists were too intent on him to have eyes for anything else, a man suddenly appeared on the threshold of the room, a man on whom no one had counted.

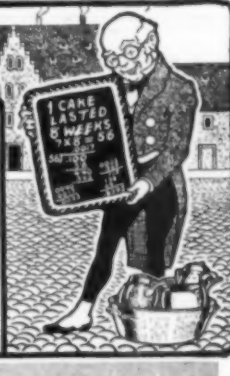
It was David Harwich.

[To be continued in July McCall's]

A SWEDISH carpenter was repairing some blinds for a lady, and she came to see how he was getting on. "Is there anything you need, Mr. Swenson?" she asked.

The carpenter gulped once or twice, but made no reply. She repeated the question. Again a gulp and again no answer. "Why don't you answer me, sir?" she demanded indignantly.

The Swede turned and looked down at her reproachfully. "My mout' is full of sgrews," he said. "I cannot speag until I swaller some."



In Spotless Town Professor Wise  
Divides and adds and multiplies—  
Subtracts the cost upon a slate  
4 cleaning things from which he 8.  
It shows good cents 2 figure so  
The one-ders of

# SAPOLIO

## Will Sapolio

(1) CLEAN? ✓

(2) SCOUR? ✓

(3) POLISH? ✓

## Answer—(1) YES. ✓

Show your maid how easily she can clean with Sapolio. Rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth.

Show her how quickly the Sapolio suds remove grease spots from the floor, table or shelves.

## Answer—(2) YES. ✓

Sapolio quickly scours all stains and rust from steel kitchen knives—all grease from enamel ware.

## Answer—(3) YES. ✓

Sapolio brilliantly polishes all metal surfaces—your faucets, aluminum, tins and other metal kitchen ware, bathroom fixtures, etc.

Best of all, you know Sapolio cannot harm the smooth surfaces, or roughen your hands.

## FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN!

## DEAR CHILDREN:

WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU. A TOY SPOTLESS TOWN—JUST LIKE THE REAL ONE, ONLY SMALLER. IT IS 8 3/4 INCHES LONG. THE NINE (9) CUNNING PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS, ARE READY, TO CUT OUT AND STAND UP. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Co., Sole Manufacturers  
New York City

Silver wrapper—  
blue band



## Make Extra Money in Spare Time

We need a man or woman in every town to make calls and close sales created by our national advertising—no experience needed. You merely show the machine and name the low price—it sells itself—you keep over half the money.

We paid Paul R. Quarnberg, of S. Dakota, \$71.50 for only 6 1/2 days' work. His profits paid his way through college. We pay many of our agents \$30 to \$60 a week, according to number of hours put in—we'll give you as much.

The Duntley cleans and sweeps in one operation—durable, easily operated and cleaned—guaranteed to do its work well. Send your name—no money—we'll tell you about our liberal offer.

## DUNTLEY PNEUMATIC SWEEPER CO.

6489 S. State Street, Chicago  
Originators of Combination  
Pneumatic Sweepers

**Duntley**  
Pneumatic Sweeper

May We  
Send You 2 Things?

We have for you, FREE, an unusual recipe book, "Household Helper"—also, a Toy Stove for the children—harmless—can't be lighted—looks like the big Florence Oil Stoves—only 16c (stamps). Write for either or both today, giving dealer's name.

## FLORENCE

### Oil Cook Stoves

"Look for the Lever"

Florence Oil Stoves have no wicks to trim—no valves to leak. Their heat is regulated by a simple, little (patented) lever device. The oil supply is automatic. Simply set the lever. \$5.00 up.

Florence Ovens have glass doors for visible baking—better baking—fuel saving. Asbestos lined—rust proof. Arched roof, bakers' oven top, even heat distribution. Stoves and ovens are fully guaranteed. Write today, giving dealer's name.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.  
Boston, Mass. Address Dept. 35, Gardner, Mass.

It takes a  
Saleswoman  
13<sup>2</sup>/<sub>5</sub> Seconds  
to say this slowly.  
Try it yourself:

"Made of *Pure Rubber*,  
Madame—

"The *only* substance that  
is proof against every  
known acid—

"GUARANTEED against  
damage to the gown  
through fault of the  
shield—

"May be washed in *Hot*  
Water and ironed back  
to perfect freshness—

"They come in Six Shapes  
and Ten Sizes—

"Only a little higher in  
price than the ordinary  
dress shields—they are  
far more *Economical*."

13<sup>2</sup>/<sub>5</sub> seconds crammed  
full of TRUTH. And  
the customer KNOWS  
it is Truth.

Is it any wonder sales  
are growing so fast on

*Kleinert's*  
**GEM**  
Dress Shields

Let Us Send You a Genuine  
Edison Phonograph  
on Free Trial



right to your own home. Entertain your family and your friends. Send it back at our expense if you don't want to keep it. \$2 a month now pays for a genuine Edison Phonograph at Rock-Bottom prices and without even interest on monthly payments. Send today for our beautiful Free Edison Catalog. A postal or

a letter is enough. But send it at once. Write today.  
F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors  
206 N. Edison Street Chicago, Illinois

## Romances of Modern Business

THE American romance is in the large office-buildings and the marts of trade; it is the romance of great achievements in commerce, in industrial leadership. And it is a wonderful romance! The child of the world's nations is leading them!—ARNOLD BENNETT.

### CHAPTER V

#### A Hobby that Circled the World

CURIOSITY, according to the infallible Mr. Webster, is: *inquisitiveness; a disposition to inquire into anything, especially something new or strange, often implying meddlesomeness.*

There is another definition of the word which should have been specified in the immortal work of Mr. Webster—the irrepressible emotions of a boy desirous of learning something that appears to him secretive or mysterious. It was this species of curiosity that affected the *persona principalis* of this story and inspired an interesting life-work.

Rochester, New York, is not one of those cities designated by O. Henry as the hives of American romance; but that the metropolis of upper New York State contributed its quota of romance is conclusively shown in this account.

In Rochester, some years ago, as in almost every other place, there were mothers who took their little boys to have their pictures taken; and also in Rochester were boys who saw in the camera and dark-room much mystery and illusion. One such boy was particularly insistent on knowing all about the camera and the mysteries of the dark-chamber. His curiosity would know no relief until the photographer had explained some of their secrets.

This boy's name was George Eastman.

As time passed the youth's interest in picture-taking and negative development was heightened. The more he

saw of the workings of the camera, the more fascinated he became. Curiosity impelled him into other channels of research. Within a few years he had become skilled as a photographer in an amateur way.

The impedimenta then essential to the production of photographs appalled the young man. Being of an investigative turn of mind, he sought a means of relief from the burden of the wet-plate process then in vogue. What is known as the dry-plate had been invented, but was not in general use. Young Eastman decided to manufacture the sensitive medium. This did much to simplify photography.

Though progress had been made, the young man felt that he had his most important contribution to photography yet to make. The idea was evolved of a flexible support that could be rolled upon a spool and take the place of the glass support, and in 1884 the rollable film, with a roll-holder, was offered for sale. Still young Eastman was not satisfied. He felt that the handicaps in the way of amateur success were too numerous. Finally, in 1888, the camera designed exclusively for use with film was made. And the Kodak was given to the world.

Even at this late date, the amateur photographer practically did not exist. The creation of a market for the Eastman products was a problem. Something more than invention was necessary to make the new idea a success.

[Concluded on page 95]

# Romances of Modern Business

[Continued from page 94]

Here was an article that would bring pleasure to thousands of people and have a universal appeal. But how was the young inventor to tell the world of his Kodak?

Let us pause at this point of the story, step from the year 1888, and see what has come to pass in these twenty-six years. The Eastman Kodak Company to-day is one of the most significant industrial organizations of the world, with a well-nigh perfect world-wide distribution.

The alert reader will wonder at this impressive development. How, in a little over a quarter of a century, did an obscure young inventor create a world-wide industry? A second thought will suggest to the reader that this great success would be possible only through a broad advertising appeal. And so it was with the Eastman Kodak Company.

In 1888, there had been few great advertising successes to point the way. Advertising to create a new world-want was pioneer work. But George Eastman became firmly convinced that the way to success lay through advertising.

The first commercial announcement of the Eastman Kodak Company appeared in a magazine in the fall of 1888. It was but a single column wide and a little over two inches long (thirty agate lines, to be exact). So began the advertising in the periodicals of national circulation that has carried the Kodak around the world.

There was immediate response. Orders came from all sections of the country. The inventor was besieged with inquiries about his camera. Then followed a vigorous and intelligent campaign of advertising in the weekly and monthly periodicals which to the present has seen no let-up. Thousands of pages of periodical advertising have told the story of the Kodak. As the advertising broadened, the Kodak business has grown.

That the magazines and weeklies have been the backbone of Eastman

Kodak advertising from its beginning indicates the faith that the head of this large industry has in such mediums. Although local dealers have used other media for stimulating local trade, the Eastman Kodak Company has relied, to a great extent, on periodical publicity. And the international success of the company is a striking illustration of what periodical advertising can accomplish.

Those who have been in close touch with the Kodak industry declare that the wonderful growth of the Kodak idea has been due to two things—a right product and continuous intelligent advertising, backed up by an able business management. Advertising has been the propelling force of the Kodak business.

Through the magazines and weeklies the Eastman Company has been able to carry on a far-reaching and intelligent educational campaign. Kodak advertising from the first has been interesting in its psychological phases. It did more than advertise the camera; it advertised amateur photography. It did not merely say what the Kodak could do; it showed how the Kodak could be used. Kodakery was explained in word and picture.

"You press the button; we do the rest," a phrase coined for Kodak advertising, caught the public fancy and was used for years. Later improvements, whereby the Kodaker himself could "do the rest", led to the retirement of the catch-phrase.

Here again is shown the broad field of the national periodicals for serving the advertiser and the public. That the Kodak achieved a great industrial success is no more important than that the creating of a world-wide interest in Kodakery by the magazines and weeklies added much pleasure to many peoples of the earth, furthered the science of photography, and had a strong educational value.

*This is the fifth of a series of articles that is being published to show how magazine advertising is serving the public.*



## A skin you love to touch

Why it is so rare

A skin you love to touch is rarely found because so few people understand the skin and its needs.

Begin now to take your skin seriously.

You can make it what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

### Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the skin gently until the skin is softened, the pores opened and the face feels fresh and clean. Rinse in cooler water, then apply cold water—the colder the better—for a full minute. Whenever possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days or two weeks and your skin will show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter, and before long your skin will take on that finer texture, that greater freshness and clearness of "a skin you love to touch."

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. It costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

## Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write for a copy of the picture above

Send me for a large reproduction, lithographed in six colors, of the beautiful new picture above by E. Graham Coates, and a "week's-size" cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Send for them now as the number of pictures is limited.



Address The Andrew Jorgens Co., Dept. 13-E, Cincinnati, O.

In Canada, address The Andrew Jorgens Co., Ltd., Dept. 13-E, Perth, Ontario

## DON'T PAY TWO PRICES

Save \$8.00 to \$22.00 on

### Hoosier Ranges and Heaters

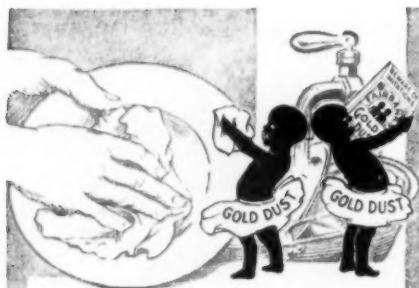
Why not buy the Best when you can buy them at such low unheard-of Factory prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Save enough on a single stove to buy your winter's fuel. Thirty days free trial in your own home before you buy. Send postal today for large free catalog and prices.



Hoosier Stove Co.

206 State St., Marion, Ind.





**"Do the dishes"  
with the help of**

## GOLD DUST

**Cuts the grease  
and sterilizes as it  
cleans. Use it to  
clean everything.**

**5c and larger packages**

**THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY**

**CHICAGO**

**"Let the GOLD  
DUST TWINS do  
your work!"**



## 1/2 YOUR IRONING EFFORT BANISHED

Use the Imperial, the oldest and best Self-Heating Flat Iron. Saves time, steps, health and produces elegant finish. The

### IMPERIAL SELF-HEATING FLAT IRON

generates its own even heat from gasoline or denatured alcohol. Burns gasoline 5 hours for one cent. No wasted heat. Use indoors or out. No wires or cords to bother. One woman user says: "I have used your iron for seven years with perfect satisfaction." Low price. Liberal guarantee.

Write for free booklet  
"Ironing Comfort" and  
10 Day Free Trial  
Offer.

**Imperial Brass  
Mfg. Co.  
1210 W. Harrison St.  
Dept. 518  
Chicago, Ill.**



## THE LIFE THAT HAS BEEN DECIDED FOR ME

[Continued from page 17]

plain. Either of them would have done anything in the world for me except let me do what I wanted to do.

I was twenty-one when I left Aunt Mary's. I never would have left, if it had not been for the fact that Cousin Ruth came back home. She had left her husband, with whom she had led a sordid life, and come back with her four children. There was not room in the house for us all. Again there was a family conference about me, and it was decided I should go to Aunt Jane's.

For once, Aunt Mary seemed beyond tears. I had always known she loved me, but I did not know how deep her affection was. Never in my life had I been so touched as I was the day I moved to Aunt Jane's.

"Nothing ever made me so sad as your going away," she said, "not even Dick's goings or Ruth's elopement."

It was the first time I had ever heard her mention directly the escapades of her children. I was the one who began to cry; and I told her that her home would always seem home to me, and that we would see each other every day, and that I understood perfectly why the family had decided I had best move.

"There never was any one so unselfish as you," she whispered as I kissed her good-by. "You always give up to other people—always."

What she said was true. But, even then, I was beginning to see what is very clear to me now—that always giving up to other people may be a weakness, not a virtue.

Aunt Jane was a semi-invalid and a society woman. Uncle Henry was a rich man, and there were many servants in the house; but, after I went there to live, Aunt Jane would not allow any one but me to wait upon her. I was nurse and social secretary and companion. She was very nervous, with no self-control. She spent a third of the time in bed. When she was up, she was never quiet. She gave a dinner-party or went to one every night; and dances, receptions, card-parties, and theaters followed one another in a dizzy whirl. As I never liked society, I used to feel a wicked happiness when she was ill and had to stay in bed.

Once or twice, during the years, I used to wish that I could do some useful work. But that one who was a Tracy and a Reed should work was out of the question. Once or twice, some young man would show some interest in me. But, added to my own shyness, was the disapproval of the family. If they did not urge objections, they resorted to ridicule, which is far more potent.

After two years with Aunt Jane, I came back to Aunt Mary. There was

[Continued on page 97]

## Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

**FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY**



"GILT EDGE," the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "FRENCH GLOSS," 10c.

"STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "DANDY" size, 25c.

"QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c and 25c.

"ALBO" cleans and whitens BUCK, NUBUCK, SUEDE, and CANVAS SHOES. In round white cakes packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for full size package, charges paid.

**WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,**  
20-26 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass.

*The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of  
Shoe Polishes in the World.*



### This 10c Book is Yours For a 2c Stamp

If you are interested in Fancy Work, Embroidery and Stenciling, you surely want this 24-page book, containing hundreds of attractive and up-to-date designs.

Send a 2c stamp and the book is yours. Address

**FANCY WORK, Desk 5.  
THE McCALL COMPANY  
236 West 37th Street New York City**

## The Deaf Hear

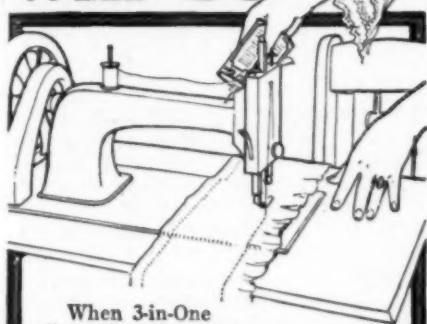
Write for our big Introductory Offer on the latest scientific hearing instrument, the perfected 1914 Model

### New 8-Tone Mears Ear Phone

EIGHT times as efficient, EIGHT times as powerful, EIGHT times as convenient, EIGHT times as helpful as our former One-Tone model, and with double the efficiency of our well known 4-tone. Eight different sound adjustments, instantly changed by a touch of the finger.

**Free Trial** Sold only direct from our New York office on trial at our expense. Test it for 15 days. It costs nothing if you do not want to keep it. Easy monthly payments if you wish, at the lowest net laboratory price direct to you. Send for this offer and the Mears Booklet—FREE. Mears Ear Phone Co., Dept. 206X, 45 West 34th Street, New York.

## Now it Will Go!



When 3-in-One oil reaches the point of friction in a sewing machine bearing, friction dies immediately. Instead of groaning and hanging back, needle and shuttle take wings and fly like the wind. The tread runs free and easy and sewing becomes a joy.

### 3-in-One oil

is the greatest oil in the world for sewing machines and all fine mechanisms—try it and see. Sold in drug, grocery, hardware and general stores. 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (½ pt.) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz., 25c. If not with your dealer, we will send one of these cans by parcel post full of 3-in-One oil for 30c.

A Library Slip with every bottle.

**FREE**—A generous sample and the 3-in-One Dictionary by mail.

**THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.**  
42 DW. Broadway New York

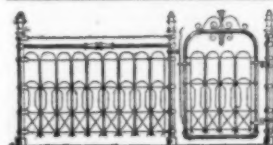
## The Out-o-syte PRESS STUD TAPE

**Every Woman** should fasten her clothes in the new way with the Out-o-syte Press Stud Tape that comes by the yard.

Out-o-syte Press Stud Tape is Fashion's latest demand. Have you tried it?

Out-o-syte Press Stud Tape can be sewed in your waists, dresses, underwear, children's garments, in a few minutes—no losing temper or straining eyes sewing individual fasteners—it makes clothes fit smoothly, never slipping or opening. Out-o-syte Press Stud Tape is Washable, Rust-Proof and Invisible; can be used in the thinnest of materials; comes in black and white. If your dealer does not carry Out-o-syte fasteners, send us his name and we will send you a free sample or one yard for 25c, postpaid.

C. HOFFBAUER & CO., Dept. A  
5-7 West 22d St., New York



### Dwiggins Last Longer Fences Cost Less

Greatest values ever offered in fences and gates for lawn and cemetery, farm, field and poultry yard.

Write today for Free Catalog and price list  
Dwiggins Wire Fence Co., 238 Dwiggins Ave., Anderson, Ind.



**ORNAMENTAL FENCE**  
46 designs—all steel. Handsome, costs less than wood, more durable. We can save you money. Write for free catalog and special prices.  
**KOKOMO FENCE MACH. CO.**  
445 North Street, Kokomo, Ind.

## THE LIFE THAT HAS BEEN DECIDED FOR ME

[Continued from page 96]

another family conference which will go down in history for the unkind things which were said. Aunt Mary and Aunt Jane have never been on friendly terms since that day. I did not say any of the unkind things, because my opinion was not asked. But I was glad to come back. And Aunt Mary did need me. For Ruth, as beautiful at thirty as she had been at sixteen, had married again. Her husband was wealthy; he made good provision for her children, but he would not consent to their living with them. Ruth, after scenes which seemed to me theatrical, acceded to his wishes and went away.

Life at Aunt Mary's has been different, of course. I do not have time to read as I used to do, because the children take so much of my time. But I love them and they love me. For the first time in my life I find myself criticized by the family.

"You have spoiled the children," all the aunts and uncles and cousins constantly say to me.

I have. They are absolute tyrants with me. But why cannot the aunts and uncles and cousins see that they, too, have been spoiled by me; that I have made them all tyrants where I am concerned?

It was last summer, when we were at the seashore, that I met Dr. Thomas. Teddy had scarlet fever, and he was the physician called. Teddy, of course, would not let anybody do anything for him but me. All the aunts and uncles and cousins told me afterwards that they were worried sick about my catching the fever, but they knew I was so self-forgetting that I never would have left Teddy. I hope I would not. It seems to me, as I remember the way his little arms reached up to me as he said, "My Ellie!" that nothing in the world could have taken me away from him when he needed and wanted me like that.

It was during those days and nights that the doctor and I came to know each other so well. I am sure I would have loved him, no matter how we had met. But I doubt if, under other circumstances, he would have been interested in me. My shyness is so great that few people, outside my family, have ever cared to break through it and find the real me. But when we stood together at Teddy's bedside, fighting for his life, the realities of life, not the things which hid them, were what we saw. Sickening fear, and then a moment's hope, and then fear again, until, at last, we knew we had won the fight, swept away from me, perhaps, my reserves. At least, I know that no one has ever really known me as Dr. Thomas does.

He loves me, I know. And I? Some way, that word does not seem to express

[Concluded on page 98]



## Ease for Mothers Fun for Children

In upwards of a million homes work is being done easier and better with the

### WIZARD

### Triangle Polish Mop

The Mop that "Gets-in-the-Corners"

Besides its original, scientific triangle shape, the Wizard Mop now has a "human elbow." Mop sets at any desired angle on any surface, high or low. That means added convenience. Price \$1.50 everywhere.

### WIZARD Polish

is more than a furniture polish. Contains a secret Oriental oil which gives that hard, rich, durable finish, and prevents varnished surfaces from cracking and checking. Dust with it. Note the ease, the better results.

### Wizzikin Theatre

Obtainable for a few cents with the coupon found in any carton of Wizard Polish. Without the coupon you must send \$1. Theatre has 5 acts, 1 transformation scene and 8 characters. The funny fairy Wizzikins will delight the children. 20-page book of happy jingles goes with it. Get a 25c bottle of Wizard Polish today and learn how easily and for how very little the theatre and book can be obtained. Wizard Polish will help you, too. Sold in all sizes up to 1 gallon for household use. Price of Mop and Polish the same in Canada as in the United States. (64)

WIZARD PRODUCTS CO., Inc., 1491 W. 37th St., Chicago, Ill.



## No "Made Up" Look

No matter whether on the street or under artificial light you may always retain the youthful, lovely natural complexion that nature gave you through use of

### CARMEN

**Complexion Powder Doesn't Show Powder**  
Try it and see—Carmen will not rub off until you remove it, nor lose its delicate fragrance. Refined people use CARMEN exclusively—for it DOESN'T "SHOW POWDER." Harmless and pure, CARMEN benefits the skin instead of injuring it—it's different from other powders. White, Pink, Flesh and Cream—your Druggist Department Store—Toilet Size, 50 cents.



### Purse Size Box Given Away

—together with handsome, useful purse mirror—to every woman writing for it, enclosing 10c in stamps or silver to cover cost of postage and packing—containing sufficient Carmen Powder for two or three weeks—demonstrates conclusively that Carmen Powder is perfect.

**Stafford-Miller Company,**  
533 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

# DeBevoise

Pronounced 'debb-e-voice'



DeBevoise  
Brassiere

Always  
look for  
this label

No. 842  
Hooked Front  
Price \$1.00

## Stylish Though Stout

A large figure can look just as smart and fashionable as a slender figure if a suitable DEBEVOISE Brassiere is worn.

The DeBevoise hygienically reduces the bust two to four inches—smoothes out all superfluous flesh—imparts beautiful, unbroken lines of fashion from shoulder to waist—supports and confines the bust properly—prevents corset from making a "ridge" in gown, front or back. A perfect gown-foundation. Adjustable. Fully guaranteed. Sizes 32 to 50.

Your merchant can show you a dozen dainty DeBevoise styles especially designed for stout figures. Select the one you like best—wear it—see what a difference it makes in your appearance, your comfort and your health.

Brassieres for EVERY figure—slender, medium and stout. 50c to \$15. At all good stores.

Write us today for Illustrated Style Book

CHAS. R. DEBEVOISE CO., 1270-G Broadway, N. Y. C.

Unexcelled in Durability  
and Style by  
higher priced Dress Fabrics

HALF WOOL  
DANISH POPLAR  
CLOTH

25 cents per yard

Fullline of Shades

Launders  
to  
look like new

Made by the Hamilton Woolen Co.

We will send booklet on request  
WELLINGTON, SEARS & CO., Manufacturers' Agents  
Boston and New York



## BECOME A NURSE

WE have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn \$10 to \$25 a week as nurses. Our graduates number 7000—a record unequaled by any institution. Send for "How I Became a Nurse"—248 pages with actual experiences. 24 illustrated lesson pages free to inquirers.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing  
304 Main St. Thirteenth Year Jamestown, N. Y.

## THE LIFE THAT HAS BEEN DECIDED FOR ME

[Continued from page 97]

all that I feel for him. I have always dreamed of love, of course, although scarcely hoping that it could ever come to me; but the dreams fell short of what I am feeling now. It seems to me that our love would mean all things to me—the glory of the dawn, the softness of the twilight, all the high joy of romance. But it would mean also the plain, homely things of everyday life, the bread and the water, the toil and the rest.

He has told me all about his life. I thought it wonderful. I think so yet. But the Tracys and the Reeds were horrified to know that he was a waif; that he had sold papers on the streets and blacked shoes when he was a little boy; that he had waited on table and cared for furnaces when he was in college.

Aunt Mary says there is a look about his eyes like that of the man with whom Ruth eloped. Aunt Jane says nothing, but the amused little smile on her face when his name is mentioned is more eloquent than many words. All the other aunts and uncles and cousins have some objection to make. The snobbishness which masquerades as family pride accounts for part of it.

My life's happiness lies within my grasp. I long for it. I reach out toward it, yet, even as I do so, I am conscious that at last I shall withdraw my hand; that I shall say no instead of yes. All my life has been decided for me. I am terrified to find that I have lost the power to stand firmly on my own feet, to take what I want, and to shake from my shoulders that which burdens me; that I have not the courage to face opposition from those who have ordered my life so long. And if I could oppose them, the training of my lifetime would make it impossible to hold out against the children. Teddy's weakness since his illness is pointed out to me again and again. How can I leave him? Baby Ruth cries whenever I go out of the house without her. What would she do if I went away to stay? Mary will not practise her music unless I sit on the piano-bench beside her, and she will not study her lessons unless I help her. And Jack, who is the only one of them old enough to know anything about marriage, looked at me the other day and said firmly: "Don't marry that doctor chap, Ellie. Stay here with us."

So the new generation is controlling me, just as the old one has done. Here by myself I can say that the old generation has had its life; that the new will have its life. I, halfway between, am the one who has never had, who never will have, unless I assert myself.

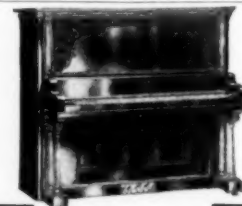
And that is the one thing, I know now, that I can never do.

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## PEGGY'S LAST SITUATION

[Continued from page 27]

into public houses and asked for bread and cheese. I begged meals from gypsies. I know what suffering and starvation mean."

"You poor thing!" murmured Lottie.

"But who are the Smiths?" questioned Fred.

"They called themselves 'The Five Follies', and we were busking."

"You were what?" wondered Lottie.

"It means performing—on the sands mostly," explained Peggy wearily. "We were all dressed like this, and there was a piano, and we danced and sang. It was quite jolly, and we made a lot of money at first while the weather was good. I whistled and recited and took round the tambourine. Mr. Smith said I was an immense success."

"Peggy," I reproved, "you distinctly told me that the Smiths were substantial people. You added that you were to be a sister to the daughter."

"You would have said they were substantial, too, if you had seen them," she answered with the ghost of a smile. "Mr. Smith was much larger than Mr. Standish—you remember him? Mrs. Smith used to be a fat lady by profession; and the son and daughter have something to do with elephants."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Lottie. "How? In what way?"

"It's a disease," replied Peggy.

"Oh, elephantiasis!" said I.

"Yes, that's it. In the winter they get engagements at music-halls as the 'Frisky Fat Family'. And I was a sister to the daughter, because I was billed as such. They treated me quite properly, and were kindness itself. I hadn't the faintest idea they would turn out so badly, and go away without paying me. I suppose that's what they mean when they say 'the ghost walks'. At any rate, it made me walk. And what's your news, you people?"

"Do you feel strong enough to bear a shock?" I asked. I was just bursting to tell her about the money.

"Anybody dead?" demanded Peggy cheerfully.

"Nobody we know," said Lottie. "It's about Uncle John's will——"

"Oh, can't you give it a rest?" implored Peggy. "I've only just got back."

"Uncle John's will," proceeded Lottie, taking the telling of the story upon herself, "is no more. There's another—a newer and better one. Mr. Biffin found it. It's a later will, and it leaves all the money unconditionally to you. And you needn't marry Jack if you don't want to."

Peggy stared wide-eyed at each of us in turn. Lottie nodded solemnly. So did Fred. Then they signaled to one another. Great minds, and some husbands and wives, think alike. By mutual consent

[Concluded on page 100]



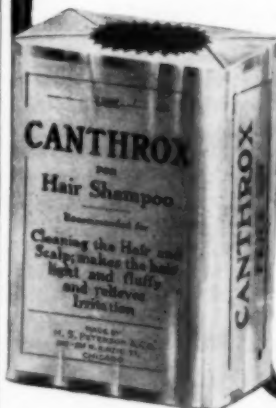
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## PEGGY'S LAST SITUATION

[Continued from page 99]

they walked towards the door. It shut behind them.

Peggy and I were alone.

"Allow me to congratulate you," I said, trying to keep my voice calm.

"Thanks," said Peggy quietly, her eyes on the table-cloth, and her fingers busy with the crumbs.

There ensued a long silence.

"Diamonds—a half-hoop?" I asked.

"And rubies," augmented Peggy.

"Six weeks to-day?"

"A month, if you like, Jack."

We understood each other at last. Peggy was engaged for her last situation.

Something pounding beneath my ribs! Some one assuring me that it will soon be over! Crowds looking right through me, their gaze scorching the back of my new frock coat like Roentgen rays. My collar chokes me. She's fearfully late. . . . The organ starts. . . . The voices of the choir ring out.

Somebody in the crowd outside shouts: "The bride! Here she comes!"

It is an extraordinarily long church, or else she is walking very slowly. I dare not turn my head to look. I hear a silken rustle. I feel some one nearing me. . . . She is at my side.

Peggy, all in white, her dark eyes shining through her veil, a crown of orange blossoms on her gold-brown hair—a tremulously divine wife-to-be!

Silence. Then the voice of the priest.

Do we hear what he says, sweetheart? Our hearts beat so loud.

Now the ring is on your finger, Peggy, placed there by myself. Thank goodness, it fits tight! And you, by all the laws of God and man, are mine!

## THE FEATHER PILLOW

By VIRGINIA RICHMOND

DID you ever notice that some feather pillows seem heavy, while others of the same bulk are light and springy? The heavy ones need airing and would be better yet for a washing; but putting them outdoors daily for a week will do them much good. Do not hang in the sunshine, however, as heat will draw the oil from the feathers and so make them more soggy. Pin the pillows on the line in the shade, and let them remain all day, shaking and reversing them occasionally.

Pillow-ticks become soiled even more easily than mattresses, so it is a good plan to protect them by sewing in close-fitting covers of strong muslin. The covers may be easily removed, washed, and replaced, and they keep from the pillow itself the soil and stains which may penetrate the finer material of the outside pillow-case.



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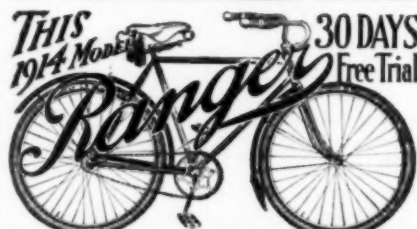
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## Mending and Darning for Pay

[Continued from page 55]

many a buttonhole taking my collars off in a hurry, and then the collar is no good." She knew of my success, and had an idea which she talked over with him. Between them they formed a club of men and boys who had no one to look after their clothes. Each had his laundry delivered to her every week. She looked it over, sewed on buttons, mended button-

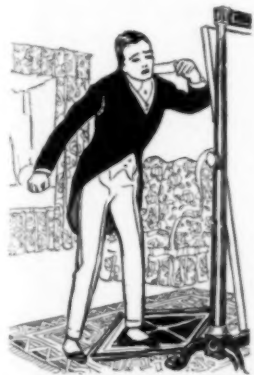
holes, darned weak places, and put on patches when needed, keeping them in good repair. Branching out, she also patched linings in coats and overcoats, put new backs into vests, put on new velvet collars, sewed up the ripped sleeve-linings, and, once in a while, put in

new ones. She put new facings on the legs of trousers when worn, darned stockings and all tears, little and big, and kept their whole wardrobes in a state of excellent repair.

She also got work from the factory girls nearby, doing little odd jobs they did not find time for, and with which a regular dressmaker would not bother. She did not charge exorbitant prices, but just what she thought right, making from three to five dollars every week doing mending. Her regular patrons paid twenty-five cents each week, whether much or little was to be done, and this, to her, was a very satisfactory arrangement. These payments averaged about the same as when the work was charged for by the hour, with the additional advantage that the weekly earnings did not vary so much, and the little income was assured. It also seemed less expenditure to the customer.

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*Editor's Note.*—Do you want to earn money at home? And would you like some suggestions or advice? Write to Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, inclosing stamped, addressed, envelope, and tell her your capabilities; she will be glad to advise you.



THE UNMENDED BACHELOR

## To Be Read After You Read This Number Through

Note—Don't fail to read "Information for Every Subscriber" on page 3, also "Our Forecast for July" on page 5, of this issue.

# Open Letter To Our READERS



NEW YORK CITY, SPRINGTIME, 1914

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## OUR HOUSEKEEPING EXCHANGE

Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

**BOTTLED LIGHT.**—To obviate the danger of carrying lighted lamps into the cellar or barn, use, instead, this phosphorus light: Put a piece of phosphorus the size of a large pea into a large bottle of clear glass. Heat olive-oil to the boiling point, set the bottle in a pan of hot water until thoroughly warmed, and then pour the hot oil over the phosphorus, filling the bottle about one-third full. Cork tightly and leave until a light is needed. Then open the bottle for a few minutes, and the fresh air, rushing in, will fill the unoccupied space with a clear, luminous light. Recork the bottle, and the light will continue clear for several days. When it begins to dim, let in fresh air and then recork.—P. F., Lebanon, Indiana.

**A CHEAP FUEL.**—Old newspapers, rolled tightly, may be used in place of wood or coal in the stove. I have done a week's cooking for a family of seven with eight cents' worth of old newspapers. The paper heats the oven as well as wood, and does not burn so quickly.—Mrs. F. W., San Diego, California.

**BRASS POLISH.**—For polishing brass inkstands, vases, match-cases, or faucets, apply cigar ashes with a damp cloth, and polish thoroughly. The articles will look as good as new.—C. S., Napoleon, North Dakota.

**BAKING CAKE.**—When baking a cake, butter or lard the pan in the usual way, then throw in a handful of flour, dust all around the pan, invert and tap the bottom to remove all surplus flour. Now put the batter in, and bake in the usual way. The cake will never stick, and a delicious crust will result.—Mrs. F. S. A., Olds, Alberta, Canada.

**RUSTY SCREWS.**—If you will apply a red-hot iron to the head of a rusty screw for a short time, and use the screw-driver while the screw is hot, it will come out easily.—L. F. D., Gowander, New York.

**PAINT BRUSHES.**—When your paint brushes have become stiff with dried paint, they can be easily cleaned in hot vinegar.—A. F. M., Louise, Texas.

**WHITE-ENAMELED FURNITURE.**—In cleaning white-enameled furniture, dissolve one-tablespoonful of baking-soda in one pint of warm (not hot) water. Saturate a soft cloth with the solution and wash the furniture with it.—S. W., Herford, Pennsylvania.

**OIL SPOTS.**—When making white garments on the sewing machine, keep a piece of chalk at hand, and if a drop of oil gets upon the fabric, rub it at once with chalk. Leave on for a few minutes, and then brush out. There will be no spot.—L. M. T., Waverly, New York.

**CLEANING JAR LIDS.**—Metal jar lids which have become corroded from dampness may be made as bright as new by being kept for several hours in hot water to which a large amount of baking-soda has been added. Put the solution and the lids into a granite pan and let stand on the back of the stove.—Mrs. E. M. A., St. Joseph, Missouri.

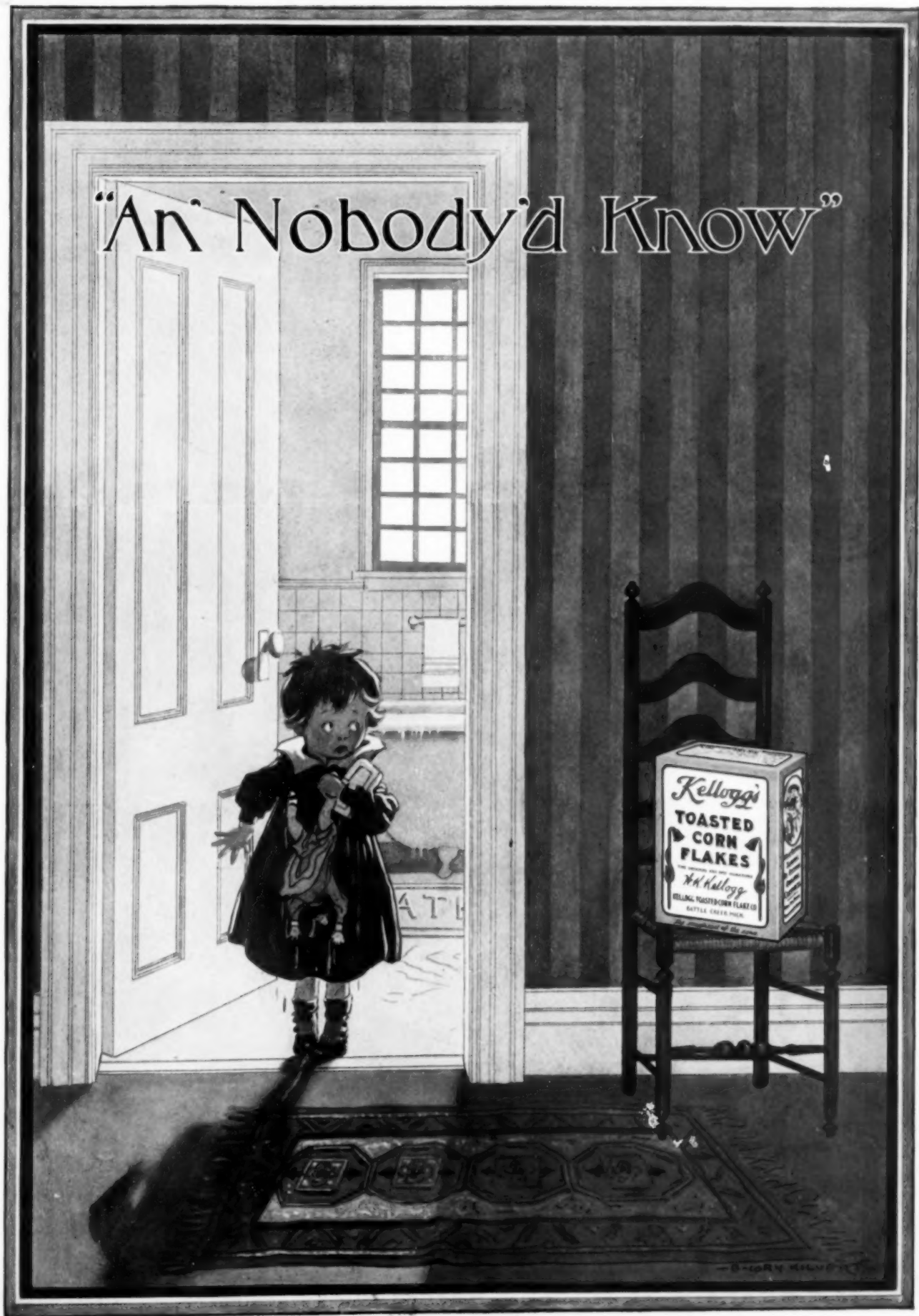
**TO CLEAN THE SAUCEPAN.**—If the contents of saucepan or basin stick to the bottom of the vessel, set the utensil into a pan of hot water and leave on the stove to steam for a few minutes. The adhering substance then may be easily removed with a spoon.—J. E. T., New Richmond, Wisconsin.

**STALE VEGETABLES.**—If your vegetables become wilted and stale before you have an opportunity to use them, place them for an hour or so in a gallon of water to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added. They will be just as crisp and fresh as when gathered from the garden.—C. W. B., Wytheville, Virginia.

**Editor's Note.**—If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little bit better than your neighbors, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.



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